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W. F. Fox

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May 1904

*Errata.*

Page 62, lines 8 and 10, *for Zilla, read Grizilda*

- " 62, line 10, *for Sir Charles Harding, read Sir George Harding*
- " 207, " 4, *for midshipmen, read midshipmen's steward*
- " 368, " 11 from bottom, *for November 3rd, read November 22nd*
- " 372, " 9 " *for move, read moor*
- " 402, " 12 " *for forts, read harbour*
- " 403, bottom line, *for scuh, read such*
- " 408, line 23, *for Jersey, read Guernsey*
- " 412, " 22 from bottom, *for Jersey, read Guernsey*
- " 414, omit from line 19, after 'two sons' to line 21, after 'Africa'  
and substitute: 'James, who entered the Navy and died  
of fever as a Commander on the Coast of Africa; and Hew,  
who died as a young officer of the 67th Regiment.'



ADMIRAL

SIR EDWARD GENNYS FANSHAWE, G.C.B.





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VICE-ADMIRAL E. G. FANSHAWE, C.B.  
(*From a photograph by Notman, Montreal, 1871.*)

ADMIRAL  
SIR EDWARD GENNYS FANSHAWE  
G.C.B.

A RECORD

*NOTES—JOURNALS—LETTERS*

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

ALICE E. J. FANSHAWE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

EVELYN L. FANSHAWE

Printed for Private Circulation

BY

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON

1904





923.542  
F215

## PREFACE

THIS Record is made up of letters from and about my father, of his journals, and of notes from his own recollections. It is intended for members of his family and for intimate friends. His own words, and those of my mother—in letters, journals, &c.—are distinguished by a wider print than that used for the rest of the memoir. His sketches are reproduced in many of the illustrations, all of which are photographs by my brother Evelyn. Many incidents recorded are no doubt trivial, but they sometimes refer to persons or scenes known to us later, the first allusions to which are therefore of interest to us. For convenience I have called my father throughout by the first letter of his initials and my mother also by her first initial. The principles upon which my father has lived his life are well expressed in the family motto:—

‘Dux vitæ ratio, in cruce victoria.’

A. E. J. F.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EARLY YEARS—NAVAL COLLEGE . . . . .	1
1814-1828. BIRTH TO 14.	
II. 'MADAGASCAR,' MEDITERRANEAN . . . . .	11
1829-1832. ÆT. 14-17.	
III. 'MELVILLE,' INDIA—PROMOTION TO LIEUTENANT . . .	39
1832-1835. ÆT. 18-21.	
IV. 'MAGICIENNE,' CADIZ, AND FLAG-LIEUTENANT, PORTS- MOUTH . . . . .	55
1836-1838. ÆT. 21-23.	
V. 'DAPHNE,' MEDITERRANEAN—FIRST-LIEUTENANT—PRO- MOTION . . . . .	66
1838-1842. ÆT. 24-27.	
VI. MARRIAGE—APPOINTMENT TO 'CRUIZER,' BORNEO— ATTACK UPON PIRATES . . . . .	98
1843-1845. ÆT. 28-30.	
VII. 'CRUIZER,' BORNEO AND MOULMEIN—PROMOTION AND RETURN HOME . . . . .	131
1845-1848. ÆT. 31-34.	
VIII. 'DAPHNE,' MONTE VIDEO—FALKLANDS—VALPARAISO .	157
1848-1849. ÆT. 34.	
IX. 'DAPHNE,' SOUTH SEAS — PITCAIRN — TAHITI, AND SOCIETY ISLANDS . . . . .	183
1849. ÆT. 34.	

CHAPTER	PAGE
X. 'DAPHNE,' SOUTH SEAS—SAMOAN (OR NAVIGATORS') AND FIJI ISLANDS . . . . .	215
1849. Æt. 34.	
XI. 'DAPHNE,' PANAMA—MEXICO AND CHILI . . . . .	249
1850-1851. Æt. 35-36.	
XII. 'DAPHNE,' VANCOUVER—SAN FRANCISCO—HOME . . . . .	269
1851-1852. Æt. 36-37.	
XIII. HOME—APPOINTMENT TO 'COSSACK'—RUSSIAN WAR, BALTIC . . . . .	297
1853-1855. Æt. 38-40.	
XIV. 'COSSACK,' BALTIC—HANGO—SWEABORG . . . . .	313
1855-1856. Æt. 40-41.	
XV. 'CENTURION,' MEDITERRANEAN. . . . .	337
1856-1858. Æt. 41-43.	
XVI. INVALIDED HOME — 'TRAFALGAR' — CHATHAM DOCK- YARD—ADMIRALTY . . . . .	359
1858-1866. Æt. 43-51.	
XVII. MALTA DOCKYARD—NORTH AMERICAN COMMAND . . . . .	383
1868-1873. Æt. 53-59.	
XVIII. GREENWICH COLLEGE—PORTSMOUTH—RETIREMENT . . . . .	398
1874-1904. Æt. 60-89.	
APPENDIX—NOTES ON SOME CONNECTIONS OF E.'S FAMILY . . . . .	405

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VICE-ADMIRAL E. G. FANSHAWE, C.B. . . . .	Frontispiece	
(From a photograph by Notman, Montreal, 1871.)		
ROBERT FANSHAWE, ESQ., CAPTAIN R.N., AGED 80 ; COMMISSIONER OF PLYMOUTH DOCKYARD FROM 1789 TO 1816 . . . . .	To face page 2	
(From a drawing by his granddaughter, Miss Glanville.)		
H.M.S. 'DAPHNE,' WITH H.M. SHIPS 'ASIA' AND 'IMPLACABLE' OFF ALEXANDRIA, 1840 . . . . .	80	
(From a water-colour drawing of Seaforth's picture by Mrs. Fox.)		
COMMANDER E. G. FANSHAWE . . . . .	Between pp. 98 and 99	
(From a miniature by Sir William Ross, 1843.)		
MRS. E. G. FANSHAWE . . . . .		
(From a miniature by Sir William Ross, 1843.)		
ACTION WITH PIRATES, BORNEO, 1845 . . . . .	To face p. 120	
(From a sketch by E. G. F.)		
TRINCOMALEE . . . . .	142	
(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1845.)		
THE PUNTINHA, MADEIRA, 'TAKING A LOOK AT ONE'S SHIP,' DECEMBER 31, 1848 . . . . .	160	
(From a sketch by E. G. F.)		
PITCAIRN ISLAND . . . . .	184	
(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)		
FAUTAU, TAHITI . . . . .	196	
(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)		

APIA BAY, UPOLU ; SAMOAN OR NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS	<i>To face p.</i>	216
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)</i>		
THAKAMBAU (SERU, OR TUI VITI), KING OF FIJI . . . . .	„	226
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)</i>		
H.M.S. 'DAPHNE' AND DOUBLE CANOE, OFF THE FIJI ISLANDS . . . . .	„	236
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)</i>		
ACONCAGUA AND THE ANDES, FROM NEAR SANTA ROSA . . . . .	„	265
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1851.)</i>		
ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR, VANCOUVER ISLAND . . . . .	„	269
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1851.)</i>		
VICTORIA SETTLEMENT, VANCOUVER ISLAND . . . . .	„	272
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1851.)</i>		
H.M.S. 'DAPHNE' DISMASTED IN A HURRICANE, MAZATLAN, 1851 . . . . .	„	292
<i>(From a sketch by E. G. F.)</i>		
VICE-ADMIRAL ARTHUR FANSHAWE, C.B. . . . .	„	367
<i>(From a photograph, about 1859.)</i>		
H.M.S. 'TRAFALGAR,' CHANNEL FLEET, ABOUT 1861 . . . . .	„	376
<i>(From a lithograph published by Griffin, Portsmouth.)</i>		
H.M.S. 'ROYAL ALFRED,' FLAGSHIP NORTH AMERICAN STATION, 1870 . . . . .	„	385
<i>(From a lithograph published by Griffin, Portsmouth.)</i>		
CAPTAIN ROBERT FANSHAWE, R.N., ELDEST SON OF 'THE COMMISSIONER' . . . . .	„	388
<i>(From a picture in the possession of Rev. H. L. Fanshawe.)</i>		
ADMIRAL SIR E. G. FANSHAWE, G.C.B. . . . .	} <i>Between pp. 402 and 403</i>	
<i>(From a photograph by Bassano, 1888.)</i>		
LADY FANSHAWE . . . . .	}	
<i>(From a photograph by Vandyk, 1891.)</i>		

# ADMIRAL

## SIR EDWARD G. FANSHAWE, G.C.B.

### A RECORD

#### CHAPTER I

##### EARLY YEARS—NAVAL COLLEGE

EDWARD GENNYS FANSHAWE was born at Tamar Terrace, Stoke, Plymouth, November 27th, 1814, his father, Captain Edward Fanshawe, Royal Engineers, being quartered at Plymouth at the time.

Captain Fanshawe had, in 1808, been aide-de-camp to General Sir Hew Dalrymple. He and Sir Hew's son, Adolphus, military secretary, landed with the General in Portugal the day after the battle of Vimeiro. Captain F. was a good deal employed during the negotiations about the convention of Cintra, riding to and fro with communications from his general at Torres Vedras to Colonel Murray, who was carrying on the negotiations at Lisbon. On one occasion, when present at a meeting of the lieutenant-generals called by Sir Hew to consider the draft convention, he was engaged in copying the notes made by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the meeting, and afterwards took the draft convention back to Colonel Murray at Lisbon, where he saw Junot. Upon Sir Hew's supersession and return home he accompanied him, and was a great help and support in the trying time of the Court of Inquiry which was held in relation to the convention. He, no doubt, must have seen a great deal of Sir Hew's family at this time, and he married, in 1811, Sir Hew's daughter, Frances Mary Dalrymple.

When Sir Arthur Wellesley became so great a power in the army, Sir Hew felt anxious lest Captain F.'s loyalty to himself should injure his own career, and it was a matter of

relief and of the utmost satisfaction to him when the Duke of Wellington afterwards employed Colonel F. on special missions. It was in 1823, while at Harwich, that he was sent on the first of these, as member of a military mission to the West Indies; and between this year and 1828 he was selected for various special services of the kind, one of which was to Canada. That to Bermuda was in particular a confidential mission of importance, to report on the defences, &c., and the *Blonde*, frigate, was ordered to take him out; his own judgment was implicitly trusted, and no written instructions were given him. The *Blonde* was commanded by Captain Lord Byron, who from this time became a friend of Colonel F.'s; '*Nemesis*' Hall, afterwards well known in the navy, was her master.

During most of the time when Captain F. lived in Tamar Terrace his father, Captain Robert F., R.N., was still 'Commissioner' of Plymouth dockyard. He had been a naval officer of some distinction, and as a young captain commanded the *Monmouth*, which ship played a very gallant part in an action under Byron in the West Indies, July 6th, 1779.<sup>1</sup> He also commanded the *Namur* in Lord Rodney's action, April 12th, 1782.<sup>2</sup>

The office of 'Commissioner' of a dockyard was then a civil one held for life, and was given to captains in the navy selected for the position. Captain Robert F. held the appointment from November 1789; in 1816 he retired and made his home at Stonehall, Plymouth, where he died on February 4th, 1823. He was at one time member for Plymouth. His wife, Christiana, daughter of John Gennys, Esq., belonged to a well-known Devonshire family.

The Commissioner's eldest son, Robert, was born in 1784, and entered the navy, but died young. He was promoted very quickly, and became a post-captain at 18, a position which caused occasional inconvenience, for in those days all the captains present had to sit upon courts-martial, but it was not considered correct for an 'infant at law' to do so. Accordingly, whenever a court-martial was ordered and Captain R. F.'s ship was in company, he had to be sent out cruising before the court met. He proved himself, however, fit for his rank, for in 1804, when in command of the *Carysfort* frigate, he was sent with a senior officer commanding the *Apollo* to escort a convoy of 69 merchant

<sup>1</sup> See Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History*, p. 368 and note; also *Annual Register* for 1779.

<sup>2</sup> See *Annual Register* for 1782.





ROBERT FANSHAW, ESQ., CAPTAIN R.N., AGED 80  
COMMISSIONER OF PLYMOUTH DOCKYARD FROM 1789 TO 1816  
*(From a drawing by his granddaughter, Miss Glanville.)*



ships to the West Indies. His senior officer stood in too close to the Portuguese coast at night, and wrecked the *Apollo*, losing his own life and 60 of his officers and men, besides 40 ships of the convoy. James<sup>1</sup> states that 'fortunately for the remainder of the convoy, Captain Fanshawe, without signal, wore just as it grew dark, and with all the ships who were near enough to see and adopt his change of course the *Carysfort* arrived safely at Barbadoes.' Captain Robert F. died in the West Indies that same year, and nearly seventy years after E., then Admiral on the station, came accidentally upon his tomb at Antigua.

Edward, the Commissioner's second son and E.'s father, was born October 16th, 1785.

There was a third son, Arthur, born in 1794, who entered the navy and rose to be Admiral and K.C.B., commanding successively in North America and West Indies, the Mediterranean, and finally at Plymouth. As a boy of about nine he was in his father's drawing-room among the others when Lord Nelson dined at the Commissioner's. 'Here, my boy,' said Lord Nelson, 'I have only one hand; come and stir my coffee for me.' This honour shown him was supposed to have decided the boy's profession. For many years during his life he lived in Durnford Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth, where E. used to see him whenever touching at Plymouth. Sir Arthur married Margaret, daughter of Mr. Justice Wilson and step-daughter of Admiral Sir John Colpoys; she died 1851. Sir Arthur himself lived till 1864. Sir John Colpoys died while in command of the West Indian station, and E. saw his tomb at Bermuda in 1872. On their admiral's death his staff took passage for England in the packet, which foundered at sea, and they were all lost.

Of the Commissioner's nine daughters, four married naval officers, some of whom became men of great note in the service: Sir Robert Stopford, Sir Byam Martin, Sir John White, Admiral Bedford. The latter, with Mrs. Bedford, took on Stonehall, the Commissioner's house, after his and his wife's death. E.'s family, therefore, was closely connected with the navy.

Captain F. removed in 1817 from Tamar Terrace to Lyme Regis, where he remained till 1820 employed on the harbour works, a futile undertaking to which the Government had been instigated by the local member. Mrs. F.'s brother, Colonel Leighton Cathcart Dalrymple, was with them when they left Lyme Regis, and travelled up with Mrs. F. to

<sup>1</sup> See James's *Naval History*, ed. 1886, vol. iii. p. 264.

London. He had been colonel of the 15th Hussars at Waterloo, and near the end of the day lost his leg, having had three horses shot under him. Family travelling in those days was performed in a 'chariot,' as ladies scarcely ever travelled by coach; and these travelling carriages were ingeniously fitted with luggage boxes, the coachman's seat being taken off when posting, and fitted as a 'dicky' for man-servant and maid. Such a chariot with its fittings was thought a suitable wedding present even for people who were not very well off. The F.'s had been given to them on their marriage, and was now used to convey Mrs. F. and her brother on the two days' journey to London. As it only had one inside seat the two children, Fanny and Edward, sat on little stools or stood looking out of the window. At Bagshot they met a regiment of cavalry returning from George III.'s funeral, an incident which E. always remembered. On arrival in London they went to his grandparents Sir Hew and Lady Dalrymple's at 23 Upper Wimpole Street.

In this same year Captain F. was appointed to 'the Quarters' (*i.e.* barracks), Plymouth Dock, and he and his family lived there two years. Their house was on one side of the barrack square, and that of Captain—afterwards Sir Harry—Jones, the second R.E. officer, also looked out upon it. In 1820 E. as quite a little boy was taken into a small room at Stonehall to be told of his Uncle Leighton Dalrymple's death, which made a great impression on him (Leighton died June 6th, 1820). About this time he saw the launch of the three-decker *Britannia*, and he never forgot the sight. In 1822 Major F. was appointed commandant of Royal Engineers at Jersey, and they left Plymouth. The ordinary communication with the Channel Islands was by a cutter-packet from Weymouth, but they chartered a private sloop, and embarked from the foot of the Stonehall lawn, being two days and nights on the way. They lived in the official house, and E. had a pony.

About March 1823 E. was sent to Carmault's school at Putney. He went off in charge of one of his father's R.E. officials to Sir Hew Dalrymple's in London, and on to school from there. He was at school at Carmault's till June 1827. There were 120 boys, of ages between 8 and 18, not much attempt to care for the boys' morals, which were very low, the place extremely rough, and bullying bad, Latin and Greek caned into the boys so that they were obliged to work; a very bad place for a boy, and an unfor-

fortunate choice of school. Many boys the F.'s knew were there, however, including E.'s cousins the Dacres and Glanvilles. It was altogether not a happy part of E.'s life. In 1823 he went back to Jersey in the summer holidays, but that same year Major F. was ordered to Harwich as commandant, R.E., and his holidays were in future spent there. In August 1827 E. went to the Naval College, Portsmouth, and soon after wrote to his father giving details of the routine.

*From E. to Colonel F.*

Portsmouth, September 16th, 1827.

DEAR PAPA,—I am much obliged to you for your letter which I received this morning, and I am now going to tell you what we do every day. We get up in the morning about a quarter after six and go to lessons, and we do English grammar before breakfast till about a quarter of an hour to breakfast, and then go out. We go into breakfast at about a quarter past eight, and directly we get up we muster in the yard, and also before we go into breakfast; and then when we have done our breakfast we go out till about nine o'clock, and then we go into school, learning mathematics till twelve; at ten we go out in the yard for about three or four minutes; after twelve we go in the boats and bathe if it is fine, then we come back in time for dinner at a quarter past one. At two we go into school again till quarter past four, during which time we either do French, Drawing, or Geography; at half-past four we go out in the boats again, generally, and come back in time for supper at seven o'clock, or now a little time before, as the doors are shut up before supper; then we go into a large empty room and box with boxing-gloves or else go up into our cabins till the bell rings for prayers; and, after prayers, we go up into our cabins till the bell rings for bed. On Saturday before breakfast we write a copy and write from dictation, read and say our catechism; and the college is divided into two divisions, one of thirty and the other of forty boys; the one of forty is the first and the one of thirty is the last; and if the one of thirty was to drill two hours and do shipbuilding one hour, then the two hours that the division of thirty were drilling, the division of forty would



be doing shipbuilding; and the time that the one of thirty was learning shipbuilding, the one of forty would be drilling, and so on. It is a half holiday on Saturday afternoon. We do no lessons on Sunday and go to church twice. Give my love to all.

Believe me ever your dutiful son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

Sir Wentworth Loring was then Governor of the college, Sir George Grey (father of Lord Palmerston's Home Minister), Commissioner of the Dockyard, and the Port Admiral was E.'s uncle, Sir Robert Stopford. E. used constantly to go and see his uncle and aunt, and with him went his fellow-collegian and friend Wellesley (George Greville Wellesley, a close friend of his for life). These two generally dined at Admiralty House on Sunday, and were sent back under escort of the coxswain.

The Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral (afterwards William IV.), was fond of visiting the dockyards, walking about with a train of admirals and captains. He came several times to inspect the college while E. was there and took great interest in the cadets, speaking to each one, showing a wonderful knack of recognising their names and connection with the service, and giving to each an appropriate word of encouragement. Asking E.'s name, he inquired for the Commissioner of Plymouth and always remembered the relationship. Only one boy puzzled him and was a constant stumbling-block. His name was White, but he disowned any connection with 'my old friend Sir John Chambers White,' or with any other White known in the Services. His father was 'a gentleman farmer,' 'lived at Barnstaple,' and the Duke gave him up as a bad job and turned away fairly puzzled, with no link of recognition to suggest one of his usual cheery remarks. One boy, Duncan King, was the son of Admiral Sir Richard King, an old shipmate of the Duke of Clarence, who always had a chatty word for his son. The boy used to try to escape when he saw the party of high dignitaries approaching, and was doing so on one occasion when the Duke spied him and called out, 'Hey Duncan, Duncan, how are the white mice?' 'Pretty well, thank 'ee, Sir; how are you?' came back the answer.

There were no police in those days, but warders had charge of the dockyard, who looked suspiciously upon college boys. One of them was seen trespassing one day on a sacred

piece of green opposite the college, to the great wrath of the warder, who cried: 'Hi, come off, yo' maun't go there. Commissioner's cow maun't go there, much less a 'cademite like yo'.' One of the officials within the walls was the unlucky matron, whose temper had been soured by contact with college boys. They insisted upon calling her 'Hag Rogers'—'Gin Hag,' and at times would bait her beyond endurance. She was one day seen chasing one of them through the college out into the dockyard, crying furiously, 'Call I a Gin Hag—a' never tasted gin but once in me life and then a' couldn't a bear 'un. I see 'ee, who ye are, y're Mr. Hancock, no y're not Mr. Hancock, y're Mr. Tennyson. I knows 'e by th' hole in 'e coat. I'll report 'e to Mr. Malony. No, I'll not report 'e to Mr. Malony, 'cause he won't 'ado nothing to 'e. I'll report 'e to Mr. Dawson, I will.' At the time of the battle of Navarino, E. was in hospital with some slight complaint, and 'Hag Rogers' came in to announce the news, exclaiming triumphantly, 'The Turkers be all dismolsished.'

At the end of each term there was a solemn function; the collegians were mustered and the Governor came in state to read out each boy's marks, with impressive observations of his own. At one of these functions, when E. was a senior boy nearly at the top of the college, the solemnity of the occasion had produced in the boys an unfortunate tendency to giggle, and they were all in a state of suppressed mirth. The Governor had arrived at the report of a certain cadet, and read out with solemn emphasis: 'Mr. So-and-so, *bad* in mathematics, *bad* in French, *bad* in drawing, *bad* in navigation, and in fact *bad* in everything.' At this point E.'s feelings became too much for him and he exploded, to the awe and horror of all present. A lieutenant and two petty officers were ordered forward, and the culprit was marched off under arrest to be birched. Counsels of mercy however prevailed, and a message followed that he was to be reprieved and hand-birched.

The college staff consisted of a naval captain as Governor and three lieutenants under him for discipline. These were Lieutenants Rouse (capital with the boys), Malone (easy and good-natured), and Dawson (strict and rather severe). The teaching was done by instructors, under Professor Inman (author of books on Navigation, &c.). There were printed forms for reporting the misconduct of the cadets, with a space for the Governor to fill in the punishment he awarded (birching, hand-birching, or other). When the cadet college

was abolished and the building was adapted for acting-mates passing their examinations, a number of these old forms were found in a drawer. Some were comical enough, one from the French master carefully filled in and reporting Mr. So-and-so 'for catch fly by wing, make buzz, buzz, buzz.' Another from Mr. Lane, the fencing master, under the head of 'Misconduct of Mr. C.,' reported:—'This student on leaving the fencing room exclaimed in a loud voice, "Piggy Lane's got a new wig!"' The punishment for this enormity is not stated. The French master, poor man, did not find favour with the boys, who declared that when questioned about his ablutions he had responded, 'I do wash my hands once a day, my face once a week, and my feet—nevère.' Each college boy had a cabin to himself. Some cabins were dark with no window, and a boy who misbehaved was liable to have one of these allotted to him.

The boys sat at long tables for meals, but were divided into 'messes' of ten, and served in this way. Michaelmas was a great occasion, a goose being allotted to every five boys (two to a mess); strict custom dictated the method of its carving, which was carried out by the 'junior out of school,' E. having to perform the office both years he was at college, and duly to dispense a wing and two slices of the breast, a leg and one slice of the breast, and the carcase to the carver. Besides the geese, a giblet pie was supplied to each mess, the crust stamped with lines dividing it into ten equal portions, called by the boys 'whacks.' The cadets used, after the manner of boys, to complain of their food, so orders were given that the seniors should in turn inspect it, and boys of 14 and 15, perfectly ignorant of the fitness of meat, used to perform this inspection ceremony. It often proved that a 'college-volunteer,' returning after a small experience of ship fare to sit at his old table, held very different views about the diet there and highly appreciated it. When the college holidays were due seats were taken for the boys on the coaches, which indeed they nearly filled. The custom was to arm themselves with pea-shooters and pocketsful of hard peas, and bombard everybody they passed on the way.

There were thirteen in E.'s batch at the college, of whom he was the youngest, and they picked up one or two others who had been longer there, and who passed on with them. One of these—Hodgkinson, who passed about fourth—was afterwards told by Dr. Inman that each of the first six of this batch would in an average batch have



obtained the gold medal. E.'s father came to stay with the Stopfords, at the time of the passing out examination, being anxious about the result, as doubts had been expressed whether E., being so young, would pass the first time. Sir R. Stopford came, as was customary for the Admiral, to hear the Governor declare the result of the examination, and E., so far from having failed, came out 2nd with the silver medal. The first place and gold medal were taken by Gardiner, who was a year older. This was on December 16th, 1828. Sir R. Stopford sent off instantly to Major F. the following note:—

*From Sir Robert Stopford to Colonel Fanshawe.*

*Private.*

I am happy to tell you that Edward comes out second upon the list and will receive the second medal.

R. S.

Sir Byam Martin also wrote: 'An order will go this evening for Edward's discharge. I wish you joy of the honor he has acquired. He is a chip of the old block.'

T. B. M.

*College Certificate.*

This is to certify the Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy that Mr. Edward Gennys Fanshawe was entered at the Royal Naval College on August 2nd, 1827, and continued to the date hereof, when he was discharged by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty into His Majesty's ship *Madagascar*, he having been reported to have finished his education in 227 days less than the time allowed.

Mr. Fanshawe is entitled to two years' time of service in the Navy.

Given under my hand at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, December 18th, 1828.

J. WENTWORTH LORING, Lieut.-Govr.

Certain privileges were at that time granted to boys who had been at the naval college. When they left and were of the rank now called 'naval cadet,' they were known as 'college volunteers,' others of the rank being called 'first-class volunteers.' The first-class volunteer generally served about two years before promotion to midshipman, but the college volunteer was entitled to his promotion in one year.

The college course was adapted to two years' study for boys of average ability, and those who went through it in this time, passing the necessary examinations, left with 'two years' time'—*i.e.* two years counted as service in the navy. No boy was allowed to stay at the college more than two years; but those who had not in that period completed their course were only 'allowed time' in proportion to the work done—*e.g.* a year and a half or a year, instead of two years. Those, on the other hand, who mastered the subjects rapidly might pass through the college more quickly; but if leaving in eighteen months, or even in a year, they still counted their full two years' time of service. E. and his batch all passed out in three terms instead of four—*i.e.* in a year and a half, counting as two years' time. E. became a midshipman December 18th, 1829, exactly one year after leaving the college; but, like others in his position, could not gain full advantage from his early promotion, for no young officer was allowed to pass his examination for mate until the age of 19. After he had attained the five years' service necessary for promotion, he had to wait a year for age, and passed his mate's examination as soon as possible after his 19th birthday.

In those days it was sometimes difficult for young officers to get a ship, and another privilege of college volunteers was that they were entitled to be always employed. When E., a few years later, was waiting for passage to the *Melville* abroad, he was, in accordance with this rule, appointed to a ship fitting-out, and when she sailed transferred to another, so as never to be unemployed.

On leaving the college he and Wellesley were at once appointed to the *Madagascar* frigate and joined her Dec. 18th, 1828. His uncle, Arthur F., was then living at Midhurst, and saw to his outfit and arrangements for joining. The Stopfords, too, were at hand to help him. After joining he went home to Harwich on leave.

## CHAPTER II

## ‘MADAGASCAR’—MEDITERRANEAN

THE *Madagascar* was a 46-gun frigate, round stern, of 1,160 tons, and was commanded by Captain the Honble. Sir Robert Cavendish Spencer, K.C.H. (Hanoverian Order), next brother and heir to Lord Althorpe. Sir Robert Spencer was in many respects a first-rate officer. He was devoted to his ship, which he made the smartest on the station—to his men, who he determined should be well fed and cared for, in spite of any difficulties, official or other—to his young officers, for whom he took immense trouble. The midshipmen’s accounts were kept by a clerk, under his own supervision. He was strict about their money, while wishing them to have opportunities of enjoying themselves and seeing the places they went to. He was determined they should improve themselves in all ways, said they danced like a parcel of bears, so started a dancing class for them in the palace at Malta. They must learn French, so he planned with the French Admiral a temporary exchange of midshipmen, and E. and Wellesley, with others, were to have gone to the French flagship. He was also arranging lessons for them with an Italian master, when such plans were cut short by his sudden death. In many ways, therefore, he was an admirable captain to sail with; but he had one strong defect—in uncontrolled outbursts of passion, during which he utterly lost command of himself and would rush at officer or men and assault them; this inevitably affected in some degree the feeling of his ship’s company towards him.

In those times there was no plan of regular entry and service for obtaining seamen. It was not till the years 1853 and 1857 that the subject of manning the navy was gone into. At those dates commissions were appointed to consider the question, the latter of which arranged the present plan of entering and training of boys, period of service, &c. Admiral Arthur Fanshawe was employed on both these commissions, and Mr. Edward Cardwell, M.P., was

one of the chief members of that of 1857, and drew up the report. Before 1857 a captain appointed to a ship had to make his own plans for getting a ship's company together. Some unpopular captains had great difficulty in doing so, but the Spencers always found ready volunteers, Sir Robert's care for his men being held to counterbalance his strictness on service and outbursts of temper. He commissioned the *Madagascar* in the latter part of 1828, and she sailed about January 23rd, 1829, for the Mediterranean.

*E.'s first letter from Sea—To his Father.*

Corfu, H.M.S. 'Madagascar,' March.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I have been so much occupied writing log and watch bills that I have not had time to begin a letter, but I take this opportunity. We left Spithead on the 21st of January with a fair wind down channel, which lasted a day or two, and then it came quite foul, and we were about a week getting into the Bay of Biscay, where we were becalmed and getting a great swell, which rolled our main deck guns under and made us sick. I was not at all sick before we came to the Bay of Biscay, and I was not very sick then. We were a long time in the Bay of Biscay, till a foul wind sprung up, and we beat to Gibraltar. We passed close to Cadiz, which is a very pretty place. We saw a French frigate off Cape Trafalgar. We went through the Straits of Gibraltar at daylight February 8th with a fine breeze in our favour and a great deal of sail set for fear of being recalled by the *Melville*. We went 11 knots by the log, besides the current carrying us 4 or 5 knots, so we had not much time to see the place. The wind came foul again, and we beat all the way, except when we were becalmed. We caught 15 turtle in the jolly boat, and they were served out to the ship's company; none of them weighed more than 50 pounds. On February 19th about half past 6 we passed a frigate and brig, and about 12 we came to anchor in Palma Bay, which is in the southern part of Sardinia. It was my middle watch, and we amused ourselves fishing. The next morning we caught hundreds of little fish about 8 inches long. We were employed setting up the rigging all the time we were here. We set sail about



1 o'clock on February 20th, and had a foul wind again till about a day before we came into Malta, when the wind came fair again and took us to Malta, where we moored in Valletta Harbour on February 25th at half past 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We had a long passage of five weeks. We only remained at Malta a week, for the Admiral came in in a few days with the squadron, consisting of the *Asia*, *Spartiate*, *Windsor Castle*, *Blonde*, and *Dryad*, which was the ship we relieved. We only found the *Wellesley* and *Rifleman* brig here, besides two cutters, the *Hind* and *Racer*. I was at Mr. Sconce's five days out of the time we stayed at Malta; he was very kind to me. There were two more midshipmen at Mr. Sconce's house—Sleaman, who is a connection of ours, and Smith, whom you may remember in the *Blonde* going to Bermuda. We went out riding to Mr. Sconce's garden in the country. I dined once with Captain Bouverie while I was at Malta. We sailed from Malta on Thursday, 5th March, about 5 o'clock in the morning, with a fair wind for Corfu, but the wind came foul, and we were five days getting to Corfu. We had very blowing weather the day we got into Corfu; we expected to lose our topmasts, but we lost nothing. We got into Corfu about half past 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, March 10th. A man fell from the foreyard furling sails, and was killed on the spot. We lost two men coming out from England by illness. I have not been ashore at Corfu except on duty, but it is a beautiful-looking place, and the mountains of Greece look beautiful covered with snow. The ship sails very well in a light breeze and a smooth sea, but she pitches very much in a heavy sea. We shall probably stay at Corfu a long time, but I do not think that there will be much going ashore. I was rather unwell at Mr. Sconce's, but it soon went off in a day or two. Give my best love to Grandpapa and all at home.

Believe me ever

Your affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

The Admiral in the Mediterranean during the first part of the *Madagascar's* commission was Sir Pulteney Malcolm, flagship the *Asia* ; he was succeeded by Sir Henry Hotham, *St. Vincent*, flagship. E. had friends on the station, chief among whom was Captain Bouverie of the *Windsor Castle*. Captain the Honble. Duncan Pleydell Bouverie was an intimate friend of E.'s father. In about 1806 or 1807 Captain Bouverie was a young captain commanding a frigate at Monte Video, while Captain F. was employed there at the siege ; and from this time dated the lifelong friendship of the families—they were together for a time at Lyme Regis. After commanding the *Windsor Castle* Captain Bouverie was captain of the *Vanguard* in the Mediterranean for a short time before becoming a rear-admiral. Soon after promotion he accepted the appointment of Admiral-superintendent of Portsmouth dockyard, and E. was for a time his flag-lieutenant. In later years the Bouveries lived at Clyffe Hall, Devizes, a place given by Lord Radnor to Admiral Bouverie for his own life and his daughter's. The daughter and only child married Captain Hay, a military officer whom she had met at Malta. When the *Madagascar* arrived in the Mediterranean, Captain Bouverie's wife and daughter were staying at Admiralty House, Malta, and they also went a cruise in the *Windsor Castle* to the Levant. At one time when, owing to the Russian invasion of Turkey, there was a possibility of hostilities with Russia, the ladies' presence might have been inconvenient ; and it was arranged that in case of need they should go on board one of the French ships. Peace, however, was concluded between Russia and Turkey in September.

A good friend to E. when he was at Malta was Mr. Sconce, storekeeper and chief official of the dockyard. He was a paymaster in the navy who had been secretary to Sir John Duckworth, and had thus become known to E.'s naval uncles. He was a highly educated and accomplished man. Captain Harry Jones of the Royal Engineers, who had served under Colonel F. at Plymouth, was at Malta now, and also befriended E. William Martin (his cousin) was always very kind to him. He commanded the *Samarang*, and had rooms at Malta at a hotel in Strada Teatro, which he made E. welcome to use whenever he liked. Some of these friends wrote to E.'s father about him.

*From Captain Bouverie to Lieut.-Colonel F.*

Valetta, March 8th, 1829.

MY DEAR FANSHAWE,—The *Madagascar* has had a very long passage, and only arrived here on the 26th ulto. ; and your letter of the 24th of February only reached my hands the day after, on the return of our squadron from Naples after a month's absence. I am much obliged to you for letting me know that your boy was coming here, and I was very glad, as were my wife and daughter, to see the little fellow again. He dined with us this day last week, and seemed quite well and happy. He was in good quarters during his stay here, at Mr. Sconce's. They are pleasing, agreeable people. Edward stayed with them till the ship sailed for Corfu on Thursday last, where she will probably be stationed unless we hear anything of work by and bye further to the eastward. . . . Captain Spencer gave me a good account of Edward, but the rough weather they had had on the passage, and the work of getting the new ship in order which was far from being accomplished, had prevented their having begun the usual course of schooling. I will take care to see him, and make particular inquiries about him whenever we meet with the *Madagascar*, and let you know faithfully anything that it seems necessary or desirable for you to be informed of about him. We could not bring ourselves to his recollection. There seems to me to be a firmness and sturdiness in his character which will help him well on in the world. We have not yet met with the *Samarang*, but she has now been a good while in the Archipelago, and is, I believe, expected here soon. . . . Pray make our kindest regards acceptable to Mrs. Fanshawe and Fanny, and believe me

Ever very truly yours,

D. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE.

*From Captain Bouverie to Lieut.-Colonel F.*

Vourla Bay, August 27th, 1829.

DEAR FANSHAWE,—For the last three days the *Madagascar* has been laying close alongside of us, and as I can send you the best possible report of Edward, I think you will not scruple paying the postage of this letter whenever it reaches you, which, I fear, will not be very soon. A transport is to convey my letter to Malta, and thence it will

have to go to England by the packet. Edward has breakfasted with us twice. He is looking very well, is very neat and clean in his dress, and we think he is grown, and I hear a very good account of him from his captain. The *Madagascar* joined us at sea about a week ago. She has since that been for one day at Smyrna; but she is to-day about to weigh and proceed to off the mouth of the Scamander with the Admiral and part of the squadron; the remainder are to follow soon. This step the Admiral has resolved on in consequence of the extraordinary rapid advance of the Russians of late, who entered Adrianople on the 20th without any resistance, and about the same time effected the landing of an additional body of troops at Carabouroun, not more than 20 or 25 miles off Constantinople; so that, if not stopped by having treated for peace, the Russians may at this time be in, or on the point of entering, the capital. The fact is, I believe, that the Turks are heartily tired of the war and are disinclined to fight. Whatever may be the cause of the Russians being so completely successful lately at the expense of so little bloodshed, the fact is so, and that the Turks are no longer in a situation to resist the demands of the Russians, whatever they may be. That we should be here, and quiet spectators of what is going on, seems extraordinary indeed, and can, I should suppose, only be accounted for by supposing that these recent successes were entirely unforeseen and unexpected by our Ministry. . . .

This place is within the Bay of Smyrna, which city we have visited, and now we are on the point of going off the entrance to the Dardanelles, and of having an opportunity of visiting the Plains of Troy, perhaps of seeing Constantinople. I have only time to add our united kindest regards to Mrs. Fanshawe and your children, and that I am ever

Yours truly,

D. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE.

*From Mr. Sconce to Colonel F.*

Malta, 4 Nov., 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was to have the pleasure of telling you something of your son that I deferred answering the friendly letter you were good enough to write to me. He is now staying with me, and is in as fine a state of health and spirits as you could possibly desire. In his long absence from Malta there has been time for some change in his



appearance, and we find him grown very much stouter than he was. He is thoroughly happy, and of his strength and activity he gave me a proof by scampering with me the other morning seventeen miles on horseback. I am sorry I shall not be able to get him to write to you by this opportunity. He went out some time ago to see Captain Jones (of the Engineers) and I am afraid I shall have to send away my packet before he returns. However, I will take care he writes by the packet. Sir Robert Spencer and Mr. Morton (the Chaplain) speak very highly of him. . . .

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

R. A. SCONCE.

During the summer of 1829 the *Madagascar* was in Vourla Bay near Smyrna, with the Admiral and the fleet. The Russians at this time were at war with Turkey, and had crossed the Balkans and taken Adrianople, threatening Constantinople; their fleet was at Besika Bay, and it was said and believed that if they went up the Dardanelles Sir Pulteney Malcolm had orders to attack them. The French fleet (then under the Fleur de Lys) was in company with ours. The *Madagascar* was one day at Smyrna, and afterwards went to the mouth of the Scamander, close to the entrance of the Dardanelles. Captain William Martin went on a picnic there and took E. He did not go to the site of Troy, but mounds in its neighbourhood were visible from the ship, said to be the graves of the heroes.

In the winter of 1829 the *Madagascar* had sailed from the town of Corfu along the coast of the island to Leftimo, where she was just anchoring when a heavy thunderstorm came on; the lightning ran along the chain cable on the main deck, exploded and struck a man, who however was not much hurt; another flash struck the mainmast, ran down it and threw down Lieutenant Innes, who also was not hurt. The ship had to go to Malta to get a new mainmast. The old one had been constructed on a special plan of fitting together various pieces. It was shattered, the pieces all started and bulging, and when examined was found to have a charred line inside, all down the centre of the mast. About this time they met the first steam packet that came out to the Mediterranean, a ten-gun brig fitted with paddles—the *Comet*.

*From <sup>1</sup>Captain Harry Jones, R.E., to Lieut.-Colonel F.*

Malta, 25th April, 1830.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—As I feel certain that it will always afford both Mrs. Fanshawe and yourself great pleasure to receive good accounts of your little sailor, I cannot resist the temptation of offering you my congratulations upon his being appointed to such a ship and under such a captain. I am now speaking from my own knowledge of facts, having just returned from a short cruise in the *Madagascar*, in which ship I was lately sent to the coast of Africa to make a report to the Governor. I believe there is scarcely a ship in the service where so much attention is paid to the young gentlemen as in the *Madagascar*; several hours a day are they obliged to attend the schoolmaster, and at the end of each month they undergo examination: during the time of school, nothing but French is allowed to be spoken. Sir Robert looks sharply after them, strict without harshness or severity; the duties of the ship are carried on in a very orderly manner, no swearing, no blustering, all is performed with precision and with great good humour. It will, I am sure, be satisfactory to you to know that among the number of clever and attentive young men on board, your son ranks very high, and from all the officers I received the most flattering accounts of his attention and good conduct. We were disappointed in not seeing him at our house this day. They are only allowed to leave the ship twice in a week, and this is not one of the fixed days; however on Wednesday he is to pass the day with us. I saw him this morning, looking extremely well.

I was much gratified to learn that you are to succeed Colonel Mann in Pall Mall, and only hope that the confinement will not be prejudicial to your health. . . .

If I can be useful to your son in any way, pray let me know. Mrs. Jones unites in best regards to Mrs. Fanshawe with

Yours sincerely,

HARRY D. JONES.

On Colonel Fanshawe obtaining the appointment in London alluded to, he removed to 14 Cumberland Terrace,

<sup>1</sup> Captain Harry Jones had been sent in the *Madagascar* to report upon some ruins on the coast of Africa, due south of Malta. It was probably from these that some of the stones were removed and built up again as 'the Ruins' on Virginia Water

Regent's Park, where he lived for the rest of his life. His work was at the Ordnance Office, and he held the appointment of first assistant Inspector-General of Fortifications from 1830 to 1850. In the latter year he resigned the appointment and in 1858 he died.

The Governor of Malta was the Honble. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, father of Queen Victoria's well-known private secretary, who at this time was a curly-headed little boy at the palace. The Governor and Lady Emily Ponsonby were relations of Sir Robert Spencer, who always stayed with them at the palace when at Malta. The *Madagascar* midshipmen, like others, were fond of riding, and spent their spare money on horse-hire. E. was one day riding back from Città Vecchia towards the gate of Valletta, near the turn of the road to Pietà, racing full tilt with a brother midshipman, Dicky Wood, a well-known light weight and good rider; Wood was winning, and as he dashed in at the gate he charged full at the Admiral, Sir Henry Hotham, who on an ambling palfrey was starting for a quiet ride with the flag lieutenant. The Admiral sheered off and Wood just caught his horse's flank and managed to pull up for his reprimand. Seeing what was happening E. took to the Pietà road and galloped some distance, then turned, and as he paced demurely back met the Admiral, who knew him, and stopping to greet him said, 'I am glad to see, Mr. Fanshawe, that *you* are not riding in the reckless way some of your brother officers are.' Another midshipman of the *Madagascar* was Clifford, afterwards in the Guards and Black Rod in the House of Lords. The following lines were written by Mant, mate of the *Pelican* brig, and describe an incident at Malta in 1830:—

With Dinners and with Déjeuners,  
With Balls by nights and Fêtes by days,  
The busy moments flew;  
And still not one of all the Fleet,  
Who liked to share in many a treat,  
Felt bound to give one, too.

At length the Mids. themselves, who find  
Their seniors rather disinclined  
To rouse themselves at all,  
Resolved to join and do their best  
To make amends for all the rest,  
And give their friends a Ball.

Six ships were in the Harbour seen,  
But the *Revenge* in quarantine  
Can scarcely here be reckoned ;  
The *Madagascar* first began,  
The *Melville* next approved the plan,  
The saucy *Spartiate* second.

They now proposed it to the rest,  
Of course it never could be guessed  
'Twould be by them refused.  
But I confess it is with shame  
That I record the vessels' name  
That held themselves excused.

First by the *Ocean* eighty-four,  
Which Campbell's blue broad-pennant bore,  
Was opposition shown,  
With whom our largest ship afloat,  
*Britannia's* self, refused her vote,  
And left the three alone.

Little for such neglect they cared,  
And Ball room, Band, and all prepared,  
And Spencer's leave had gained ;  
The rest they thought would follow soon,  
For sure they were so small a boon  
Would be with ease obtained.

They reckoned wrong, for Campbell first,  
When on his ear the secret burst,  
This sullen answer gave :—  
' Mids. give a Ball ! decided *No*,  
What ! give a Ball before they know  
How others do behave.'

A different aspect Bobby bore,  
Who with a seaman's frankness swore  
He would to heav'n 'twere done.  
' I'll gladly offer all I can  
To aid and forward such a plan  
As if myself were one.'

' I'll not consent,' old Warren cries ;  
' What, not consent !' the Knight replies,  
' But how prevent it now ?'  
' Nothing more easy I conceive  
Than on that night to stop their leave  
And suffer none to go.'



This was of course a settler quite,  
But still on the appointed night  
They'll find that, after all,  
Although the middies' leave is stopped,  
Their first intention is not dropped,  
For *Spencer* gives the Ball.

In the summer of 1830, just as the *Madagascar* sailed for Naples, one case of plague had been reported at Malta. At Catania, where they first touched, nothing was known of this, and Sir Robert Spencer went ashore there and lunched with the English Consul. On arriving at Naples, the health officer came on board and, having heard of the Malta case, said the ship must hoist the yellow flag and go into seventeen days' quarantine. Sir Robert remarked that was very unfortunate, for, as he had landed at Catania, the whole of that place would have to go into quarantine too. The official, looking rather crestfallen, went ashore for orders. The chief neighbouring business being coasting trade, and Naples and Sicily one State, the quarantine at Catania would have caused real trouble and loss; accordingly the *Madagascar* received notice that she would be admitted to pratique. Quarantine regulations in these days were very absurd, having no regard to the length of voyage since leaving the infected port. A ship that had been for weeks blowing about at sea had, on arriving in harbour, to undergo the same length of quarantine as one that had only just left the scene of infection.

When the ship left Malta the King was known to be very ill. As they got near Naples a merchant ship came out with her flag at half-mast, thus announcing his death. The *Madagascar* 'topped yards,' painted her hull black, and fired sixty-eight minute guns, one for each year of his age. Captain Spencer went ashore to see his brother, who had become a Roman Catholic and a Monsignore, and the midshipmen were sent on successive days in two batches to see the sights.

*From E. to Lieut.-Colonel F.*

H.M.S. 'Madagascar,' Malta, July 27th, 1830

DEAR PAPA,—We sailed from here immediately after I had sent my last letter, to cruise about with Mr. Frere and Lady Erroll, and came back again in six days. We just made fast to a buoy outside the harbour, and sailed again

the same evening (after having put the passengers on shore) for Naples. We had a fair wind till we got off Mt. Etna, when it came on to blow from the north, and so we were obliged to lay to for two days. When there was less wind we beat through the straits, and then had nothing but calms and light winds, so we had a very bad passage. I went on shore three times. The first time we started about 7 o'clock in the morning and went first to Herculaneum which is underneath the town of Portici. The part which is underground is the theatre; they have dug into it exactly in the same way as they do into catacombs. In one place, there is the impression of a man's face in the lava which must have been made by it when it was hot. Another small part of it is in the open air—this part consists of some pillars, and there are one or two small chambers the walls of which are painted red. We then went on to Pompeii, which is much more worth seeing than Herculaneum. The first thing we saw was the Roman barracks, which is a square surrounded by pillars outside of which I suppose that the barracks used to stand. We then went to the Comic and Tragic theatres. The Comic used to be open, but the Tragic had a roof to it. We went next to the Amphitheatre, which is very complete. The dens for the beasts and everything are standing now. We then went to the town and saw all the houses and temples. We also saw the Forum, which is a large square with a great quantity of pillars in it. All the houses are painted red inside and the floors are all mosaic of white and black marble, some of which are very perfect. We saw also two or three very curious fountains in the wall made of shells and all sorts of stones of different colours. We went in the evening to the small opera, and then on board.

The second time we went on shore we started about 11 o'clock at night to go up Mount Vesuvius. We went to Portici (which is under the mountain), in a boat, and walked through the town till we came to a place where we all got mounted on horses, mules and donkeys (I myself was mounted on a mule). We then began to ride up the mountain. At first the road was pretty good, but by degrees it got very bad. In some places there were holes at the



side which caused some of us to fall down, animal and all. About half past two we arrived at the Hermitage, a house which is inhabited by an old monk ; we had some wine here and then went on. After we had gone a short way farther we arrived at the foot of the cone, where we were obliged to dismount and scramble up on foot : we were obliged to get up on our hands and knees some part of the way, and to lay down about every ten minutes to rest. It must have been about a mile high, and it must have taken us between an hour and an hour and a half to go up. The first of our party was up thirty minutes before the last. We were then on the edge of the crater, which is about a mile round I should think, and upwards of a hundred feet deep, with a small black cone in the middle out of which it throws about every three or four minutes red-hot stones to a very great height with a noise like a gun ; we stopped here a short time and then came down again. We found our mules where we had left them. We then rode down to the water's edge and bathed, and went off to the ship to breakfast.

After breakfast we went on shore again and went to see the museum, where we saw some beautiful statues and paintings. We then went to see the Solfaterra, where there has been a volcano formerly. We then went to Baia to see Nero's Baths, but it was so hot that we did not go in. We went to the large opera at St. Carlos in the evening, and I did not go on shore again. When we arrived at Malta we went through the same ceremony about firing minute guns and saluting as they did at Portsmouth. We have had two thunderstorms lately, one the day we saluted, and the other to-day, 2nd August. The *Gloucester* and *Melville* have both been struck to-day. We understand that the *Gloucester* has lost her main mast and the *Melville* her fore topmast and topgallant mast, but as they are laying out of our sight we cannot yet tell. We sail soon for Genoa. I have not yet received the parcel which you sent me, but as the *Alligator* has not yet arrived I suppose it was sent by her.

Believe me ever

Your affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

The *Madagascar* officers went up Vesuvius in two batches on consecutive nights. Otter, a mate who was always extremely kind to E., was among those who went, also Dellamore, the midshipmen's instructor, who in those days, before 'naval instructors' were established, was simply called the schoolmaster.

The midshipmen amused themselves in the crater by running in to touch the little black centre cone between the intervals of its eruptions, and Dellamore, joining in the sport, narrowly missed being knocked on the head by a block of hot lava. This same Dellamore had shortly before been as nearly as possible blown by a violent gust of wind into the crater of Etna, and was only saved by his messmates holding on to his coat tails.

On the way back from the crater, Otter thus recorded their expedition in the visitors' book at the Hermitage:

'On June 15/30 by this way did pass  
H. C. Otter of the *Madagas-*  
*Car* with some others, who to see the sight  
Of a burning crater in the night,  
Were fools enough to leave their hammick  
To go and see the great Volcanic.'

Estridge (a big mate but minor poet), coming in and seeing the above, added:

'And as the road is rather dusty  
We're drinking a great deal of Lachryma-Christi.'

Ten years after, when E. was a lieutenant of the *Daphne*, he and a brother officer, Le Mesurier, went to the Hermitage and hunted for this book. All the other visitors' books, some having signatures of well-known people, were there, but this particular volume containing Otter's rhyme had vanished.

Otter was a most keen and expert swimmer, and instigated others to become so too, with the result that E. and most of the *Madagascar* midshipmen were almost amphibious animals, just as happy diving under the ship's keel as standing on her deck. Otter's own powers in this direction were called out by an incident which brought out also his cool courage and determination. In 1831 Captain Lyons, then commanding the ship and cruising off the shores of Greece, had occasion to intercept the mail packet, and detached a boat to sail along the south-eastern coast of the Island of

Hydra while he himself passed between the island and the mainland. Otter was sent in command of the boat, and George Elliot, then a young midshipman, with him. They reached the rendezvous at the S.W. end of the island during darkness, and saw a blue light burned as a signal from the ship. Otter prepared to answer it with a blue light in return. The weather was calm with a considerable swell, the boat lying without sail, its crew sitting in their usual places on the thwarts. Thinking the ship might not easily see the answering signal, Otter sent a man part way up the mast to burn the blue light from a height, warning the crew to sit steady. Sparks from the light, however, fell on some of the men, who suddenly shifted position just as the boat heeled over with the swell, and this with the man's weight aloft capsized her bottom upwards. Otter at once realised the situation, and promptly dived, unstepped the mast, and righted the cutter. The men were of course in the water all round him, and seeing they were far from land one began to exclaim, 'Every man for himself.' Otter instantly struck him over the head with a stretcher and reduced him to silence. They were three miles from land, and the boat floating awash could support two men.

Otter ordered the two weakest looking into it, and, carrying forward the boat's 'painter,' gave the men their positions to swim, while slowly drawing the boat with them. From time to time he relieved those who seemed most to require it by giving them a turn in the boat, but he himself never ceased swimming and towing. In five hours they brought the boat and every man safe ashore. The next morning they launched their boat again, and paddled off with the bottom boards to the scene of their upset, and, the sea being still calm, they found and picked up nearly all the floating boat's gear, oars, &c. Seeing a passing schooner they signalled it, and Captain Lyons, who was getting very anxious about his boat, found it in tow of the schooner. He reported to the Admiralty most favourably of Otter's gallant conduct and he was promoted. Otter was as lieutenant, commander, and captain employed for many years on the Scotch survey, and E. saw him in Skye in 1853. In 1855 he was one of the two surveying captains in the Baltic, Bartholomew Sullivan being the senior.

The senior mate of the *Madagascar* was Langworthy. These were the days of 'old mates,' of whom Langworthy was one, being over 30. Such men as were entirely without interest in the navy had at that time every prospect of

remaining old mates, while another set of officers rose fast. Many of them having entered the service with full knowledge of this condition of things took it as a matter of course. Langworthy's professional prowess was thus commemorated by his messmates :

‘ Old Langworthy sat on a gunslide  
To see what the weather would be,  
And he saw a gale of wind a coming  
By the rippling of the sea.

‘ All hands up, every soul on bo-ard  
(Aloft there, stop that noise) ;  
Take two reefs in your topsails, boys,  
And let your topgallantsails be lowered.’

Later in this year (1830) the *Madagascar* was sent to Toulon, while waiting to embark at Marseilles Lord Clare, the new Governor of Bombay. At Toulon they received quite an ovation from the French, who were delighted that England had recognised the accession of Louis Philippe, then just placed on the throne after the Revolution of July and the exile of Charles X. ; the Fleur de Lys had gone with Charles, and the *Madagascar* was the first foreign ship to salute the restored Tricolour. The French fleet was at Toulon, having just returned jubilant from the capture of Algiers, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The officers were cheered and entertained whenever they appeared ; at sight of them a cry would be raised : ‘ Ah voilà les Anglais, allons dîner.’ Strict orders were given to the shops and hotels that no charge was to be made for anything the English ordered, and it was an ideal time for a hungry midshipman in charge of a boat. The mids. had their full share of hospitality, for the French junior naval officers gave a great dinner to those of the *Madagascar*, when nearly a hundred sat down together and fraternised enthusiastically under the draped flags of the two countries. Lord Clare was on his way out to succeed Sir John Malcolm as Governor of Bombay, and the *Madagascar's* orders were to take the new Governor to Alexandria and wait there to bring back his predecessor. Sir John Malcolm was a distinguished soldier, brother of Sir Pulteney, then commanding the Mediterranean fleet. Another brother was Sir Charles Malcolm, R.N., who, a year later, when E. went out to India, was head of the ‘Bombay Marine.’

In October the *Madagascar* took Lord Clare, as ordered,



to Alexandria, but on the night of her arrival Sir Robert Spencer was taken ill, and all on board were shocked to hear early next morning, November 4th, of his sudden death, at the age of 39. Lord Clare landed as arranged, and was received by Mehemet Ali, the *Madagascar* officers, and E. among them, attending the reception. Immediately after the ship sailed with her late captain's body to join the Admiral at Napoli di Romania, and was sent on to Malta.

E. again saw Mehemet Ali when at Alexandria nine years later as first lieutenant of the *Daphne*. The Pasha was an oldish man, with a sharp, wizened face, the striking feature being his keen, piercing eyes, which were most penetrating. When he received Lord Clare he was squatting in the centre of a corner divan, and his chief guests ranged themselves along the sides at right angles to each other in order of importance. Lieutenant Geary, the senior naval officer, was scarcely suited for a function of this kind, but had to take the captain's place.

Sir Robert Spencer was buried at Malta in a bastion which was called after him, near the bottom of Strada Mezzodi. The *Madagascar* officers subscribed for a monument, and erected an obelisk to his memory on Corradino Hill, a prominent object till quite lately, when it was removed to 'Spencer's Bastion' and placed over his grave, its former position on Corradino being too conspicuous, as offering 'sights' to an enemy for the line of fire on the dockyard.

*From E. to Lieut.-Colonel F.*

H.M.S. 'Madagascar,' Malta, November 30th, 1830.

MY DEAR PAPA,—You will be very sorry to hear of the death of our late captain, Sir R. Spencer, which took place the day after our arrival at Alexandria before Lord Clare had left us. I was on shore and saw Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needles, and the field of battle where General Abercromby was killed. The camels walk along in long trains, they are joined together with ropes. I saw some of them lying down to be laden, which is very curious. The next day I went with Lord Clare and some of the officers to see the Bashaw. We went into a room with a sofa on two sides of it and he sat in the corner, Lord Clare on one side

of him and Mr. Geary (our first lieutenant) on the other, and we all sat on the sofas. He gave us all little cups of coffee, but only gave a pipe to Lord Clare, as he only gives them to his equals. We afterwards saw his horses. We sailed the next day for the Admiral, under the command of Mr. Geary, and arrived there after about a week's passage. Captain Lyons was ordered to take the command of this ship, but he was first to take the *Blonde* (his old ship) down to Alexandria for Sir John Malcolm, and then join us at Malta, for which place we sailed in two days and have now got thirteen days more quarantine. The Admiral sent for me and told me to tell you that he had put me under Captain Lyons' particular care. If you wish me to return home you will have time to let me know by the next packet, before the *Blonde* sails for England; but I think it would be better to remain where I am. Wellesley went home in the *Windsor Castle* the other day. The officers and ship's company are going to erect a monument to the memory of our late captain. He has been a *great* loss to us all.

*December 3rd.*—I forgot to tell you that the Admiral was at Napoli in the Archipelago. We are going up in the Archipelago after we sail from here, where I think we shall remain till our time is up. I have not time to write more now, but you can tell me by the next packet what you think would be the best thing for me to do. Give my best love to all, and thanks to Mamma for her letter.

I remain, my dear Papa,

Your very affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

*From Captain Bouverie to Lieut.-Colonel Fanshawe.*

Off Carthagenæ, Dec. 11th, 1830.

MY DEAR FANSHAWE,—At last it has come to our turn to return home, and we are therefore on our way; but we have already had a fortnight's passage from Malta, and are still struggling against a westerly wind. A packet has to leave Malta for England about eight or nine days after us; but we have scarcely any hopes of getting to Gibraltar as

soon as the all-powerful steam will impel the packet thither. We, however, hope to do so before she begins to steam away for England, and in this hope I take up my pen to inform you of that which I am sure you will be much concerned to learn, namely, the death of poor Sir R. Spencer. This sad event took place in the harbour of Alexandria on the 4th ulto., after a few hours' illness, so suddenly as to be wholly unlooked for by his medical attendant. . . . To the sincere regret of all that knew him, he breathed his last just after the surgeon had left him, he thinking his patient better, in which opinion Spencer also agreed. It has thrown a gloom over all the circle of his acquaintance at Malta, and over all who belonged to his ship. And now for what more immediately concerns your boy. It is Captain Lyons, of the *Blonde*, who is appointed to the *Madagascar*. He is a most excellent person, a kind-hearted man who has had a large number of youths under his care in the ship he is leaving; but I learn from one or two mids. of the *Madagascar*, passengers with us, that he only means to take seven from the *Blonde* with him, and that all those of the *Madagascar* shall remain in her if their friends do not otherwise dispose of them. The *Madagascar* arrived at Malta on the 24th ulto., three days before we left the Island: Lieutenant Geary had charge of her till the *Blonde* should arrive from Alexandria some time in the course of this month. To Captain Lyons I have written recommending your boy to his notice and care; having the inestimable advantage of the privilege of a college mid., there can be no doubt of his remaining where he is. I heard from Mr. Geary, as I often did latterly from Sir Robert, that Edward was doing in every respect well. Captain Lyons is a married man and took his family out to Malta, where they now are; he has two boys and two girls; one of the boys is continuing on this ship's books, the other is at Constantinople with Sir Robert Gordon, where, indeed, Mrs. Lyons and her girls went last winter as Sir Robert Gordon's guests, and, notwithstanding the discomforts of their passages to and from Malta in merchant vessels, were highly delighted with what they saw there. . . . I hope when I reach Plymouth that I shall have the satisfaction of hearing that you and all yours are well. We have news from London to the 14th ult., when the Ministry were left in a minority on the civil list question, and are conjecturing who will be the Duke's successor, and what other changes there may be. My ladies are on board and



well. . . . We have had much contrary wind and many trying days.

Believe me, and with our united kindest regards to Mrs. Fanshawe and Fanny,

Very truly yours,

D. P. B.

*December 15th.* Gibraltar.—We are going home direct with the 43rd Regiment on board.—D. P. B.

There are among the letters four half-yearly statements of E.'s accounts while with Sir R. Spencer, completed up to the end of the year when his captain died, showing the care and pains taken by Sir Robert for his midshipmen. The usual allowance for midshipmen was 50*l.* a year (poor ones sometimes 40*l.*), but Spencer made a condition that his midshipmen must have 60*l.* This was paid into his bank and accounted for with strict care. A good slice of the expenses entered is for Mr. Dellamore, schoolmaster, and for school books; also an entry for dancing lessons at Malta in 1829; extra pocket money at Messina, June 1830, showing he had been for an excursion there; expenses two days ashore at Naples; 'Crêpe as mourning for his Majesty, July 12th, 1830, 1*s.* 1*d.*' On the first page of each of the first three statements is a note from Sir R. Spencer to the boy's father, being in fact a short report of him, and these are as follows:—

*Sir Robert Spencer to Colonel F.*

'Madagascar,' at Sea, July 10th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find your son's six-monthly account, with the manner in which the monies have been laid out. I am very happy to have it in my power to give you a very good account of his conduct, which is very good and amiable, and I hope that you will find him all you wish on his return home. His health has been, with the exception of a short time, very good, and although he looks delicate, there is no reason to think him so.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

R. C. SPENCER.

*Sir R. Spencer to Colonel F.*

'Madagascar,' Corfu, January 10th, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you your son's half-yearly account, and I am happy to add to it that he is doing very well

and making good progress in all branches of his education, and that I have reason to be satisfied with him in all ways.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. SPENCER.

*Sir R. Spencer to Colonel F.*

‘Madagascar,’ June 30th, 1830.

DEAR Sir,—I transmit you herewith your son’s half-yearly account up to the end of this month. I am happy to acquaint you that his conduct during that time has been such as to merit my full approbation, and his progress as much as could fairly be expected. His health also has been very good.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very faithful servant,

R. C. SPENCER.

The new captain appointed to the *Madagascar* was Captain (afterwards Lord) Lyons, then commanding the *Blonde* frigate, which was ordered home. After taking Sir John Malcolm from Alexandria to Marseilles, he took command of the *Madagascar*, bringing with him some of his former officers, including ‘Tom’ Symonds and Sydney Dacres. Shortly before, while stationed in the *Blonde* at Constantinople, he had gone up the Black Sea in her and had had his first sight of Sebastopol. There was a question whether E. was to return home or to stay in the ship under her new captain. The latter was decided on, and he served in her under Captain Lyons from Feb. 14th to October 14th, 1831.

*From Captain Lyons to Colonel F.*

‘Madagascar,’ Archipelago, April 15th, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I do assure you that it shall be my earnest endeavour to continue all poor Spencer’s admirable plans relating to his youngsters. Your son stands very high in the estimation of all his shipmates; he is very small, but perfectly healthy and well made, and has a very intelligent countenance, and particularly engaging manners, and I have great pleasure in adding that he bore away the palm from twenty-six competitors at the last examination a day or two ago.

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, yours truly,

EDMUND LYONS.

In February Captain Lyons took the *Madagascar* to the Archipelago, where she stayed for nine months. Greece at this time was a Republic, and its President, Capo d'Istrias, had lately been murdered. It was the object of England and France to encourage the Greek Republic, that of Russia to intrigue against it. Captain Lyons during this stay in the Archipelago was very successful in his diplomatic work. Whenever the Russian flagship got off to some out of the way place on a private errand, the *Madagascar* was sure to turn up, and her captain would courteously offer the Russian Admiral a late paper, or show some little civility. At one time when the *Madagascar* was lying in Monasterio Bay near the channel between the Island of Poros and the mainland, a large Greek frigate, the *Hellas*, lay in Poros harbour. She was a very fine ship, which the Greeks had bought from the Americans and re-christened. Admiral Meaulis, the Greek patriot and naval commander, had lately got together a crew from the islands (whose natives were born sailors) and had rigged and fitted the frigate. Meanwhile the Russian flagship lay at the harbour's mouth, and their Admiral, carrying out his country's policy of bullying the Greeks, finally threatened to capture the *Hellas*. Meaulis responded that if the Russians entered the harbour he would blow up his ship. At this period of the question the *Madagascar* went to Nauplia, and afterwards on to Cape Malia for mails, returning thence to Monasterio. While sailing out of the Gulf of Nauplia her crew heard a distant explosion, and the comment was 'There goes the *Hellas*,' an assumption which proved true, for the Russian Admiral had carried out his threat of entering the harbour, and Meaulis, true to his word, had blown up the *Hellas*, whose wreckage strewn Poros harbour when the *Madagascar* passed its entrance shortly afterwards. Some small Greek men-of-war were also sunk.

The Monasterio anchorage proved a very unhealthy spot for the *Madagascar*, especially to the midshipmen, who were thought to have exposed themselves to the sun while bathing. There were many bad cases of fever on board, and at this time when the ship was at Nauplia three midshipmen died on successive days and were buried there. Some of the men also died. The customary treatment of the day for fever was followed, and a regular routine prevailed on board. The patient was bled, and then starved till the fever left him. If very weak he was carried in his hammock and placed near the bow ports to get all the breeze possible; the

next morning it was not unusual to hear that he was dead. He was fed up when the fever left him, and if he survived that critical stage was pretty sure to recover. In one case of a ship's boy who was lying still and helpless in this prostrate condition, the doctor was giving orders that he should have a little soup, when a murmur was heard proceeding from the prostrate form 'I don't want no soup, I wants pudding.' This hopeful indication was followed by recovery. E. himself had a touch of fever, but so mildly that he was not bled.

The *Madagascar's* first lieutenant, 'Old Geary' as the midshipmen called him, was rather a rough character, considerably out of place among his captain's diplomatic friends. In Captain Lyons' time the first lieutenant always breakfasted with the captain, a very usual custom. The secretary of legation, Mr. Griffiths, was often there and, as was natural, conversation frequently turned on the subject of Greek politics. On such matters Geary was profoundly ignorant, and hearing constant—to him mysterious—allusions to Philhellenes, he one day turned to Mr. Griffiths, asking, 'Pray, sir, what is a "Philhellene"?' The secretary, a man of humour, answered, 'It is something between a griffin and a pelican.' 'Ah,' responded Geary, 'I knew it was a bird.' Lord Lyons always enjoyed this reminiscence. Geary was often obtuse to the mids.' requests for leave; he once answered E.:—'I don't understand much French, but I must put my veto upon that.'

On the *Madagascar* being ordered home at the end of 1831 E.'s father wished him to remain on the station, and the Admiral, Sir Henry Hotham, accordingly arranged this.

*From Sir H. Hotham to Colonel F.*

Malta, Oct. 8th, 1831.

DEAR FANSHAWE,—I am very glad to be able to fulfil your wish that your son should remain on this station another year to complete his time; and as I have now received orders to send the *Madagascar* home, I have arranged to remove him to the *Ganges*, Captain Burdett, for the present; and whenever I may be able to put him into a more active description of ship, I will do so with pleasure.

Captain Lyons speaks very kindly of him, and very favourably; and he is quite well. I will recommend him to Burdett, and I shall have much pleasure in showing any further attention in my power. I have no vacancy in the



*St. Vincent*, my flag-ship, nor is there one in the *Belvidera*, which frigate Stopford pointed to; and indeed the difficulty of placing midshipmen is so great, that I consider myself fortunate in having the opportunity of keeping him here at all.

Believe me to be, dear Fanshawe,  
Very faithfully yours,  
H. HOTHAM.

*Certificate, signed by Captain Lyons, of E.'s 'Madagascar' time, and note about E. written on it, addressed to Captain Arthur F., Stonehouse.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in sending your nephew's Certificate. I wish with all my heart he was with me.

Yours faithfully,  
E. LYONS.

These are to certify the Principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy that Mr. Edward Gennys Fanshawe served as a College Volunteer from the 18th of December 1828 to the 18th of December 1829; then College Midshipman under the command of the Honble. Sir Robert C. Spencer; and under my command from the 14th day of February 1831 to the 13th day of October 1831, on board his Majesty's ship *Madagascar*, during which period he conducted himself with diligence, attention and sobriety, and was always obedient to command.

Given under my hand on board His Majesty's Ship 'Madagascar'  
this 13th day of October 1831 in Malta Harbour.

EDMD. LYONS, Captain.

I consider Mr. Fanshawe to be a very promising young officer.

E. LYONS.

The *Ganges* to which E. was appointed was stationed at Malta and commanded by an eccentric Irishman, 'Paddy' Burdett. E. was told the following incident as having occurred just before he joined. Seeing the pigs' food being landed one day, the captain inquired about it, and exclaimed: 'Ah, the pigs often give me pleasure; the pigs shall have pleasure too; send the band ashore to play to the pigs'; and the band (or part of it) literally had to go and play to the pigs. Burdett was very satirical about 'frigates' officers'

and convinced they knew nothing. He was surprised and suspicious about the most innocent doings of Mr. Pipon and Mr. Fanshawe, who had just joined him from a frigate. On one occasion he suddenly inquired what these 'frigate's officers' would do if a lower-deck gun fetched away and charged about 'like a mad tiger.' Being much surprised by E.'s ready answer that they would throw down hammocks till they blocked it, he modified his opinion of 'frigate's officers,' and must have reported well of E. to the Admiral, for long after, in looking through his father's papers, E. found a letter from Sir Henry Hotham saying that Captain Burdett spoke highly of his son, giving this very incident as a proof that he was learning his profession.

*From Colonel Harry Jones to Colonel F.*

Malta, November 1st, 1831.

DEAR FANSHAWE,—Accept my congratulations upon your having been admitted as a Companion of that most Military Order, The Bath, the only one now which seems to retain its purity.

Edward is on board the *Ganges*, which I believe he does not like so well as the *Madagascar*; for this simple reason, that Captain Burdett does not allow his youngsters so much leave as they wish, and I believe he pays a good deal of attention to their instruction. I have recommended your son to the special protection of the commander, who is an acquaintance of mine, and I have no doubt that Edward will soon be reconciled to his new ship: I was glad to learn from Drake that when Captain Burdett examined Edward upon some points of duty that he acquitted himself very creditably indeed.

Morshead is now Governor, and since entering upon his new duties has improved in health, but he is still a great invalid.

Do me the favour to procure a frank for my Jersey letter, and to forward the other for Sir H. Hardinge. With kind remembrance to Mrs. Fanshawe, in which Mrs. Jones unites,  
Believe me

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY D. JONES.

While at Malta this year (1831) E. saw Sir Walter Scott, who in his old age and failing health was sent out there by the Government in the *Barham* frigate. E. saw

him coming in to a ball at the palace, feeble in his looks and in his walk, tall and gaunt, his face familiar to everyone from pictures. Benjamin Disraeli was also at Malta during the *Madagascar* time and E. saw him. He was noted there, as elsewhere, for being a dandy of the first water, and was travelling with his friend Mr. Henry Clay, afterwards an M.P. and the great authority upon Whist. The Admiral, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, an officer of the old school, took a vehement dislike to this pair of young fops, and seeing them come alongside in a shore boat to call, gave immediate orders to say he was unable to see visitors. A story was told of Dizzy that at this time, being one day in the gallery of the racquet court with other spectators, a ball was hit into the gallery and fell at his feet. A call was raised to throw it down, and Disraeli, picking it up with his finger and thumb, turned to a dignified officer of Rifles, who presumably was looking superciliously at him, and handed it to him, saying, 'Perhaps you would be so kind as to throw it down. I never threw a ball in my life.'

Dandyism was an affectation of the day, and the *Madagascar* officers supplied examples of it. The marine officer and schoolmaster were going out one day from a Naples hotel, laced up in the extreme of tight clothing required by their character of exquisites, when one of them dropped his handkerchief. It being impossible for either to stoop and pick it up, they had to bribe a little lazzaroni boy to restore it.

E. remained about three months under Captain Burdett in the *Ganges*, and then took passage in the *Alfred* to join the flagship *St. Vincent* at Napoli di Romania. The *St. Vincent* was a three-decker with a ship's company of 1,100 men. Of these, 300 were men who had formerly belonged to the Marine Artillery, a corps which had then just been disbanded, though afterwards re-established. Those of the disbanded marines who appeared eligible were given the option of rejoining the service as able seamen, and, the *St. Vincent* being then about to be commissioned, these 300 were appointed to her. A very fine set of men they were, and though not qualified for work aloft, still plenty of other employment was to be found for such a proportion of the ship's company. They did all the deck work, and even manned the lower yards, fore and main.

At this time Napoli di Romania (Nauplia) was still the capital of Greece, as it had been since the Turks were finally driven out of the country after the seven years' struggle culminating in the Battle of Navarino (1827), and the



decision of Europe that Greece should be free. In 1831 Capo d'Istrias, President of the Greek Republic, had been murdered, and it was not till the following year that Otho of Bavaria was placed on the throne. In 1835 he restored Athens to its position as capital, but up to this time it presented the appearance of a large Turkish village. E. and other mids. used to gallop across the open ground among the ruins and explore the Acropolis, &c. Communication with the Piræus in those days was by a rough bridle-path. The next time E. visited Athens—in December 1839—a road from the Piræus to the capital had been made, and carriages of a common sort were to be hired. While at Nauplia in the *St. Vincent* E. visited some of the interesting classical ruins in the neighbourhood: Argos, Mycenæ, and the 'Tomb of Agamemnon.' The latter was a cave much frequented by the poorer class of natives, and produced a remarkably fine and prolific breed of fleas, as he had opportunity of observing by the condition of his white duck trousers when he emerged from exploring it.

While the *St. Vincent* was still at Nauplia, the *Madagascar* arrived back from England, recommissioned by Captain Lyons. E.'s relations at home had evidently wished him to serve under Captain Lyons again, as the two following letters show :—

*From Captain Lyons to Lieut.-Colonel F., C.B.*

'Madagascar,' Portsmouth, December 11th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—On my return from town yesterday I found your letter, written many days ago, and to-day I have the pleasure of receiving the note in which you do me the honour of saying you think your son might be advantageously placed under my command.

I do assure you that I have a strong personal regard for the boy, and should be delighted to have him in the *Madagascar*; but I have four young men to fill the college vacancies, whose *claims* upon me are too strong to be passed over. If, however, he could be *lent* to me, it would give me much pleasure, and he would at least have the advantage of serving under a captain who has a sincere interest in his success in life.

Pray believe me

Yours very truly,  
E. LYONS.

*From Captain Lyons to Sir Byam Martin.*

December 11th, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I have so great a regard for young Fanshawe that I should most assuredly have applied for him if I could have done so without abandoning my old followers and others whose claims upon me are irresistible, and the new regulation leaves me but four nominations for college midshipmen; but I should be *too happy* to watch over his interests if he could be lent to the *Madagascar*.

I beg you will believe that I am very sorry to be thus obliged to answer the first request with which you have honoured me.

When you write to my old friend of the *Samarang* pray do me the favour of remembering me most kindly.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

E. LYONS.

## CHAPTER III

## 'MELVILLE,' INDIA—PROMOTION TO LIEUTENANT

E.'s FATHER and uncles were on the look-out for a good ship for him, and got him appointed to the *Melville*, 1,700 tons, two-decker line-of-battle ship, 74 guns, flagship of Sir John Gore, sailing for India. He took passage home in the *Procris* brig in 1832, but had adverse winds and a three months' passage. Owing to bad weather the *Procris* anchored for the night off Bougie, near Constantine, on the Algerian coast. Her captain went in his boat to take some soundings in the bay, but the natives disapproved this proceeding, being suspicious that, though under English colours, the brig might in reality belong to their enemies the French. They therefore opened fire upon the boat, and the captain returned to his ship. As the brig got under way the next morning the Arabs fired at her with the two guns conspicuous in a small fort on the hill. One shot crossed the *Procris*' bows, and another went between her masts. The effort to the guns, however, was supreme; as the first fired its carriage broke down and left it pointing to the sky; the second collapsed altogether and disappeared. The *Procris* lodged a complaint with the French at Algiers, who, since they had taken that town in 1830, had been extending their sway in the neighbouring country. Doubtless they were glad of any complaint that gave them an excuse for intervention, but it was not till 1837 that they conquered the province of Constantine. It took the *Procris* three weeks to get through the Straits of Gibraltar, and one day she made 56 five-minute tacks, and found herself afterwards just where she started from.

On their arrival at home the *Melville* was gone, and E. had to wait for an opportunity to go out to her. Being a 'college midshipman,' and privileged therefore to belong always to a ship, he was appointed *pro tem.* to any ship that happened to be in harbour, and when one sailed was trans-

ferred to another. During this time he travelled constantly up and down from London to Devonport to join his various ships and to return home to Cumberland Terrace on leave. It was bitter winter weather and the cold intense on the top of a coach. On one occasion a good-natured old Irish-woman saved him from destruction by falling off in benumbed sleep. One of the ships he thus temporarily belonged to was commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral, Duncombe. Another was the *Satellite*, 18-gun corvette, Captain Smart. He went to sea in her, and had some exciting experiences. At this time England and France were blockading the Dutch ports on account of Holland's refusal to recognise the independence of Belgium and the final severance of the two Netherlands States, as decreed by the London Congress in 1830.

The *Satellite*, being off the Dutch coast near Camperdown, fell in with a large Dutch sailing ship coming home from the East Indies. She had been 120 days at sea, and had passed the fleet at the Downs in a S.W. gale, unconscious of blockade and looking forward to spending her Christmas Day at home. Her hopes were frustrated, and Captain Smart made a prize of her and put a crew on board. The *Satellite* had had very bad weather, but just then it seemed settling down, the glass was rising, and as they were only 96 miles from the Downs, it was thought she would be there the next morning. Captain Smart, therefore, put on board only about twelve seamen and one or two marines, with Lieutenant Drummond in command, and E. and a navigating officer to assist him. She was taken between 4 and 5 o'clock, just before Christmas, and Drummond parted company with the *Satellite* in the dark. They had scarcely left before the weather changed; the strong south-westerly gales returned, and they were six days knocking about in the North Sea short-handed and with no pilot, and nearly ran down a trawler. They managed to reef sails and get down top-gallant masts, but it was a very hazardous time. Captain Smart had taken out the crew, but left the captain and a few passengers, some of whom were useful, and whenever special exertion was required the Dutch skipper remarked cheerfully, 'After that we will yump down and have a little yin.' At last they picked up a fisherman as pilot to take them to the Downs, nearly ran on to the Goodwin Sands, bore up for Margate, and anchored there in rocky, bad ground, where one of their hemp cables was cut. Then they got a proper pilot and anchored in the right place, but



had only one cable left, and it now came on to blow hard from the east.

Drummond sent E. ashore to post off to Deal and take a letter and report to the Admiral at the Downs. It was blowing too hard to communicate, so he left the report with the Admiralty agent ashore and returned to Margate. There he found a letter from Lieutenant Drummond instructing him to get a hemp cable at the little local dock-yard. He went, and was told they had not such a thing, and had not made a hemp cable for five years. The man in charge, however, sent for the foreman of ropemakers, who went to look up his yarns. He did not know if there were yarns enough; yes, there were just yarns enough for a 100-fathom cable. The workmen had all gone home; he would send round to them, and if he could get them together he would have it made, ready coiled away, by 7 o'clock next morning. There was nothing more E. could do, and he went off in an exhausted state to the hotel for a few hours. At 7 next morning he found the cable ready coiled on board a lugger, and took it out. The ship was rolling heavily and her main chains nearly smashed the lugger; but the cable was eventually got safe on board, and a second anchor let down. About middle-day a man-of-war was seen coming in, and proved to be the *Satellite*. She had put into the Downs, and the Admiral, having meanwhile received Drummond's report, ordered her instantly to Margate to look after her prize. Thus ended a week of risk and exposure, and E., who was thoroughly knocked up and exhausted, was sent home by the doctor to recruit.

E. eventually sailed for India in the *Hyacinth*, 18-gun corvette, Captain Francis Blackwood, about May 1833. The ship was taking out special despatches from home to the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, but made a very long voyage, and delivered them five months after her start. Lieutenant John Gore, going out to join his father as flag-lieutenant, took a passage in her, and was always pleasant and friendly to E., who was in his watch. The ship put into Rio and stopped a week, did not stay at the Cape, but stopped some time at Mauritius. In passing the Maldivé Islands, near Cape Comorin, the *Hyacinth* was struck by lightning about 4 A.M. during a thunderstorm which had been going on all night. In those days the lightning-conductor of a ship was a cumbrous apparatus of long copper links packed in a chest and stowed away. Some time was necessary to get it out when wanted and to hoist the end to the main-

truck. The 'Snow-Harris' lightning-conductor, now in universal use, was only invented much later. This is a strip of copper let into the whole length of each mast and at the 'step' of the lower-mast communicating with the sea. On this occasion in the Maldives the *Hyacinth's* lightning-conductor was not effective, and her main topmast and head of lower-mast were shattered. E. was in his hammock off duty, and hearing a stir on deck after the first shock kicked his neighbour in the next hammock, whom he knew to be midshipman of the watch, and told him he had better go on deck, as the ship was struck by lightning. His neighbour hurried up, and almost immediately a second shock threw E. out of his hammock. On investigation a mark was found just over the vacant hammock next E., showing that the lightning had taken full effect there, and would infallibly have killed the hammock's occupant if E.'s friendly kick had not turned him out just in time.

The community in the midshipmen's berth on board the *Hyacinth* was not exactly a happy one. The quarters were very small, and almost all those so closely packed in them were in a state of feud with each other, so that it was impossible when talking to one to refer to another for fear the two should not be on speaking terms. When the ship stopped at Rio there was a great landing of all the aggrieved persons, presumably to fight duels. At any rate, they all came off again very cheery and exceeding good friends, which happy condition lasted till they had been long enough at sea to quarrel again. E. settled that it was not worth his while to quarrel, and persistently agreed with any truculent associate who forced knotty questions upon him, till at last one of the most violent made a determined but futile attempt to quarrel with him because he would *not* quarrel. One of this set, Backhouse, afterwards had to leave the Navy, and when E. was at home in London for some months waiting for employment as lieutenant, he one day saw a gorgeous figure coming up the Strand, resplendent in blue and gold and scarlet. It turned out to be his old acquaintance Backhouse, who had just joined the 'Spanish Legion,' a corps 10,000 strong, raised by Major (afterwards Sir de Lacy) Evans, to fight for the young Queen Isabella of Spain against the Carlist insurgents. Backhouse was delighted with his new position and charmed with the uniform. He was a gallant fellow and a good artillery officer, who did his part well and was killed in some stiff fighting soon after.

On arrival at Madras in October, the *Hyacinth* met the

Admiral, who showed considerable dissatisfaction at her long passage and sent her on to the Governor-General at Calcutta, E. being left at Madras to join the flagship with a rather jovial messmate, 'Jack Hardy.' They landed in surf boats, a new and amusing experience; then went by invitation to dine at Admiralty House, and were much chaffed because, in their inexperience of Eastern custom, they felt ashamed of being carried up to the house in palanquins, but left their equipages at the gate and walked up. At this time E. was 'waiting for age,' *i.e.*, till he was nineteen, before he could pass his seamanship examination for mate, though otherwise qualified to do so. As soon as possible after his nineteenth birthday, *i.e.* in December 1833, he did pass. His examiners were Captain Hart and Commander Johnson of the *Melville*, and Captain Price Blackwood of the *Imogene* (father of Lord Dufferin). The only one of the three fitted by his own knowledge to examine others was the flagship's acting commander, popularly known as 'Old Scrogie,' and E. had been warned of a favourite stock question (essentially foolish) which his captains would ask, and to which he must return the expected answer. The question came, and E. gave the answer, but with an implied doubt of its relevancy. This innovation made his captains look at each other; 'Eh, Hart?' 'Eh, Blackwood?' while old Scrogie sardonically grinned. E. was got rid of for a moment on plea of counting the shrouds, and, Commander Johnson having meanwhile explained the situation, he was complimented on his return and told he had passed an excellent examination.

*Sir J. Gore to Colonel F.*

'Melville,' in Trincomalee, October 29th, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—By the arrival of the *Hyacinth* at Madras, after a lingering *coasting voyage*, with despatches of unusual importance, I received your letter of 3rd April from your son who is at length installed as a midshipman on board the *Melville*. and I shall be glad of any chance that can remove him from thence; but alas our reformation laws relating to mates and midshipmen are such as to leave many fine promising youths without a chance but to hold on and to hope. His health appears to be good, his countenance prepossessing, and as he brought a 'good character from his last place,' I do not apprehend that he will lose it amongst us. My son was in the *Hyacinth* (is now my flag-lieutenant) and speaks highly of your son. They contrived to make a



deplorable long voyage, so that eight ships which sailed from London after the *Hyacinth* left Falmouth arrived before her; one, the *Duke of Buccleugh*, sailed on the 29th June from Portsmouth, arrived a fortnight before her at Madras! This delay of the despatches she had on board occasioned great perplexity throughout the Council of this country, and inconvenience both public and private that will not be readily done away! To crown all in passing through the Maldivia Islands she was nearly dismasted by lightning. I have sent her to Calcutta to refit; and to relieve the Governor-General's great anxiety by sending all his orders and instructions upon his new commission as Commander-in-chief, in addition. Poor Sir E. Barnes!<sup>1</sup> Accept my sincere good wishes and kind regards to many friends, and

Believe me

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN GORE.

*Extract of a Letter from Sir John Gore, dated*

Bombay, December 15th, 1833.

Young Fanshawe is a fine lad of high promise; he passed his examination in seamanship a few days ago, and the captains complimented him, *in the body of his Certificate*, upon his efficiency; and particularly on his drawing and the good keeping of his log book. This can do him no harm.

*From E. to his Father.*

H.M.S. 'Melville,' Bombay, December 4th, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have missed one or two opportunities of writing during the last week or fortnight, as I have been preparing for my examination, which I got through the day before yesterday. I believe I wrote last from Trincomalee, from which place we sailed for Colombo and Bombay. At Colombo I fell in with Colonel Vavasour, who was very kind to me, and also Miss

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. Barnes commanded the army in India, and considered that the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck (also a general), had shown some tendency to encroach upon his authority as military chief. The question was referred home for decision, and E. afterwards heard that the despatches brought out by the *Hyacinth* conveyed to the Governor-General a dormant commission empowering him to assume the chief military as well as civil command.

Karr, a sister of Mr. Karr, a lawyer who has got some situation here, who knows the Cousins in Berkeley Square.<sup>1</sup> We had two or three very gay balls there. We had a most delightful passage to this place up the Malabar Coast. We kept close in for the sake of the land and sea breezes, and had beautiful weather, and saw all the towns and settlements as we passed them. We anchored for an hour or two at Tellicherry and then proceeded to Bombay. We arrived here on the 28th November and the *Imogene* arrived the next day, which was rather fortunate, as my age was complete the day before we anchored, so I obtained a passing day for Monday. We remain here, I believe, about two months. I shall have frequent opportunities of writing, I hope, as the harbour is full of Indiamen. I have not yet been ashore, as we are very busy at present with our rigging, but I hope we shall finish to-day. We are all invited to a ball given by my old shipmate Lord Clare on Thursday week. We have not yet begun to think of what ship will relieve us, but I think we shall be at Trincomalee ready for her in about a year's time.

*December 11th.*—I went yesterday with a very pleasant party from the ship to the Island of Elephanta. The cave is magnificent. It is a temple carved out of the solid rock about thirty-five yards square, and I suppose about fifty pillars beautifully ornamented, and some nearly perfect. The sides are ornamented with figures of men, women, cows and cobra-capellas, &c. &c., all carved out of the solid rock. There are two small caves, which seem to have been connected by a passage with the large one. There is also in another part of the island the ruins of an immense elephant, which was carved out of the rock, and also a small lion of stone.

There is an alteration in the uniform; frock coats are done away with, and I believe the old turn-down collars for lieutenants, but of course you know what it is better than we do. Mr. Wolfe, the missionary who was at Malta, is

<sup>1</sup> The 'Cousins in Berkeley Square' were the three Miss Fanshaws (Penelope, Catherine, and Elizabeth), daughters of the Commissioner's brother, John F., of Shabden; at this time they lived at No. 15 Berkeley Square. See Appendix, p. 407.

here, and edifies the people of Bombay three times a week at the Town Hall. I think I recollect your asking me to send a copy of my warrant to you when I passed. I have not received it, and perhaps shall not, as some of the mates in the ship have not. I hope you will be able to read this scrawl, which I have been writing in the dark. My best love to all.

I remain,

Your affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

The flagship divided the year between Bombay as chief station during the northern, and Mauritius during the southern, winter; touching at various places, but never going eastwards across the Bay of Bengal, although the station extended as far as Tahiti, and brigs were sometimes absent for long in the further islands. When E. joined, the Admiral had just come down from Calcutta, and did not return there during the commission. The orders forbade men-of-war to stay at Madras after a certain date (about October 14th), and merchant ships' insurance was forfeited if they stayed after that day, on account of the risk from the monsoon setting in. Sir John Gore sailed, therefore, immediately after E. joined, and touched at Colombo and at various places on the Malabar coast on the way to Bombay, where they stayed for the winter. E. was for two winters at Bombay, and for the intervening southern winter at Mauritius, during his year and a half on the station. Wherever the ship stayed gaieties took place and the people were hospitable. At a ball at Colombo Colonel Vavasour, R.E., hearing E.'s name, and knowing his father, welcomed him warmly and asked him to stay for the rest of his time there. The chief work for Royal Engineers in the island was making roads, bridges, &c. In connection with new roads the Colonel had to be constantly travelling, and had fitted up special waggons to travel and sleep in. He was an eccentric man, and one day when E. was there and allusion had been made to his bullock-waggons, he suddenly ordered them out after dinner, and took his guests some miles up the country at night.

E. had letters of introduction to Mr. John Arbuthnot, then the head of the firm at Madras; he and his wife were young people with small children; they were kind to E. and asked him to stay. One of the family, Mr. George Arbuthnot,

was at Mauritius when E. stopped there in the *Hyacinth*, and had him to stay with him; but he probably left, as E. did not see him again when there in the *Melville*. At Bombay the postmaster, Mr. Bouchier, an official of some importance, was extremely kind to midshipmen, and among others to E. He had tents pitched in his compound, and E. was always welcome to come and bring his bag. Through Mr. Bouchier, too, he was introduced to Mr. Dyce-Nicol (afterwards of Ballogie) who was then a bachelor, head of the firm at Bombay, and was kind and friendly to E. At this time Bartle Frere was at Bombay, though E. did not meet him; he came out from Haileybury with a batch of young lads, nearly all of whom devoted themselves a good deal to amusement, and were well-known guests at tiffin in the *Melville's* gun-room. Bartle Frere, being on the contrary absorbed in work and in study of the Oriental languages, was conspicuous by his absence. The 'Bombay Marine,' then commanded by Sir Charles Malcolm, consisted of three or four little corvettes under a naval captain, whose officers wore naval uniforms; they were often employed up the Persian Gulf. In later times, when E. was captain of the *Centurion*, his friend Captain G. G. Wellesley commanded this little fleet.

E.'s Admiral, Sir John Gore, was aged 62 at this time. He and Lady Gore lived at Datchet, and were considered the handsomest couple at Court. He accepted the Indian command chiefly for the sake of his son, who came to him as flag-lieutenant, and would therefore obtain his promotion when his father gave up the command. The son, John Gore, was a fine spirited fellow whom E. greatly admired, and the sad catastrophe (described in one of E.'s letters) by which he lost his life on the voyage home cast a heavy gloom over all on board and was an overwhelming blow for the poor Admiral. Sir John Gore had been long unemployed when he accepted the Indian command, and was out of touch with modern methods and improvements in the navy, his mind still running on the customs and incidents of the old French war. Unfortunately the deficiency was not supplied by his flag-captain, Hart, who himself was not very capable, and was more bent upon pleasing the Admiral and agreeing with him than upon a study of modern requirements in the service. A characteristic story was current on board that Sir John, hearing the dull booming sound caused by some heavy object falling on the tank, exclaimed, 'Hart, I thought I heard a gun.' 'Yes, Sir John, yes, Sir



John,' responded Hart, 'I thought I saw a flash.' The Admiral's old ideas of midshipmen's ship rations and want of privileges were annoying to the gun-room, who were accustomed to more modern ways. Only through the commander's representation that they ought to be allowed means of returning the hospitalities of their friends did they obtain any wine instead of ship's grog; a limited permission being given, 'Old Scrogie' allowed it to be utilised for supplying the mess with reasonable stores.

On one occasion Sir John Gore's old-time war notions proved of great service: he came on deck, looked about on waters familiar to every trader and man-of-war, and ordered 'Get a cast of the deep-sea lead.' The officer of the watch with a suppressed smile carried out the order, and behold, to the general amazement, the lead struck shallow soundings, five fathoms was called, sudden precautions had to be taken, and the Admiral's 'fanciful' order resulted in the discovery of a new shoal, unknown and uncharted, in the middle of a familiar sea. It was thereafter known as the '*Melville* shoal.'

'Old Scrogie,' or Commander Johnson, was acting-commander of the *Melville* for two years, and might naturally have expected to remain in that position. Suddenly, however, the Admiralty appointed a new commander, and when the ship touched at Calicut, on the Malabar coast, she was joined by a ship of the fleet which, to the general surprise, brought a certain Captain Young as the new commander of the flagship. It was about dinner-time when he came on board, and the ship was to sail that afternoon. 'Old Scrogie' had been carrying on the commander's duty as usual unsuspectingly in the morning; after dinner he went and cut off one stripe from his coat before going on to the forecastle to do the first lieutenant's work as the ship weighed and sailed, and in answer to sympathetic remarks he growled out good-humouredly: 'Well, I think I'm very lucky to have kept it so long.' Old Scrogie did not after all miss his promotion, but obtained it when the ship went home; after that he was lucky in soon getting post captain's rank, and retired as a rear admiral, got a patch of land in Essex, built on it a house as like a ship as possible, and lived in it the rest of his life out of ken of the navy. While Johnson was acting commander of the *Melville* the first lieutenant's duty was carried on by FitzGerald, the next senior. Another lieutenant was Arthur Forbes, a very capable officer, who later became a close friend of E.'s.

Tarleton was one of the mates, who lived to be a well-known Admiral, a man greatly liked and esteemed by E. and by the service generally.

In the spring of 1835 Sir John Gore's time was up ; he was relieved at Bombay by Sir Bladen Capel, and the ship sailed for England, taking as passenger Lord Clare, returning home from his governorship of Bombay. During the four months' voyage E. was mate of the main deck, and had to serve out water by exact allowance to every man and animal on board, the only exception being the captain's Arab horse given him by the Imaum of Muscat, who was allowed unlimited drink. East of Mauritius the ship experienced the full force of a hurricane, and had a serious time under it ; the main deck ports stove in, the ship broached-to, and sails were blown to ribbons with a sound like an explosion. Nearing the Cape during a gale happened the tragedy which resulted in the loss of John Gore, Lieutenant FitzGerald and eight men.

*Letter from E. to his Father.*

H.M.S. 'Melville,' at Sea, June 29th, 1835.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am going to write to you now before our arrival, as in my official capacity as mate of the main deck I do not expect to have any spare time on my hands afterwards. We sailed from Bombay on the 17th March, and had a seven weeks' passage to the Cape. We had a hurricane about 500 miles to the eastward of Rodriguez Island, which came on in the afternoon from N.E. by E., and shifted to South during the night. We scud during the first part of it, but broached-to about 7 o'clock, and our main topsail and foresail immediately blew away, and we lay to under bare poles till the morning, when it moderated. You will, I suppose, have heard of our dreadful accident in losing one of our boats. It happened within four days' sail of the Cape. We were reefing courses, when a man fell from the weather fore-yardarm into the water. They were lowering the weather quarter-boat when he passed astern, and John Gore, who was in the boat, thought he could catch and save him by jumping after him, which he did, although those who were in the boat tried to dissuade him from doing so, as the man was then apparently dead.



The lee quarter-boat was also lowered with Lieutenant FitzGerald and seven men. We afterwards hoisted the recall, and the weather boat returned without having seen Mr. Gore or the man who fell from the fore-yard. They were heard to hail from the other boat that they were swamped, and the weather boat was lowered again and sent away; but, owing to the darkness and the sea having very much increased, she could do nothing and was recalled; therefore we lost Lieutenants Gore and FitzGerald and eight men. Mr. Gore was seen swimming strongly and well, and he turned and asked where the lifebuoy was, but disappeared very suddenly. It was supposed by some that an albatross (there were several about him) had made a dart at his head and stunned him. One man who was aloft asserted positively that he saw it. The poor Admiral, looking out of his stern windows, saw Mr. Gore, and supposing he was the man who had fallen overboard, remarked what a very fine-looking man he was, and how well he struck out, little thinking that he was his own son. He bore up very well under his loss, and will arrive in England in good health, although he has been unwell for some time.

We arrived at Table Bay on the 6th of May, and sailed on the 12th. I did not leave the ship, as they found plenty for me to do, watering, &c., on board. We passed St. Helena on the afternoon of the 27th, and anchored at Ascension on the 1st of June, took in a little water and a great deal of turtle there, and sailed again the same day; and here we are, having just had two days of 200 and 250 miles each, with every prospect of keeping the S.W. wind we have got until we arrive, which we hope to do on Thursday, as the Lizard is only 470 miles off to-day. I think we shall be paid off before I have an opportunity of passing, as it is holiday time now at the College; if that is the case, I shall try and procure some college papers for my amusement at home until the time comes. I wrote to you by the *Imogene*, which ship sailed ten days before us from Bombay, but as she arrived at the Cape some days after we did, and we left her there, I am afraid it will be rather late in making its appearance. I have not said anything about our noble passenger, Lord Clare, but he really makes so little noise in

the ship that I had almost forgotten him. He appears to be very tired of being afloat, and to wish himself on *terra firma* again. My best love to all at home, and

Believe me ever, my dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

*Saturday*.—Arrived here [*i.e.* Portsmouth] this morning, having had light winds in the Channel. We are to go into harbour, and be paid off immediately, I believe. I have no time to say more.

Yours affectionately,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

The *Melville* reached Portsmouth in July 1835, and E.'s attention was at once turned to passing his examination for lieutenant in hopes of soon getting his promotion. The examination took place immediately after the college vacation, and as several big ships had come in during the vacation, there were an unusually large number of candidates; thirty went up, of whom only seven passed. There had been new conditions introduced at this examination, which caught many of the mates unprepared, but E. was among those who weathered them successfully. Instead of simply 'working a college sheet,' as in former examinations, *viva voce* questions were now put, with use of instruments, taking angles, &c.; knowledge of the sextant and of artificial horizon required. The knowledge required was by no means excessive, but the conditions being new were formidable to many.

*Letter from E. to his Father.*

'Melville,' Portsmouth, July 14th.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have received your letter of yesterday, and think that three or four days' lessons here before the passing-time will be sufficient for me. I could come down on Tuesday or Wednesday and have Thursday, Friday and Saturday; that, with my own studying at home, will I think do. We are going to be paid off on Wednesday or Thursday week, I believe. We shall be quite ready before that time, unless anything happens to retard us.

A large lump full of dockyard stores sunk alongside last night, which will have to be hove up again. I should think

it was likely to delay us a day. We are all cleared out below except the ballast and a few tanks which are going out now, but have not yet begun to strip. The *Curaçoa* and *Imogene* arrived at Spithead on Sunday, but do not pay off here. By the latter ship you will receive a Bombay letter from me. I think I had better close with the Travellers' Club, and should be obliged to you if you could manage it for me.

About the passing: I do not think it is so strict as it is represented to be. I believe that it is necessary to understand the different adjustments of a sextant, and to be able to take a distance and to use the inverting telescope, and also to be able to use the azimuth compass, all of which I think I shall be able to get through. Should there be anything else, (as the artificial horizon, which I have never used), I shall be able to learn it in a short time. I have not time to write more.

My best love to all.

I remain your affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

In E.'s case it was of special importance that he should succeed, for his father, during more than a year, had been communicating with the Admiralty with a view to obtaining his immediate promotion on passing. The circumstances which encouraged him to do so are explained in the following memorandum, left by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Auckland, to his successor, when he himself quitted office:

*Memo. by Lord Auckland.*

Copy.

No. 10.

Admiralty, 22 December, 1834.

On leaving the Admiralty it is my desire to convey to my successor my opinion on the present state of the question relating to the claims of the Messrs. Johnsons under their contract for completing the Breakwater in Plymouth Sound.

The Law Officers of the Crown having three several times given their opinion that the Messrs. Johnsons' claims ought to be referred to an impartial arbitrator, such a mode of dealing with them became a matter, not of choice with the Board, but of necessity, especially as it was the opinion

of the Law Officers that, in the event of the Admiralty still persisting in their refusal, the claimants might by a petition of right in the Court of Chancery force the Board to abide by a reference that would be more expensive and less satisfactory than the arbitration of a competent and impartial individual. This being therefore the state of the case in September last, the Board concurred with me in the appointment as Arbitrator of Lieut.-Colonel Fanshawe, of the Royal Engineers, who was recommended by the Master-General of the Ordnance, as in every way qualified for the duty.

Lieut.-Colonel Fanshawe has reported to me that he has gone through all the documents that have been put into his possession, compared the contract with the specification and drawings on which it was founded, heard the Messrs. Johnsons in support of their claim, and examined the individuals who have been employed on the part of the Admiralty in the superintendence of the works, and that the only delay in making his award is now occasioned by the absence from England of Sir John Rennie, who under the contract was appointed Chief Engineer of the work. I am anxious, however, to express my decided opinion that Sir John Rennie should be heard by Colonel Fanshawe before he makes his award; indeed, I feel that for the interests of the public the attendance and explanation of Sir John Rennie are absolutely indispensable. Lieut.-Colonel Fanshawe, in consenting to undertake the very troublesome and responsible office of Arbitrator in this complicated business, disclaimed the intention of accepting any pecuniary remuneration; but as Colonel Fanshawe has a son, now serving as a mate on board the *Melville*, who has been more than two years qualified for promotion, and has been otherwise very favourably recommended to my notice, it was my intention, as well in compliment to Colonel Fanshawe as in reward of the young man's own merit, either to promote him myself or to propose his promotion to the Board, soon after the delivery of the award, and this without regard to what the nature of that award might be, whether favourable or unfavourable to the Admiralty.

(Signed) AUCKLAND.

True Copy.

Geo : Gipps, Priv : Secy.

December 29th, 1834.



Lord De Grey, on succeeding to the post of First Lord, accepted the recommendation of his predecessor and promised promotion to E. immediately upon his passing his examination. The promise was duly carried out, and E. became a lieutenant in August 1835.

About this time he was presented at a Levee. King William IV., on hearing his name, at once recalled his naval connection, and said : ‘ Well, sir, I hope you will follow in the steps of your grandfather, and be a first-rate officer.’ To Charles Fanshawe, then a young R.E. officer, presented at the same time, the King said : ‘ I hope you will live to get to the top of your profession,’ referring with characteristic readiness to the fact of the Engineers being a seniority corps. E. had been duly instructed in the etiquette of Levees, and been told on no account to take hold of the King’s hand, but to wait till H.M. held it out to be kissed. The King, however, had got accustomed to the ways of those who seized his hand regardless of this etiquette, and when E. came and hesitated to do so, he encouraged him, saying, ‘ Take hold of it, man.’ About this time E. stayed at Englefield Green at Sir Richard King’s house, in order to see William IV. present colours to a cavalry regiment in Windsor Park.



## CHAPTER IV

‘MAGICIENNE,’ CADIZ, AND FLAG-LIEUTENANT, PORTSMOUTH

SIR BYAM MARTIN and Sir John White having applied at the Admiralty for E. to be appointed to a good ship as junior lieutenant, he was sent out November 1835 to Admiral Gage’s flagship, the *Hastings*, at Lisbon, as a supernumerary to be appointed to a good ship. Lisbon was still a separate admiral’s command, and had been so during the troubled times of the Portuguese civil wars. To get there E. and other officers went round with their luggage in a lighter from Portsmouth to Plymouth, and there took passage to the Tagus in the fine corvette *Pearl*, Captain Nurse. When E. joined the *Hastings* he had a letter of introduction from Sir Adolphus Dalrymple to our Minister at Lisbon, Lord Howard de Walden. Finding, however, that none of his messmates in the wardroom were ever invited by the Minister or had any attention shown them, he did not deliver his letter. There was a good deal of gaiety going on at Lisbon, in which he took part, and he was present at the marriage of the Queen, Donna Maria da Gloria, to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, which was celebrated by proxy. She was the daughter of Dom Pedro and succeeded her father; but her uncle, Dom Miguel, maintained that the salique law forbade her succession, and that he himself was the rightful king. Civil war was carried on for long, but from 1833 Donna Maria reigned, and, on the death of Augustus of Leuchtenberg, she was married to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a good-natured and gentlemanlike man, but with none of her depth of character and strong religious principle. She was a real good woman and a good Queen. Queen Victoria had a warm feeling for her, and cared too for her children, whom she sent for to visit her in England. Donna Maria was pleasant in face, but very fat; she died early and was succeeded by her eldest son. Her sons were good men and pleasant companions to those who knew them, simple and friendly. The King Consort soon found that his son

Pedro, though gentle in manner, was not when King to be moved from his principles or persuaded to do whatever others might suggest. He, too, died young, and was succeeded by his brother.

E. was sent by Admiral Gage, in January 1836, to the *Magicienne*, then lying at Cadiz. He took passage in the *Tweed*, Commander Tom Maitland (afterwards Lord Lauderdale), in which ship W. Houston Stewart was a midshipman. The *Tweed* was ordered to call at Cadiz and Gibraltar; but the wind being unfavourable for going into Cadiz, she went on to Gibraltar first, and was delayed there for two or three weeks by foul winds and the strong current. While waiting at Gibraltar E. one day ascended the Rock and walked along its ridge. Looking down the steep side he was tempted to descend a little way till he reached a spot where he suddenly realised that he had unwarily got into difficulties. The question was how to get up again. He was quite alone and the rock below precipitous, while to regain the summit seemed a doubtful possibility. It was an awkward position; but the fates were propitious, and clutching a little shrub, which luckily held, with a vigorous effort he regained the top.

The distance from Gibraltar by land to Cadiz was 70 miles, and as E. found Major Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn) and Lord Ranelagh about to ride across, he got leave to join them, leaving his outfit and belongings to go round in the *Tweed*. They had to cross very hilly, rocky ground, after which they expected to canter over a stretch of plain to Véjer village. Rose's horse, however, cast a shoe, which delayed them, so that, instead of reaching Véjer in good time, it was late in the evening when they got there. They went to the 'posada,' which they found dirty and full of rough-looking customers, including a sergeant and two truculent 'carabineros,' with whom Rose, who knew Spanish well, had a heated argument as to their right to examine the saddle-bags and belongings of his party. This brought the three officers conspicuously to the notice of all the ill-looking men hanging about. The country was infested by robbers, and the people of the inn, as well as one or two respectable travellers, entreated them to spend the night where they were, representing the danger—almost the certainty—of their being attacked and robbed if they went on to the next town (Chiclana) after dark.

To all such remonstrances Rose had only one reply, ignoring any further considerations: 'Aqui hay pulgas, y

en Chiclana no hay pulgas' (There are fleas here, no fleas at Chiclana). So, the horse being re-shod, they started off about 10 or 11 at night. José Maria, the renowned head of the brigands, was probably in communication with some of the bandit-like roughs at the inn, and one particular place on the road was specially suited to his methods. The three were well armed with pistols and swords, but as they went monotonously along, tired with the long day's slow riding, their guide leading the way at a foot's pace, they all got overcome with drowsiness, and, forgetful of bandits and perils, dozed peaceably on, the horses picking their way in single file after the guide. As early dawn began to make objects visible one of them looked up, and, seeing towers in the distance, asked what place it was. 'Chiclana, Chiclana,' answered the guide; and there they were, having passed safe and unconscious through the perils prophesied. Rose stopped at Chiclana, where he had friends, and Ranelagh and E. rode on. Ranelagh affected to be the Spaniard, wore a lambskin jacket of the approved kind and a sombrero, but did not at all impress the fishermen at the last stretch of shore, who called out rough chaff and sailor expressions to the two Englishmen, singling him out specially for notice.

José Maria, the brigand chief, was a man of a certain chivalry and sense of honour. At this time a lady living in the Sierra Morena, who had once done him some act of kindness, possessed a pass which he had given her, guaranteeing that she should always travel unmolested; it appeared to be very efficacious, for, though travellers were frequently stopped by bandits, she and her family were never molested. This lady was the second wife of General Alviar. E. became slightly acquainted with her, and was told of the calamity which befel her husband previous to his second marriage. He, with his wife and family, was coming home from South America in one of four Spanish galleons at the time when the Spanish Government had offended England by breaking its neutrality in favour of Napoleon and allowing his troops to pass through Spain. The English Government determined to capture these Spanish treasure-ships, and sent four frigates to intercept them. The galleons, being fine ships and well armed, showed fight, and an engagement followed, in which they were all captured or sunk. The evening before the fight the Spaniards were becalmed and unconscious of an enemy, and General Alviar went on board one of the other ships to dine. A breeze sprang up, preventing his return, and next day the engagement took place.

The galleon on which he had embarked was blown up, with his wife, children, and property, and he returned to Spain a desolate man.

E. was told that, shortly before, one of the Beresfords, quartered with his regiment at Gibraltar, was riding into the country from Cadiz, when he was stopped by a brigand, who threatened him with a knife. Beresford, being a man of remarkable physical strength, seized the man's hand holding the knife, turned it round towards the man himself, and drove the blade into him. This same Beresford was amusing himself one day in his rooms at Cadiz in heating coppers at the little charcoal 'brasero' used for lighting cigarettes, and dropping them hot into the street, watching the effect upon those who picked them up. He had much success in his sport, and a Spanish artillery officer in full uniform was tempted, and became one of the victims. He, however, vowed vengeance, and Beresford was had up before the magistrate and carried on a very funny scene in Court. He, no doubt, knew a fair sprinkling of Spanish, but became extremely obtuse, as well as innocent, in his demeanour. Not a word could he understand without an interpreter; and, even so, he found it difficult to take in the meaning of questions addressed to him. One of the queries referred to the time of day at which his enormity was committed, and, after much puzzled attention on his part and laborious explanation from the interpreter, his face lighted up, and he answered cheerfully, 'Och, it was just going on from 10 to 2.'

Lord Ranelagh was known to be in sympathy with the Carlists, and was shadowed wherever he went by the police; he was then on his way up to the north to join the Carlist army (one of whose most prominent men was Cabrera). This he afterwards succeeded in doing, but had his adventures first. Soon after the ride to Cadiz he started in the diligence from Seville to Madrid, a journey which was usually interrupted by robbers. Ranelagh was a showy, talking sort of man, but had plenty of spirit and pluck. Seeing a Spanish colonel in the diligence, he made sure of support from him in case of attack, and relied on his own handsome pair of pistols. At the usual point the attack came, with the usual brigands' call, '*Ventre á tierra*,' which meant that the passengers should all get out and lie face downwards on the ground while the brigands robbed them at leisure. Ranelagh brought out his pistols, handed one to the colonel, and prepared for a bold defence. To his



chagrin, however, the colonel entirely declined to take action, and joined with the other passengers in begging and entreating him to be quiet and not bring calamity upon them. The end of it was that Ranelagh had to lie down like the others, while the brigands helped themselves to his handsome pistols and other possessions. On reaching the Carlist army his wishes for a fight were gratified; but the Government troops had a powerful reinforcement from England in Evans's Spanish Legion (known as the Dog's-meat-men from their having been assembled at the Isle of Dogs). The Spanish forces and English contingent were too much for the Carlists, who had to give way, and among other captures made was that of Lord Ranelagh's exquisite 'batterie de toilette.'

In due course the *Tweed* brought E.'s things round to Cadiz, and he joined the *Magicienne* as third lieutenant. Finding very little to do, he often stayed ashore at the hotel, and on one occasion again came into contact with Major Rose. Rose went with his friends, the Viale family, to the Cadiz opera one night, and in the next box was a party of Spanish officers who had no ladies with them, and who, having dined freely, were talking loudly in very unrestrained language. Rose requested them to remember there were ladies in the next box, and to cease their style of conversation; possibly his manner was haughty, and they responded by giving additional offence, upon which he flared up and called them a parcel of cowards. One of them drew up and asked for Rose's card, which he gave, and obtained the officer's in return.

After seeing his ladies home Rose went to his lodgings, and knowing that E. was at the hotel, sent for him and asked him to stand by him in the business as his second. E. slept there on a shakedown, and in the morning early came the Spaniard's 'friend' to request Rose to apologise. This he utterly refused to do, saying, he said what he meant and thought the same still. He would give no satisfaction in words, and referred the Spaniard, if he had any more to say, to E. The Spaniard talked of the possibility of an arrangement and of its being a serious affair; but, finding that something definite was necessary, settled with E. that Rose should meet his principal at daylight next morning at Puntales, an unfrequented spot three or four miles out of the town. Then came the question of the distance between the combatants, and he was vague, and asked E.'s opinion, who said it was the challenger's business to decide;



but that in England twelve paces was the usual thing. The Spaniard demurred to so short a distance, but finally accepted the suggestion; and it then proved that he meant two men to start back to back and each take twelve long strides, making the distance full twenty-four paces. Things being so far settled, after several visits from the Spaniard, he now reappeared with a friend, a Guards' officer from Madrid, who was brought forward as an authority, and appeared as a peacemaker to smooth things over. He talked a good deal of this not being a matter to push 'à outrance,' and of moderate counsels, and finally it appeared that the gist of it all was a suggestion—to put no bullets in the pistols! Here E. drew the line, and said he would have no such thing—the matter should go on properly or not at all. Consequently the event came off the next morning at the full distance of twelve long double-strides. Both fired, both missed, and the matter was happily settled; the Spaniard going off very proud of himself for having faced a *loaded* pistol. At this time, February 1836, duels were still the right thing, and some mention of this one got into the Gibraltar papers. Major Rose was then in the 92nd, a Scottish regiment quartered at Gibraltar.

The *Magicienne* was a *rasé* frigate, or large corvette (26 guns, 950 tons), and was sent to lie at Cadiz in case the civil war had gone against the young Queen Isabella, who in that case might, with her mother the Queen-Regent, take refuge on board. Consequently the officers were under great restriction and could not travel about. E. never got to Granada, only to Seville, and twice to Gibraltar for a few days to visit his brother Hew, in the 52nd Regt. E., being third lieutenant, had nothing much to do, as the ship was so stationary in harbour. Still she occasionally went out for a short cruise, and as he never before had had charge of a watch, the experience was useful to him. He used to take his daily exercise by jumping overboard, and swimming off from the ship for half an hour. Most of his spare time on board was spent lying in his cabin reading history and other subjects. Later on he heard of the men having seen a shark frequenting the ship, which luckily he never encountered during his morning swim. The captain was George St. John Mildmay; and the first lieutenant, Arthur Forbes, was an excellent officer and a well-read man, with whom E. became great friends, and from whom he learnt much professionally. So the time in the *Magicienne* was not unprofitable.

Whilst at Cadiz, E. met Mr. Standish, of Duxbury (near Ellerbeck, in Lancashire), a man whose wandering, unsettled habits and desultory life did not conduce to much usefulness in his county. He spent his time chiefly abroad, especially in Spain, and expected, when returning suddenly without notice to Duxbury, to find the servants and house, including every book and paper, exactly as he had left it, and to resume life as if he had always been settled there. He wrote poetry of no special merit, was fond of art, and made a fine collection of Murillos. According to report, intimation had been hinted to the Government that if he received a baronetcy these would be presented to the National Gallery, but the title was not bestowed, and the pictures went to the Louvre. Duxbury was intended by him to go to his half-brother, Sir Guy Campbell, and with this purpose he devised it to his 'heir-at-law.' On his death Sir Guy Campbell took possession and had established himself there, when some comparative strangers appeared claiming that they—not he—were the 'heirs-at-law.' The Courts confirmed their claim, and, owing to this error in Mr. Standish's will, the place passed, contrary to his intention, into the hands of strangers.

At Cadiz E. used constantly to go ashore for the night taking a small hand bag, and regularly paying a 'peseta' to the Custom House official who passed it. One day, thinking this might be an unnecessary proceeding, he omitted the bribe. The officer looked to see if it was forthcoming, and grasped the situation. Accordingly he asked for the key and opened the bag, took it by the two bottom corners and shook its contents gently out upon the roadway; then, suggesting that it had passed the Customs and the gentleman might take his things, courteously handed him the empty bag. The Customs duties at Cadiz were appropriated to the Cathedral, which however did not progress much, though it had been building for centuries. Finally a rich Bishop finished it, but by no means as originally intended, and the result is not fine. There are pictures in it by Velasquez, and a large one by Murillo, unfinished because, while engaged upon it, Murillo fell from the scaffold and was fatally injured.

E. used to learn Italian during his time in Cadiz, thinking he would like it better than Spanish. He had lessons from the prima donna's husband, Signor Bottregardi, and read a good deal of the best Italian literature. The Spaniards were inclined to be sociable, and gave a kindly welcome to those who came in, in the evening, but the chief social centre was the house of the English acting-consul, Mr. Bracken-

bury, on the Almeida, he was constantly receiving guests, and E. frequently went there. The consul himself, Mr. Brackenbury senior, was away in England, and his son was acting for him. Two daughters were living with their brother, one, Sophy, rather an invalid; but Helen, the eldest, full of sociability and good will, ready to entertain visitors and shop with, or arrange for, strangers, and do anything she could for them. One sister, Zilla, married Captain Harding, R.E., then stationed at Gibraltar, afterwards Sir Charles Harding, whose daughter, also Zilla, married E.'s brother, Charles Fanshawe, R.E. Another sister, Miss Catherine Brackenbury, lived with Lady Harding at Wimbledon in her later years.

Captain Bouverie, just appointed to a fine ship, the *Van-guard*, put into Cadiz while E. was there, on his way to join the Mediterranean fleet. E. also met during this time another naval friend, Lieutenant Fitzjames, with whom he afterwards became very intimate. Fitzjames was a humorous fellow and noted for physical strength and agility, which he was displaying in E.'s lodgings at Portsmouth, a year or two later, when he broke a chair. 'Ah,' said the good-natured landlady when informed of the damage, 'that there young gen'leman is as strong as a rhinogeros.'

At the time when Fitzjames touched at Cadiz he was on his way home in the packet with a report from Colonel Chesney of the Euphrates expedition. When the expedition started in 1835 to explore this possible route to India, two naval officers—Fitzjames and Charlewood—were attached to it. Ibrahim Pasha's unfriendliness and the mountainous nature of the country between Scanderoon and the upper waters of the Euphrates made the expedition's task a difficult one; but iron boats in sections were conveyed safely across by this route and launched on the upper waters of the river, which was successfully navigated to its mouth by Colonel Chesney's party. Fitzjames was then sent home with Colonel Chesney's report, starting across the desert to Syria. No news of him was received by Colonel Chesney and his party, who became anxious for his safety. Later on, the Colonel and the other members of the expedition themselves crossed the desert to Syria, passing the ruins of Baalbec. 'If Fitzjames has passed by here,' said Charlewood, 'I am certain he climbed that highest column and wrote his name on the top.' They proceeded to explore and managed to get up, and there sure enough was Fitzjames's name, newly carved, proving his safety up to that point.



When Fitzjames arrived at Cadiz he was in Turkish dress and amused himself by acting the character. Calling on board the fine 'Symonite' frigate *Pique*, then lying at Cadiz, he asked for an old friend, one of the lieutenants, who was fetched from the wardroom, by a message that a Turk wanted him. The Turk could understand very little English and intercourse was carried on partly by signs, and with much politeness. He managed to understand an offer to look round the ship, and graciously accepted it, a midshipman being told off to show him round. His cicerone took pains to explain everything by means of broken English and signs, and was finally pointing out with pride the height between decks, pointing up and down with the words 'high—very high,' when, to his amazement, the Turk suddenly jerked up his toe and kicked the beam, saying, in hearty English, 'Yes, very high indeed,' and Fitzjames stood declared.

Fitzjames's next exploration cost him his life, for he went with Franklin on his fatal Polar expedition. Before leaving home, his friend Captain Back (also an Arctic explorer) gave him a little prayer-book, writing in it his name and a line of good wishes. When McClintock came upon the sad relics of the explorers, there was found near a skeleton this little book, with the inscription showing its history. It was returned to Sir George Back, who kept it—a precious relic.

At the end of 1837, or beginning of 1838, Admiral Bouverie was appointed Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. His intended flag-lieutenant being in the East Indies, and not likely to be back for some time, he wrote to General F. suggesting that E. should come home from the *Magicienne* as his flag-lieutenant temporarily. E. accepted the proposal, and left the *Magicienne* for Portsmouth January 1838. Though he did not altogether like the post, he remained in it about ten months. He lodged on the Hard, a good lodging with a bow window over a small bootmaker, called Tuckerman; Otway, flag-lieutenant to the Port Admiral, Sir Philip Durham, lodged close by.

Admiral Bouverie was the second Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard after the abolition of 'Commissioners.' At first it was thought rather *infra dig.* for an admiral to accept the dockyard appointment merely for a short term, and when the first tenure was offered to E.'s uncle, Sir John White, he declined it. Admiral Maitland (Napoleon's captain of the *Bellerophon*) was then appointed, and Admiral Bouverie succeeded him. The house was the same now occupied by admiral-superintendents, but has been

much enlarged since Admiral Bouverie's time. The present Admiralty House was built for the Commissioners, and the Admiral formerly lived in a house in Portsmouth High Street. About the time when Commissioners were abolished this house was reported to be shaky, and the Commissioner's house in the dockyard was allotted to the Admiral and has remained Admiralty House ever since. The shaky house in High Street being apparently thought good enough for the generals in command, they occupied it for nearly forty years later. About the year 1835 the Admiralty had established the *Excellent* as a gunnery training school, and appointed Sir Thomas Hastings as its first captain. Admiral Bouverie suggested E.'s going through some of the instruction so far as his other work allowed, and this he did for a time.

Admiral and Mrs. Bouverie entertained a good deal, especially among old naval friends of his, many of whom lived in the neighbourhood. One of these, Admiral Douglas, with his three daughters, was constantly at the dockyard house. E. went once with his Admiral to dine with the Thistlethwaytes at Southwick, to meet the Duke of Sussex, driving out with Major (afterwards Sir Hastings) Doyle, who was also invited. The Duke had made a morganatic marriage, and his wife was not allowed to take his title. She had been Lady Cecilia Buggins, but had changed her name to Underwood; later, Queen Victoria created her Duchess of Inverness; at this time she was Lady Cecilia Underwood. E. sat next her and found her most pleasant and agreeable. Lord John Churchill, then a captain in the Navy, was in close attendance on the Duke, carefully watching his personal comfort. He afterwards gave up this post and went to sea again.

In those days Southsea was still a small place, rather apt to suffer from the frequent failing of small communities—gossip. The Admiral at Portsmouth was Sir Philip Durham, who had been flag-lieutenant on board the *Royal George* the day she sank. When she heeled over he was below in the wardroom, and realising at once that the main-deck ports were open, and that she must founder, he jumped out of the wardroom port, and was picked up. The *Victory* was the Admiral's flagship at Portsmouth. Sir Philip Durham considered his flag-lieutenant a great dandy. One day the two Admirals were walking towards the dockyard, Otway and E. following, when a little carriage passed with people in it unknown to Admiral Bouverie. He referred to E., asking who they were; and, as E. could not answer, asked Otway.



‘No use asking *him*,’ said Sir Philip. ‘Why, *he* doesn’t know anybody under an Irish baron.’

To this time belongs a story of a well-known Portsmouth character, who had a reputation for drawing the long-bow—a family failing. It was said that on one occasion there was a formal competition in the family as to which of them deserved the prize for being the greatest perverter of truth. This brother came in, and was referred to. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘I never told a lie in my life,’ whereupon the prize was unanimously awarded to him. A similar anecdote is told of another well-known naval officer in later times, who was noted for the same prowess. He was relating a remarkable story to a party of officers, when at the crisis of his tale he was checked by noticing the peculiar expression of an American captain who was present. ‘Go on, sir,’ said the Yankee encouragingly; ‘don’t mind me—they call *me* the greatest liar in *my* Service.’

In the autumn of 1838 the *Daphne*, a very fine ‘Symonite’ corvette, 18 guns, 750 tons, was being commissioned by Captain Dalling; and E. being very anxious to join her, and knowing that Admiral Bouverie’s flag-lieutenant was soon expected, consulted with his Admiral, and applied to be appointed to her. This was settled, and he became second lieutenant of the *Daphne*.

## CHAPTER V

‘DAPHNE,’ MEDITERRANEAN—FIRST LIEUTENANT—  
PROMOTION

THE officers and ship’s company of the *Daphne* lived in the hulk *Success* until their ship was ready. E. hoisted the pennant commissioning her on November 17th, 1838. In the ordinary course of service he might have expected to finish the commission in his present position; then to go as first-lieutenant to another ship, and after that to get his promotion. Circumstances and his own capacity favoured him, however, and though on one occasion his active zeal brought him bitter disappointment, still on the whole he was fortunate, obtaining his promotion direct from the *Daphne* three years later.

Captain Dalling when appointed to the *Daphne* had been eleven years on half-pay, out of close touch with the Navy and its officers. He took as his first lieutenant L——, who had been second lieutenant in the *Magicienne*, whose first lieutenant had been Forbes, an excellent officer. L——, however, had no capacity for his post, and his efforts to copy Forbes became mere mannerism, while the beautiful little ship, on arrival in the Mediterranean, was obviously anything but smart. The captain felt this, and, kind man though he was, a certain friction arose between him and his first lieutenant, which was one day brought to a climax by some incident which caused L—— to propose resigning. No doubt he scarcely expected the captain to take him at his word, but Captain Dalling cheerfully did so, with the remark: ‘Ah, welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,’ and L—— found himself dispossessed. When E. knew that this was settled he applied to the captain to take him as first lieutenant, though he was far junior to the usual standing for the position. Captain Dalling, however, assented. Charles Grey came from the *Vanguard* as junior, Lieutenant Massie, the third lieutenant, became second, and E. began his new work. The *Daphne* had a very good

ship's company, and E. called the petty officers together and told them the lines on which he meant to carry on duty, and all went on well. The change took place on November 2nd, 1839.

The gunnery mate of the *Daphne* was Ashe, afterwards for a short time first lieutenant with E., when he himself was captain of the same ship. One of the midshipmen was Robert Coote. 'Charlie' Grey, junior lieutenant of the *Daphne*, was a nephew of Earl Grey, and a great friend of E.'s. He served till he became a post-captain, and then lived in London. One day E. and Massie, meeting in London, agreed to go and call on Grey, and were much shocked, on asking for him, to hear that he had died suddenly that morning, having the night before been at the opera, apparently quite well. His brother, William Grey, married a daughter of Admiral Shirreff, who, with her sister, Miss Shirreff, was well known as a promoter of women's higher education.

During the *Daphne's* commission in the Mediterranean, E.'s uncle, Sir Robert Stopford, was Commander-in-Chief, and was a Full Admiral of the Red (*i.e.* the highest rank of admiral). His flagship was the *Princess Charlotte*, flag-Captain Arthur Fanshawe. Admiralty House, at Malta, was then as now in Strada Mezzodi, and Sir Robert rented a very pretty garden at Florian. In it stood a small house taken by Captain A. Fanshawe, who, with his wife, lived there when the flagship was in harbour. Lady Stopford's sister, Mrs. Duckworth (widow of Colonel Duckworth, killed at Albuera), was in delicate health, and a good deal in the Mediterranean at this time with her daughter Annie. Sir Robert's son, Robert Stopford, came out from England in command of the brig *Zebra*, and was afterwards captain of the steamer *Phœnix*, and later still of the *Talbot*; his brother James succeeded him in the *Zebra*. Henry Martin (Lady Stopford's nephew) commanded the *Carysfort*, stationed at Constantinople, so that E. found himself among many friends.

The *Daphne* on sailing was ordered first to Li bon, where she stayed some months. During this time the Queen Dowager, Adelaide, touched there on her way back from Malta, and the *Daphne*, with another ship, escorted her down the Tagus.

*Letter from E. to his Mother.*

Lisbon, July 8th, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your welcome letter by the *Hydra* on Thursday, which was an eventful day in the Tagus, as that steamer brought orders for the *Ganges* and *Implacable* to proceed immediately to the Mediterranean, and we only wait the arrival of the *Ganges*' capstan, which she had sent home to be repaired, to follow. This desirable arrival is expected daily, and then we shall not wait an hour longer than necessary; meantime we are dull enough deprived of our old friend the *Ganges*. I can always find room for books, and accept your offer of sending some when an opportunity offers. As to Italian ones, I propose poring through the pages of Muratori's 'Annali d' Italia' and Giannoni's 'Storia di Napoli,' and also Macchiavelli. All or any of which I should like very much to borrow if you possess them. If not, I will not let you off, but get Fan to choose some that she thinks adapted to my shallow comprehension; Dante, Tasso, &c. I have, and have read (or rather most of them), so don't send them. Should you possess and find room for Lord Lindsay's 'Letters from the Holy Land,' I should like to have that also, as I have been wandering in those parts for the last three or four thousand years. But, as I suppose I shall find that on somebody's table at Malta, it does not so much matter. However, whatever comes, let it carry its house on its back, as the Gibbon did that you sent to Cadiz, and then I can always find room for it. I have hardly been on shore since we returned from Cadiz, and have, I believe, determined not to touch the Lisbon soil again, and therefore have made no new acquaintances, except Lord Lovaine, whom I met at Cadiz in a yacht and thought I should like very much. Love to all, and congratulations to Margaret on her entry into her teens.

Your affectionate Son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.



In the middle of July the *Daphne* left to join the Admiral in the Levant, and arrived in Besika Bay August 4th. Sir R. Stopford, finding that E. had not been able to go to Constantinople when other officers had done so, made an opportunity for him to see the place by sending him with despatches. In the steamer which took him was Sir Andrew Barnard, who had commanded the Rifles in the Peninsula and been wounded at Badajoz. Reshid Pasha, Turkish Ambassador in Paris, was also on board, and some French officers. These officers had sufficient influence with Reshid to get him to obtain from the Sultan a firman to see the mosques. This was a favour rarely granted, and E. was lucky to get the benefit of it. At Constantinople were Mrs. Duckworth with her daughter Annie, and Sir R. Stopford's daughter Chrissy; Henry Martin was there with the *Carysfort*, and E. took passage back to the fleet in the *Confiance*, commanded by Lieutenant Edward Stopford.

*Letter from E. to his Mother.*

'Daphne,' Besika Bay, Sept. 11th, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I believe it is an age since I wrote to you; but I have not quite forgotten you, and now write to thank you very sincerely for Pretyman's 'Theology,' which has not yet arrived, but as you say it was to go from Woolwich, I think it is likely it may be in the *Gorgon*, which is hourly expected. I have just returned from Constantinople, having been sent there with letters from the Admiral, who kindly despatched me with leave to remain some days to see the lions, &c. I accordingly went last Tuesday week by a French Government steamer, where I found Sir Andrew Barnard and Mr. Hay (late of Colonial Office), who have been to Egypt and *viâ* Petra to Syria, and with whom I speedily became acquainted. There were also Reshid Pasha and sundry French officers on leave, item two Yankee missionaries with wives, besides some English 'young gentlemen' picked up at the town of the Dardanelles, with many more, forming a miscellany big enough to fill the vessel as full as she would hold. We left the squadron at twelve, and arrived in the far-famed Golden Horn about the same hour next day, whence I took caïque and proceeded to Therapia, where I arrived about three.



I have never seen anything at all equal to the scenery of the Bosphorus, which to a greenhorn in the East is enhanced by the novelty of everything he sees: caiques, mosques with their minarets, Turks with their pipes, and the stillness and quiet that seems to pervade everything. All new and all delightful. I found Henry Martin and Annie Duckworth starting for their ride, and joined their party. We went through the vale of Buyukdere, where is a group of beautiful plane trees said to have once shaded the 'pio Goffredo' of 'Gerusalemme Liberata' notoriety during a bivouack. Passed a modern aqueduct for watering Constantinople, and looked down upon the Bosphorus from the forest of Belgrade, and a very beautiful view it is. I dined with Mrs. Duckworth (who I think looking very well), and slept on board the *Carysfort*. Mrs. D., Chrissy and Annie are living at the inn, which seems a very good one. The two latter are going to transport the Bosphorus to England upon paper; so, as you will have an opportunity of seeing it, I need say no more about it.

Henry and I breakfasted with Captain and Mrs. Walker, and went per caique to Constantinople. After going into one or two shops to look at old china, we went through the Arm Bazaar, which is the most curious, being full of arms of all ages, all countries, all shapes, all sorts, and all values, and would, I believe, have put me very much in mind of the 'Arabian Nights,' if I had ever read them. We went through other Bazaars also—viz. the Cloak Bazaar, the Silver Bazaar, and the Slipper Bazaar, which last is the prettiest, from the brilliant effect of myriads of scarlet and yellow slippers tastefully disposed on all sides. I also went up to the top of Seraskier's Tower, which is a high tower built on a high part of the town, principally, I believe, to look out for fires and riots, and whence there is a splendid bird's-eye view of the whole country from Mount Olympus to some miles west of the city, of the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, and also of the town itself and harbour. I believe that the seven hills that the town is built on may be distinctly traced from here, but I did not try.

I then went to see the 'thousand and one pillars,' which

is a large space underground supported upon that number, *more or less*, of stone pillars, which was in days of yore a cistern for supplying the city. There are others, one of which still has water in it, but this is the largest. We have not a Gibbon on board, until I can see one on these subjects I shall not be at rest. I went through the Hippodrome, now called the At-Meidan, and, I believe, the scene of the Massacre of the Janissaries. One side of it is now occupied by the beautiful Mosque of Sultan Achmet. There is at one end an Egyptian obelisk brought from Egypt and stuck up by Theodosius, also a pillar which was, I believe, a starting or distance post, whatever might have answered to such post on the Byzantine Turf. But, last and least in size, though first of all in interest, is the brazen column mentioned (as the scribblers say), Herod. IX. c. LXXXI., which is a twisted pillar having had at the top three serpents' heads, which was put up in the Temple at Delphi by the Greeks, after Plataea, and brought by Constantine or one of his successors (Gibbon knows which) to the capital, and set up in the Hippodrome, where it remained peaceably enough, until the victorious Mahmood, riding through the town in the height of his exultation, knocked off the three heads with a blow of his mace, ominous of the number of heads that were to undergo a like separation during his dynasty. All I can say is, that if he had ridden in modern days, as I have done, through the town from the place where the walls were breached to the Hippodrome, he would have been in no humour for any such playful exuberances of delight.

On joining Henry again to return to Therapia to dinner, I found to my infinite delight that one of my fellow-passengers in the steamer, a French 'lieutenant de vaisseau,' had moved Reshid Pasha's French secretary, who had moved Reshid Pasha himself, who had moved the Sultan, to grant a firman for seeing the mosques, which was to take place on Saturday morning. The intervening day I went to see the Sultan go to mosque, and rode and rowed to the 'Sweet Waters' at the head of the harbour, where the Turkish ladies had come to breathe a little fresh air (it being Friday). I am sure they must want it.

Saturday morning at half-past six the Mosque of St. Sophia looked down on groups of impatient Franks anxiously looking out for the arrival of the Frenchmen with their firman, which anxiety was considerably increased as eight—nine o'clock came without bringing them. Those who three hours before would have starved four-and-twenty hours for a glimpse, now began seriously to consider whether breakfast or the interior of St. Sophia were the more worthy sight, and some were of opinion that it was all a hoax and had departed accordingly, when the important document arrived, and in we went. The interior more than answered my vague expectation; the effect, on first going in, I thought finer than any church I ever saw. The columns are beautiful, some of verde antique and eight very beautiful of porphyry. There is a gallery all round, supported also upon verde antique pillars, most of which are considerably out of the perpendicular, I believe from the earthquakes. The dome is, I believe, in diameter next to St. Peter's, and lined with gilt mosaic, the sides lined with marble; the whole is magnificent and beautifully light from the two rows of pillars, one above the other; but I know I can give you no idea of it, so it is of no use to try. Besides its intrinsic beauty, it is, of course, an object of the greatest interest from historical recollections—or I believe I should say in my case historical forgetfulnesses—and also as a specimen of architecture in the Eastern Empire. The pillars were brought from the Temple at Ephesus.

We next went to the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, which is quite modern, the newest fashion, and looks poor after the ancient splendour of St. Sophia. The dome stands upon four pillars, one from each corner, of twenty yards circumference! of white marble; walls and everything is white, except round the galleries, where there is some very pretty Dutch tiling, blue and white. We soon left this and went to the stately Mosque of Soliman the Magnificent, called the Sulimaneia. This is more in the style of St. Sophia, and has some beautiful red granite pillars. There is also some very beautiful painted glass presented by the then Shah of Persia. I could not make up my mind which was largest, St. Sophia or Sulimaneia, but I think the former.

In a court joining Sulimaneia are the tombs of Soliman and Roxalana under a mausoleum. We only went into these three mosques, they being much the finest. There is a very pretty-looking one called Ayeub, which is I believe considered very holy from some legend which I forget, but which I suppose may be found in Mr. Slade's or in any other book about Constantinople.

So much for mosques. I heard the howling, and saw the dancing, Dervishes, thereby satisfying curiosity and vanity in being able to say that one has heard and seen such things; both ceremonies are excessively ludicrous, more particularly as performed by the grave and sedate Turks. Sunday I rode along the outside of the line of triple walls from the Golden Horn to the Seven Towers, which is the south-west corner of the city, the guide pointing out as we (Lord Rokeby and I) went along the parts where the walls were and are breached, and the plain where the Turks were encamped. Here is a Greek church founded since the Turkish sway, because a pious Greek was frying fish here, and on being told that the Turks were marching into the city, exclaimed that, if such were the case, the fish would immediately jump out of the frying-pan into the water, which it did immediately, and it still continues to swim about in a little pond in the court of the church where people come to get cured of illness by washing in the water. We saw one man who had a bad head and was doubtless much benefited; but we imagined that any other water might have done as well. We saw the Castle of the Seven Towers, which has been used principally as a place of confinement for refractory ambassadors, and returned through the town.

Next day—my last—I walked before breakfast to the top of Giant's Mountain, on the Asiatic side, near the Black Sea, where there is a capital view of the whole Bosphorus, and came back through Sultan's Valley, where he has a country house, and there are some fine plane trees. At half-past two I started to come back in the *Confiance*, having enjoyed my expedition very much. Lord Ponsonby says that there is intelligence at Constantinople that Mehemet Ali is going to give up the fleet. Bob Stopford



has just gone to Alexandria to see what is going on. Our time of remaining here as uncertain as ever.

Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

In the middle of September the *Daphne* parted from the fleet for a six weeks' cruise, sighting or touching at Scio, Patmos, Alexandretta in the Bay of Scanderoon, Tripoli (in Syria), Beyrout, and finally Alexandria, where she lay six days; rejoining the fleet in Vourla Bay at the end of October.

While here the officers of the fleet were often ashore, and on Sunday afternoons, specially, there was apt to be a large gathering of officers at the landing-place about the time appointed for their boats to come and bring them on board for dinner. One Sunday evening, while many were thus assembled, Lieutenant Dobbie, of the *Belleisle*, was holding forth for the public benefit, telling anecdotes more humorous than respectful of his own captain, rather a crazy person. Commander Wood, of the *Implacable*, listened with growing wrath to these unseemly utterances, till at last he broke forth: 'I think your captain must be a very good-natured man, sir.' 'No, no,' answered Dobbie, deprecatingly; 'I didn't say he was such a fool as all that.'

Many were the stories told of this same Dobbie. E. had known him first as senior mate of the *Magicienne*, when he himself was junior lieutenant, Dobbie being much older in years though junior in the service. He was a very clever man, with high powers as a mathematician, good-natured and good-looking, full of humour, but coolly unabashed in his methods of giving vent to it. After being long in the West Indies he had been appointed to the *Vernon*, flagship of Sir George Cockburn, an able Admiral, but pompous and sententious in manner. When first seen on deck by the Admiral, Dobbie presented rather an unusual appearance, his whiskers, being bushy and luxuriant, covering his whole face except the cheek-bones. 'Send him down,' growled Sir George to his flag-captain, 'send him down to get shaved.' 'Aye, aye, sir,' answered Dobbie cheerfully, obeyed orders, and was soon again complacently parading the quarter deck in front of the Admiral. The effect this time was startling. Dobbie had shaved himself close up to the roots of his hair, and the whole area whence his black whiskers had been removed was livid blue. Standing out in strong contrast were the two round knobs of his cheek-bones tanned mahogany colour by long exposure to the sun.



‘Take him away,’ groaned the Admiral, ‘take him away till his hair grows again.’

At one time, while in the West Indies, Dobbie was mate of a sloop under an inefficient, queer old commander. It was the custom then to wear straps to trousers, and Dobbie’s chief wore the trousers short and straps long. Dobbie sought to emulate him, and cut off carefully half the legs of his trousers. To the remainder he attached long tapes, and paraded the deck to the admiration of all beholders, his trousers halfway up to his knees, and long strips of tape passed down from them under his feet.

At the time when the *Daphne* joined Sir Robert Stopford’s fleet, Mehemet Ali was in the height of his power. His son, Ibrahim, who since 1831 had been extending the Egyptian conquests in Syria, pushed them still further this autumn and the following spring, finally threatening Constantinople. Russian troops were moved up for its defence; England, Austria, and Prussia were also interested in checking the growth of Egyptian power, while France strongly favoured Mehemet Ali. During some months of 1840, when Thiers was in office, the French became very bellicose, and there was risk of actual hostilities between their fleet and ours; but in October Louis Philippe obliged Thiers to resign, and the danger of European war passed. By the capture of Acre by the English fleet Ibrahim’s power was broken, and the subsequent treaty stipulated that Egypt should give up Syria, while the Sultan recognised Mehemet Ali and his successors as Viceroys of Egypt, subject to an annual tribute to the Porte.

In October 1839, when the *Daphne* was for six days at Alexandria, there were anchored there the combined Egyptian and Turkish fleets; the Capitan Pasha having deserted the Sultan a few months before and gone over with his fleet to Mehemet Ali. The combined fleets must have made a fine show, for the *Daphne*’s log enumerates their ships thus:—10 Turkish line-of-battle ships, 9 Egyptian ditto, 17 frigates, 8 corvettes, 2 brigs and 2 cutters.

Either at this time, or when again at Alexandria, five months later, E. was present when Mehemet Ali received the captain and officers of the *Daphne*. The reception was not so formal as when some years before E. had been present at Mehemet’s reception of Lord Clare. On return to Vourla Bay Lieutenant L—— left the *Daphne* and E. became first lieutenant, November 2nd. In December Captain Dalling was sent with his own ship and the *Zebra* to the

Piræus, where they underwent eight days' quarantine on arrival from Turkish ports, and then stayed on for Christmas. E. took the opportunity of calling on his old captain, Sir Edmund Lyons, then Minister at Athens. After refitting at Malta and joining the Admiral at Vourla Bay, the *Daphne* was again sent in company with the *Gorgon* (steamer) to Alexandria, where she remained three weeks. E. took the opportunity of going up with a party to Cairo to see the sights, as described in the following extract of a letter from him.

*Extract copied from a letter from E.*

We were ordered to Alexandria there to remain with the *Gorgon* till further orders, and there we did remain three weeks, ten days of which time I was away on an expedition to Cairo. We were a party of seven, four *Daphne's* and three *Gorgon's*—got up in two days, and I believe saw everything there was to be seen. Climbed to the top of the pyramid and bottom of Joseph's Well, and went to the pyramids and mummy pits at Saccara, to the site of Heliopolis, passed by ditto of Memphis. Saw the petrified forest, and Caliphs' tombs, Pasha's palace. In fact, passed five days of sight-seeing with the *greatest* gratification and not one iota of disappointment. It is of no use for me to commence an infliction upon you in the shape of a description, for I am sure I should arrive at the end of my paper before I had finished one pyramid; besides I am told Mr. Lane is very correct, so I will refer you to him for Cairo lions. In one point, however, I believe we differed from him (though I have not seen his book), viz. in the infallibility of his Magician,<sup>1</sup> for we could not get a single correct answer from him—indeed to such a pitch did our virtuous indignation carry us that we 'manned' the windows of the inn with buckets of water with which we deluged him so completely, as he was marching out, lantern in hand, with all the dignity and stateliness of a superior being, that he was glad to take to his heels, shouting 'Allah' most reproachfully, and will doubtless be somewhat shy of performing in public for the future.

<sup>1</sup> Lane's book described wonderful feats of thought-reading performed by this 'magician,' and E. had also heard of his fame in other quarters.

We had not returned long to Alexandria before orders came to join the Admiral at Naples, whither we went, but were not allowed to anchor on account of quarantine, so we came here and found the Admiral, and to our horror we find the *Acheron* steamer has been since us at Alexandria and lost two men of plague since she returned, so that we are to have about twenty-five days' quarantine. As for the *Acheron's* people and passengers, they are all shut up in separate cells at the lazaretto.

In going up the Nile, E. and his party saw over the bank a man apparently hanged, and, much shocked, turned to the dragoman who very phlegmatically explained 'Mehemet Ali Pasha he kill him, sar.' On examination, however, they found that in this case the tragedy had not occurred, and that the man was alive and well, but his position standing straight against a post, with his head drooping on one side, his legs hidden from view by the river bank, gave the impression that he had been hanged.

While the ship was lying at anchor at Alexandria, those on board her were conscious of curious changes of temperature with slight flaws of wind. Wind from the west or north-west came along the Mediterranean fresh and cool from the sea, whereas if from the south-west, it blew over the desert and was felt as a parching hot blast. Sometimes the wind would fluctuate about between these two directions with curious effect on the feelings. Some years before, when in the *Madagascar* off the south-west coast of Sardinia, E. saw a remarkable effect of this same desert wind. The weather was overcast and most ominous in appearance, with lurid, copper-coloured sky and a gale of wind from the south; by-and-by the rain came down heavily and was red in colour, apparently red mud descending; the ropes of the rigging were crusted over with this red deposit, and the deck and everything else covered with it. In drying it proved to be red sand from the desert blown across in the southerly gale.

In April 1840 the *Daphne* was suddenly sent off from Alexandria on account of the 'Sulphur War,' when we blockaded the coasts of Naples and Sicily because their Government had stopped the exportation of sulphur, a necessary ingredient of our powder manufacture, which we depended upon obtaining from Sicily. The *Gorgon*, man-of-war steamer, left at the same time as the *Daphne*,

and their respective experiences were a commentary on the absurdity of quarantine regulations at the time. Plague being prevalent in Egypt, ships hailing from its ports had invariably to undergo quarantine; the *Gorgon* towed the *Daphne* out of Alexandria harbour, so they left the scene of contagion at the same moment; the *Gorgon* went straight in four days to Malta; the *Daphne* had a long passage to Naples, where the authorities not only refused her pratique but the means of quarantine also, requiring that she should undergo it elsewhere; she went to Malta, arriving exactly three weeks after leaving Alexandria, and found the *Gorgon* just completing her seventeen days' quarantine, which period of isolation the *Daphne* had then to begin. Of two ships, which left an infected port at the very same hour, one therefore gained pratique in twenty-one days, while the other had to wait till the thirty-eighth day before the Maltese official's welcome announcement: 'I have the pleasure to inform you that you catch pratique this morning.' The *Daphne* then returned to Naples, where she stayed more than a month.

*Letter from E. to his Mother.*

'Daphne,' Naples, July 6th, 1840.

My DEAR MOTHER,—As there is an opportunity of reaching you with a letter in eleven days, I am going to send you these hieroglyphics to say we are here, having arrived from Malta nearly a fortnight ago, where we left the Stopfords anticipating a trip to Corfu. I have been busy sight-seeing, and I am happy to say have got through the most formidable. Pompeii is gradually appearing from under its coat of ashes. About a third part, or rather more, is excavated, and the buildings improve as they go on towards the fashionable part of the town, which they seem now to be bordering upon. The crater of Mount Vesuvius has entirely altered since I saw it last, owing to one or two small eruptions. I went up it the day after we came in, for the last time I guess; indeed, I have voted myself sufficiently satisfied with all the lions that are within my reach. The *Implacable* and *Benbow* are here at present; how long any of us may remain nobody knows, but of course we are in no hurry to go back to Besika Bay or Vourla. I think it seems possible we may be left after the liners go east-



ward ; at least it may be thought necessary to leave a small ship for a short time. I have no news for you except that I am told the *Daphne* seems to thrive. Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

The *Implacable* lay at Naples while the *Daphne* was there, and Commander Wood used to confide to E. the delinquencies of his men. A special enormity had just been committed by one of his midshipmen, a wild young fellow, who, having had his leave stopped, broke out of the ship and disported himself ashore at Castellamare. The commander naturally sent to arrest him ; the master-at-arms was ordered to land with ship's-corporals and to communicate with the local police about finding him. The delinquent, however, got wind of their approach and determined to be beforehand with them. He accordingly presented himself in uniform to the police, and explained that he was on shore for the purpose of arresting these men, so he called upon them to assist him in the discharge of his duty. When, therefore, the master-at-arms and his assistants appeared, the police would on no account listen to their story, but promptly arrested them as evildoers, and escorted them back to their ship with a message from the young officer ashore committing them to the commander. History does not relate the further career of the midshipman.

The English Minister at Naples was Lord Palmerston's brother, Sir Henry Temple, renowned as a 'gourmet.' E. once dined with him in these days and received proof of the perfection of his *cuisine*.

After touching at Malta and cruising in the Levant—Mytilene, Vourla Bay and Smyrna, &c.—the *Daphne* was sent back to Alexandria. By this time circumstances had changed, and we were at war with Mehemet Ali. Sir Robert Stopford detached the *Asia* (Captain Fisher) and *Implacable* (Captain Harvey) line-of-battle ships, with the *Daphne*, corvette, to watch the Egyptian fleet. They remained off Alexandria cruising off and on until October 21st. There was a certain anxiety in the situation, France being dissatisfied, and Thiers very warlike. The French fleet in the Mediterranean was rather the stronger, and as ours had to be divided between Syria and Alexandria, the two line-of-battle ships and the *Daphne*, at the latter place, might have had the whole French fleet down upon them. Every night the *Daphne* stood out to sea for scouting purposes, coming



back within signal distance in the early morning, so as to warn the senior officer in case it became necessary to make sail and join the Admiral in Syria.<sup>1</sup>

The *Daphne* sailed from Alexandria October 21st, and on rejoining the fleet at Beyrout found all looking forward to the attack on Acre, and the Admiral making preliminary arrangements for it; it was not, however, expected yet to take place. The *Daphne* had to send boats in to water, and took every possible means to do it in the quickest way, borrowed a line-of-battle ship's pump and led a hose through the surf to the boats. Captain Dalling went to dine with the Admiral, and said he had reported the ship ready for sea that night. The Admiral gave him his orders to go North, saying he should pick up the *Daphne* before going to Acre, and adding 'We shan't go to Acre without the *Daphne*.' These orders are dated *Princess Charlotte*, off Beyrout, October 29th, 1840, and instruct Captain Dalling to go to Latakia on the Syrian coast and expedite the embarkation of stores for the fleet, adding 'You will inspire the numerous mountaineers (who will probably apply to you for arms) with the certainty that the moment they arrive here they shall be supplied with them; you will moreover do all in your power to promote the Sultan's cause in Syria. You will take every opportunity of firing upon and dispersing any Egyptian troops within range of your guns,' &c.

About 11 p.m. Captain Dalling returned on board his ship with his orders. Next morning very early there was scarcely any wind, only a very light air. E. reported to the captain he thought he could get the ship out; Captain Dalling scarcely thought so, but E., keen to carry out orders, persisted; the ship slowly drew off and they sailed out of the bay. After Captain Dalling left Sir R. Stopford the night before, the *Talbot* came in from Corfu with 100 Turkish troops. She brought too a despatch which her captain presented late at night to the Admiral. This despatch caused Sir Robert to alter his plans and go direct to Acre, giving up the preliminary cruise to the North where he would have picked up the *Daphne*. When called

<sup>1</sup> An oil-painting of the *Daphne* represents her under these circumstances, parting company with the *Asia* and *Implacable*, which are in the background. Captain Dalling possessed already the picture of the *Dido*, painted by Seaforth, and on E.'s return, promoted, to England, commissioned him to order from the same artist a picture of the *Daphne* to pair with it. It was duly executed, and the artist's label for it bears this inscription:—'H.M.S. *Daphne* parting company with the blockading squadron off Alexandria; being charged with despatches for the Commander-in-Chief, then on the coast of Syria. October 21st, 1840. Painted by C. H. Seaforth, 1842.'



H.M.S. 'DAPHNE,' WITH H.M. SHIPS 'ASIA' AND 'IMPLACABLE,' OFF ALEXANDRIA, 1840

*(From a water-colour copy of Seignior's picture, by Mrs. Fox.)*



at 7 A.M. the next morning he gave orders 'If the *Daphne* is sailing out make the recall,' but the *Daphne* was gone: she was out of signal distance beyond reach of recall. The fleet went to Acre without her, the place was captured November 3rd, and the senior executive officer of every ship present was promoted. So E. had the great mortification and disappointment of finding that by his own smartness and zeal he had missed the action itself, and had missed the promotion. Captain Dalling, too, missed the C.B. awarded to captains present.

The only officer killed in the attack was Lieutenant Le Mesurier of the *Talbot*, who as a mate had been one of the first officers to join the *Daphne* on her commissioning; he had been a frequent companion of E.'s in walks ashore, and had left the ship when promoted.

Some English officers, including E.'s old acquaintance Colonel Hugh Rose, were sent out under Sir Charles Smith to Syria to take part in the land operations. After the fall of Acre, Colonel Rose was sent on a mission up the country to Ibrahim Pasha. Colonel Rose afterwards told Captain Dalling in E.'s presence that he had in conversation with Ibrahim expressed surprise that the English officers with the Turks had never been able to obtain information of his movements; and that the usual sources, such as guides or natives employed by the enemy, never seemed available to give information. 'Oh,' said Ibrahim, 'we took precautions against that; whenever we employed a man as guide, or for any such purpose, we always put him to death when we had done with him.'

About a month after the fall of Acre the brig *Zebra*, commanded by James Stopford, was wrecked at Haifa, on the Syrian coast, during a great gale, and lay on the beach for many weeks, while James Stopford and his men lived in temporary quarters on shore. Finally, the *Castor* (whose first lieutenant was Wellesley) was sent down to survey the *Zebra*, and, if she was condemned, to bring her crew to Malta. This was done, and E. was at Malta when, shortly after, the *Castor* and her two crews arrived; plague had broken out on board, and several men had died.

After touching at Latakia the *Daphne* was employed for some weeks in cruising about the Levant, touching at Tripoli, in Syria; Alexandretta, in the Bay of Scanderoon; Beyrout, Cyprus, &c., and then lying for a month in Marmorice Bay. It was while at Tripoli that those on board the *Daphne* heard the news of the fall of Acre.

Captain Dalling received word from the consul that a deserter from Ibrahim Pasha's army had arrived, having fled from Acre and made his way across country, and that he reported the capture of Acre. The consul invited Captain Dalling to be present at the man's interrogation, and he went, E. with him. The excitement was great, and the Court thronged with those interested, among them being Druse and Maronite chiefs from the Lebanon, with their followers—a curious and striking scene. The man's account and answers to questions made it plain that Acre had fallen. E.'s thoughts were 'There goes my promotion,' and possibly Captain Dalling's may have been 'There goes my C.B.!'

By the terms of the peace-convention, following the fall of Acre, the Turkish fleet, which had seceded to Mehemet Ali, was to be returned to the Sultan, and at the end of January 1841 the ships composing it lay in Marmorice Bay, with the powerful English fleet and a few Austrian war-ships. The war-ships in the bay for a few days while the *Daphne* was still present are enumerated in her log thus: British, 24; Austrian, 10; Turkish, 23—a fine and imposing assemblage. The Turkish ships were as follows: Two three-deckers, 5 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 1 corvette, 2 brigs, 3 steamers. The ships of the powerful English fleet, under the command of Sir Robert Stopford, were: *Princess Charlotte* (flagship), *Britannia*, *Powerful*, *Rodney*, *Benbow*, *Edinburgh*, *Calcutta*, *Bellerophon*, *Cambridge*, *Vanguard*, *Thunderer*, *Revenge*, *Ganges*, *Implacable*, *Daphne*, *Dido*, *Magicienne*, *Hazard*, *Hydra*, *Gorgon*, *Stromboli*, *Cyclops*, *Locust*, *Wasp*.

Sir Charles Napier had been detached by Sir Robert Stopford as Commodore to Egyptian waters, and proceeded after the fall of Acre to enter into certain peace negotiations. Sir Robert, however, sent his flag-captain, Arthur Fanshawe, to represent himself and, with his authority, to enter into and carry on regular negotiations and assist in concluding the preliminary peace.

Late in January 1841 Captain Dalling received from Sir R. Stopford an order stationing him at Smyrna for the objects thus expressed:

'You are hereby required and directed to proceed in H.M.S. under your command to Smyrna, and, having placed yourself in communication with R. W. Brant, Esq., Her Majesty's consul there, you will at all times give every possible countenance and protection to the British trade



within that quarter, more particularly directing your attention to the security and protection of Her Majesty's trading subjects at Smyrna, and the British commerce lawfully carried on in the seas of the Levant, so as to defend it against the depredations of pirates or hostile molestation of any description,' &c.

At this time the consul at Smyrna was no longer so important a person as during the old French wars, when very responsible matters were liable to come before him. During much of that period the post was held by Mr. Werry, an able and experienced man who had only lately retired, when the *Daphne* was at Smyrna. A story was still current of a passage-at-arms between Mr. Werry and Lord John Churchill, who came out as a young commander shortly before this time, feeling strongly the responsibilities attaching to the officer commanding a man-of-war, and very ignorant of the authority and powers of a consul. A merchant seaman who had misbehaved took refuge at the consulate, and by our agreement with Turkey was entitled to have his case investigated by the consul. Lord John Churchill, conceiving the case to be in his province, claimed him from the consul, demanding even with threats that he should be given up. Werry, who perfectly knew the law, absolutely refused this, stating his intention to do so 'even if the demand were made by your great ancestor himself, of whom you are an unworthy descendant.' Lord John had actually landed an armed boat's crew, but, as this had no effect upon Werry, and he could scarcely proceed to attack the consulate, was obliged to withdraw and digest his rebuff.

The relations between naval officers commanding ships and consuls were not accurately defined till a little later, when the subject was brought before Lord Palmerston, who laid down regulations about it. A few years later, when E. was a young commander in command of a brig, he fell in with a set of these regulations, and copied them for his own guidance. Nothing special of importance requiring the intervention of the consul occurred while the *Daphne* lay at Smyrna.

One day, soon after their arrival, while the ship was at Vourla Bay, E. and Grey started to ride about fifteen or twenty miles through the town of Smyrna to a suburb beyond, where they meant to sleep, returning next day. Their way lay right through the bazaars of the town, and, as it was late and business hours were over, these were

silent and deserted, the yelping of dogs at the horses passing through being the only sound. They slept at the suburb, as intended, and when called the next morning were told that a great fire was raging at Smyrna; the smoke could be seen coming over the Citadel Hill, and the bazaars were being destroyed. E. and Grey hurriedly dressed and breakfasted, got their horses, and galloped off to the town, where they found things as described, and the fire in full force. An Austrian man-of-war, being in the port, had landed officers and men to try to check the flames. E. and Grey decided to offer their services to the Austrian officer in command, who gladly accepted their help. Accordingly, they joined the Austrians, and worked with them all day. They succeeded in confining the extent of the fire, which, however, swept across a belt of the town, utterly destroying it. Included in the area of devastation were the quiet streets E. and Grey had passed through so few hours before. As they stood with the English consul looking at the ruins when all was over, an old Turk passed smoking his chibouk. The consul knew and greeted him. He responded with calm fatalist philosophy: 'This morning I owned a good slice of the bazaars; this evening I own only this,' indicating his pipe.

One excursion E. went with some others was to Pergamos; they landed at a little Greek village on the coast named Aivali, where during the Greek and Turkish war, in 1823 or 1824, there had been a terrible massacre of the inhabitants by the Turks. They found that the people there, on alluding to their village affairs and history, had the habit of dating from this event, saying always, Such or such a thing happened so many years '*dopo la catastrofe*.' At Pergamos the *Daphne* officers had been introduced to a merchant, who received them kindly and showed them the old Basilica and all that was to be seen. When their horses were brought and they were about to say good-bye, the first man, luckily not E., found himself embraced and kissed. The others, seeing their danger, mounted and fled, cutting short thanks and farewell. Other excursions were to Alexandria Troas, and to the scene of the battle of Issus.

At one time while the ship lay at Smyrna the new steam sloop *Hecate* came in, and her captain, Commander Ward, came on board to report himself to Captain Dalling. The gunroom—who would now be called wardroom—officers of the *Daphne*, E. among them, had been discussing the

proper pronunciation of the steamer's name ; Greek scholars called her Hě-căt-ě and readers of Shakespeare Hě-căte. Seeing Captain Ward's coxswain on deck, they agreed to refer the matter to him, and accosted him, asking, 'What is the name of your ship?' 'My ship, sir,' answered the coxswain, surprised, 'why the *He-Cat* is my ship.'

In the summer of 1841 Captain Dalling, feeling sure that E. would soon be getting his promotion and leaving the ship, told him that they were going for a cruise and gave him his choice what part of their station they would visit. E. accordingly chose the route, and they went up the Gulf of Salonica to Salonica (ancient Thessalonica), from thence down the coast, seeing Mount Olympus and landing to look at the Vale of Tempe. Passing between Negropont and the mainland they ran into the Bay of Zitun, where they stayed long enough to make an expedition to Thermopylæ. E. had been reading Herodotus with great interest, his father having sent him out a good translation. He remembered the description of a wall which ran from the foot of the mountain towards the sea, where the devoted band of Greeks had combed their hair before going to the battle. Seeing on the spot an overgrown wall which looked to him very like some ancient cyclopean walls he had seen elsewhere, he asked the guide what it was. 'Quel muro, signor?' was the answer, 'quel muro era un castello che apparteneva ad un gran capitano che si chiamava Leonidas.' Their guide was no scholar or historian, being, in fact, a guardian from the quarantine establishment. The *Daphne*, coming from Turkish waters, was not allowed pratique in the Greek dominions ; but an exception was made in favour of travellers visiting Thermopylæ, and they were allowed to go there accompanied by a guardian to see that they had no contact with the inhabitants or their dwellings. No such permission was to be had, however, at Antiparos, and E. was unable to see its grotto, as he had wished. On this cruise he went an expedition to Ephesus and rode over its plains, seeing its natural features and mounds, one of which was said to be the site of the Temple of Diana, but no excavations had been begun at this time.

On September 22nd, about a week after the *Daphne* got back to Smyrna, a packet came in bringing news of E.'s promotion. Sir Robert Stopford having gone home, the notification was sent by the Rear-Admiral temporarily commanding the station, who added that E. could return home when an officer came to relieve him. As there was not the

slightest probability of a lieutenant being expressly sent to relieve him, this was equivalent to keeping him as a supernumerary or passenger on board the *Daphne* doing nothing, while naturally longing to get home. E. was accordingly succeeded in his duty by Massie, the next lieutenant, and waited. The Rear-Admiral was renowned during his command in the Mediterranean, as no doubt elsewhere, for his remarkable skill in ascertaining and doing what was most *dis-agreeable* to those under his command. This characteristic could be so thoroughly depended upon that Henry Martin on one occasion turned it to account. He commanded the *Carysfort*, and had been long stationed at Constantinople, when he was ordered to Corfu, and fell under the command of this particular chief. The *Carysfort* had been long in commission, and all on board were longing to get home, and, at all events, to escape a return to Constantinople. There was accordingly fear that some rumour of their wishes might ensure their being promptly sent back there. The Admiral had his family with him, and Captain Martin, being asked to dine, improved his opportunities by dilating to the young ladies upon the charms of Constantinople, the many friends the *Carysforts* had made there, and the pleasure with which they were looking forward to returning. His device was eminently successful, and the ship was ordered elsewhere.

Since the Acre promotions E.'s friends had been hoping that his own promotion would not be long delayed. His name was submitted to the Admiralty in the summer of 1841, and the Board decided that, if the late Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean recommended it on the ground of good service, the promotion should be made. A statement of this recommendation and its grounds was noted down for submission to Sir Robert Stopford, who had now returned to England; and Colonel Brandreth, then employed at the Admiralty, being a family friend, sent it to E.'s father. Colonel F. received this paper on a Saturday afternoon, and, ordering his carriage for an extremely early hour the next (Sunday) morning, he drove down to Frogmore, where Sir Robert Stopford was staying with Queen Adelaide. Sir Robert was in bed when the Colonel arrived and brought him up the paper, which he signed; Colonel F. returned, and the next day, Monday, got it laid before the Board. E.'s promotion was given, and his commission as commander made out, dated September 7th, 1841.

That Sir R. Stopford had no difficulty in signing such a



paper as that brought to him, may be judged by the following letters and extracts showing the opinion held in the Mediterranean of E.'s success as first lieutenant of the *Daphne*.

*To Colonel Fanshawe from Colonel Symonds, R.E.*<sup>1</sup>

Engineers' Office, May 25th [probably 1839].

MY DEAR COLONEL FANSHAWE,—In a note which I have just received from Captain Dalling, he says: 'When you see the Fanshawes, tell them their son is well and looking a hundred per cent. better than when he joined, and the more I know him, the better I like him.'

I thought you would like to hear so good an account of your son. With kind regards, I am always

Yours very sincerely,

W. G. SYMONDS.

*To Admiral Sir Byam Martin, G.C.B., at Brighton,  
from Captain Dalling.*

'Daphne,' Malta, January 23rd, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR BYAM,—About this time last year you were kind enough to write and congratulate me on my appointment to this ship, and at the same time to introduce to me your nephew Fanshawe, then second lieutenant of her.

I have now the sincere pleasure of assuring you that during the whole time we have been shipmates, and the last three months he has been first lieutenant, I have never had but one opinion of the truth and justice of your estimation of him. I can assure you I consider him a most promising young man, combining with the steadiness and assiduity of riper years the emulation and activity of youth, and I consider myself most fortunate in having him as a shipmate.

We are come lately from Vourla *viâ* Athens, where we took pratique, which shortened our quarantine here considerably. I brought Sir Wm. Eden down, who is quite well, and begs to be most particularly remembered to you and Lady Martin, who I am glad to hear is in much better health than when I left England. Sir Robert was in excellent health when I left the fleet. I hope we shall

<sup>1</sup> Brother of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds.



soon see him here, as part of the fleet have already arrived. *Bellerophon*, *Vanguard*, *Asia*, *Ganges*, and *Benbow* in the offing—the *Princess Charlotte's* movements when these ships left were then uncertain.

I have been sadly disappointed in not yet meeting my friend Henry [Martin]. When he came down to the fleet in Besika Bay for a few days, I had been despatched to the coast of Syria, and I fear there is no chance of his coming here before we start again. Eden had a letter from him the other day, giving a very good account of himself. *Zebra* came down with us, which made our party at Athens quite complete. Stopford is making the most of his brig. I have every reason to be satisfied with this ship, and in our late trials with *Castor*, *Dido* and *Zebra* we have a decided advantage over them all on a wind, as the flag-lieutenant who went out as umpire will tell you.

I shall be delighted to be made of any use to you on this station, and, with my kind remembrances to Lady Martin,

Yours most sincerely,

J. W. DALLING.

*From Colonel Symonds, R.E., to Colonel F., enclosing  
extract from Captain Dalling to himself.*

August 17th.

MY DEAR FANSHAWE,—As you may not have heard lately from *Daphne*, here is a note from Captain Dalling, who makes honourable mention of your son.

Yours very sincerely, with kind regards to yours,

W. G. SYMONDS.

*Captain Dalling to Colonel Symonds, enclosed in above.*

'Daphne,' Malta, August 1st, 1840.

MY DEAR SYMONDS,—Just returned from Naples, where we spent a most delightful month, and came here in forty-four hours, although we had but little wind through the Faro, and at Cape Passaro found it strong and scant. We start to-morrow for the East. The 'Barker' was much admired at Naples, and Fanshawe has got our lads to take a good place with most ships, and the smartest of them will have something to do to beat us. . . .

*From Admiral Sir William Parker to Colonel  
Fanshawe, R.E., C.B.*

Private.

Admiralty, February 13th, 1841.

MY DEAR FANSHAWE,— . . . . I have much gratification in assuring you, Captain Dalling, in a letter of July 28 from Marmorice, speaks highly of your son's indefatigable and able discharge of his duties, and that he bears his disappointment of the absence from Acre like a philosopher. In haste.

Faithfully yours,

W. PARKER.

*To Colonel Fanshawe, C.B., Royal Engineers, 84 Pall  
Mall, from Major Brandreth, R.E.<sup>1</sup>*

Malta, May 26th, 1841.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—I have had a very pleasant passage. We left Plymouth on the 8th, and arrived at Gibraltar on the 15th. . . . . I found Hew looking as fresh as possible ; he accompanied me over the works, and proved an excellent cicerone. I endeavoured to persuade him to join me at Malta, when we could return together either by steam or, if practicable, overland, through Italy and Switzerland. He did not decide before I left, and I have therefore still hopes of his companionship. . . . . Edward is here in quarantine, and will, I fear, have ten or twelve days more of *duresse* before I can see him ; but Sir John Louis has sent off his parcels.

On the Queen's birthday I sat at Sir J. Ommanney's<sup>2</sup> table, between Sir J. Louis<sup>3</sup> and Sir David Dunn.<sup>4</sup> The latter, without the slightest knowledge of the interest I took in Edward, volunteered his opinion of him, and pronounced him one of the best officers and finest young men in the service. 'Depend on it,' he added, 'he is a rising character, and will greatly distinguish himself.' I turned to Sir J. Louis, who expressed a similar opinion. . . . .

With kindest regards to Mrs. Fanshawe and all your family,

I am, my dear Colonel, always yours,

H. N. BRANDRETH.

<sup>1</sup> An old friend of Colonel F.'s, who was Director of Works at the Admiralty. He had been sent out to Malta to inspect works there.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Sir J. Ommanney was second in command.

<sup>3</sup> Admiral Sir John Louis, Superintendent of Malta Dockyard.

<sup>4</sup> Sir David Dunn, captain of the *Vanguard*.

*Extract from letter undated and unsigned, evidently about February 1841, from some one with the fleet (probably Captain Dalling) to one of E.'s family at home.*

Edward was extremely active at a great fire that took place here (*i.e.* at Smyrna) some days ago when all the Jews' quarter and nearly all the Turkish quarter was burnt down, not less than twenty thousand souls being turned into the streets, many in a state of absolute destitution, and nothing prevents great excesses being committed but the presence of these European men-of-war. The *Daphne* was at Vourla at the time of the fire; but Fanshawe and one of the lieutenants were in Smyrna, having ridden round and placed themselves under the orders of the Austrians, who were all landed from their ships, and Fanshawe says worked extremely hard; indeed, had it not been for them (the Austrians) he thinks it would have fared badly with the Frank quarter.

These two British officers so readily lending a hand and putting themselves under the orders of the Austrian officer, has created a great sensation here. I hear the people who come alongside all speak in high terms of them and their proceedings.

*Copy of letter sent by Major Brandreth to Admiral Sir Charles Adam (then apparently at Admiralty) about E., whose promotion was then being considered.*

Somerset House, August 6th, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hear from Colonel Fanshawe that he has written to you about his son Lieutenant Fanshawe, of the *Daphne*.

Will you permit me to say that while in the Mediterranean I heard from every officer who was acquainted with Lieutenant Fanshawe the highest character of this officer for ability and conduct that one officer could possibly bestow on another; and in this Sir John Louis and Sir David Dunn most earnestly concurred, while Captain Dalling's appreciation of his services as his first lieutenant seemed to me the most complete practical confirmation of this testimony.

My own personal regard for Colonel Fanshawe and his

son have induced me to venture to submit these observations to your notice, and pray excuse me for adding an earnest hope that they may be worthy of your special consideration.

I am, &c.

To Sir Ch. Adam.

*To Colonel F. from General Sir Hew D. Ross,<sup>1</sup> with extract from letter to him from Colonel Colquhoun.*

Private.

Woolwich, December 8th, 1841.

MY DEAR FANSHAWE,—You do not require further testimony of the high character of Edward, but the enclosed, as coming from an impartial judge, may not be unacceptable.

Yours affectionately,

H. D. Ross.

*Extract from Colonel Colquhoun to Sir H. Ross contained in above.*

Constantinople, October 12th, 1841.

I had the pleasure at Smyrna of seeing Captain Fanshawe, late of the *Daphne*, who is on the point of starting for Malta and England. He is a very smart fellow indeed, and Captain Dalling spoke of him to me in the warmest terms of esteem and of regret (but for its being for his advantage) at losing him.

*Copy of letter to Captain Arthur F., R.N., from Captain Dalling.*

‘Daphne,’ Smyrna, September 29th, 1841.

DEAR FANSHAWE,—You may imagine how happy I was made on the arrival of the last French packet on the 22nd, to find the premier promoted. He was dining with me when the letters arrived, and, to be sure, we did not drink his health and success to him in the best the cellar afforded. I am now most anxious he should get home, and have applied by this packet, both publicly and privately, to Sir J. A. O. to let him leave at once. With all my joy, I cannot help feeling (such is the selfishness of our nature) regret I shall lose an *excellent* officer and an intelligent and agreeable companion. I am not the only selfish animal on board, one and all deplore his departure.

Get him afloat as soon as possible, and the next step

<sup>1</sup> Sir Hew Ross was first cousin to E.’s grandfather, Sir Hew Dalrymple.



must soon come. I should like this craft to be paying off when he is fitting out—he would get well manned, and I could then so easily hand over to him a number of things useful, such as glasses, chronometers, &c. Tell Symonds from me that if he wants one of his brigs done justice to, give her to my friend Edward.

We are just returned from visiting Salonica, the Vale of Tempe, Thermopylæ, and Ephesus; we tried Paros, but the quarantine prevented our seeing the grotto; feeling that he would soon be leaving us, I was anxious he should see as much as possible of this part of the world. We had a most delightful trip.

Bandiera<sup>1</sup> is here after knocking great part of his false keel off before Acre; I hope they will allow Massie to remain senior, it will be a sad blow to him, and indeed to me, if a stranger comes here as 1st. Edward desires his affectionate regards; you must excuse him if you do not get a letter, as he is writing to Sir Robert and to his father. My kind remembrances to Mrs. F., and pray say everything for me to Sir Robert and the family.

Yours, &c.

J. W. DALLING.

Among the letters is one to Colonel F. from Captain Arthur Forbes, September 6th, 1841, full of warm feeling and friendship towards E., with hearty congratulations upon his promotion.

After E. was notified of his promotion he remained a month on board the *Daphne* without duty, and then seeing no prospect of being sent home in the usual way, he made his own plans. He asked leave from Captain Dalling to go to Constantinople to visit his cousin, Bob Stopford, then commanding the *Talbot*, and intimated that he should not come back, but should find his way home from there. He left the *Daphne* late in October, and carried out the plan of visiting his cousin. Inquiring at Constantinople the best means of getting home, he was advised to take steamer to Galatz, and told that he would there find Danube steamers running direct to Pesth and Vienna. Accordingly, he embarked on the Galatz steamer and found himself in company with the members of the Servian Ministry, who had been to Constantinople to complain of the conduct of the Russian consul. They were returning to their country accompanied by an envoy of the Porte, a young Turk of education and

<sup>1</sup> Baron de Bandiera was the Austrian Rear-Admiral at Acre.



modern views, who had been an attaché at Vienna. E. got into conversation with the envoy, and, finding him gentlemanlike and agreeable, saw a good deal of him while their routes lay together. E. gladly accepted his invitation to share his cabin, and felt all the better satisfied with this arrangement, when, during a strong gale on their passage, he looked into the 'state room,' where he would otherwise have been quartered, and saw the Servian Ministry lying huddled there, an indiscriminate heap of furs.

His friend the Turk rather dismayed him by saying that, this being November, the Danube steamers had ceased running for the season; he advised E. to land with the Servian party at Varna and accompany them to Rustchuk, then to cross the Danube to Giurgevo in Wallachia, just opposite. E. acceded to this plan, and he and his friend shared a little cart from Varna to Rustchuk; a vehicle like a horse-trough on wheels, with the luggage in the bottom, and themselves and the driver on seats across; the Servian Ministry followed two and two in similar equipages. It was a day's drive, and they stopped to sleep at a little village, the authorities of which were bound to provide quarters for the Sultan's envoy. These consisted of a bare room with a dais at one end; but the servants laid mats and got things pretty comfortable, so that they had a very good night. Next morning as they strolled about E.'s friend exclaimed: 'Ah, voilà des pigeons,' and pounced upon some ready plucked, which he purchased and carried off for their midday meal on the journey. E. wondered how he would deal with them, and watched with interest his proceedings when the time came. He cut a long wand from the copse where they stopped, spitted on it the pigeons, and laid the ends on two forked sticks; then collected dead wood for a fire, made, not under his birds, but close by; when it had burned down into incandescent ashes, he raked these underneath, and E. co-operated by turning the spit till the pigeons were done, which provided a capital meal.

E.'s Turk was greatly afflicted by the conduct of one of his Servian fellow-travellers, who was a sincere and devout Mahometan; on himself his religious duties sat very lightly, and though it was Ramazan, when a true Mussulman ought to fast till sunset, he availed himself of the dispensation which allowed travellers on a journey to eat, and would have made himself thoroughly comfortable under this exemption but for his Servian companion. He explained ruefully to E. that, being an official, he must keep up appearances, 'pour le

public.' When on arrival at their first sleeping place the old Servian laid his mat for prayer, after carefully inquiring the direction of Mecca, he was not much perturbed ; but at Rustchuk, E., coming in from some business, found him aggrieved and forlorn—no pipe, no coffee—nothing to eat till sunset, because the Servian fasted, saying, this was a rest on the journey, and he could not openly take a different view of his duties while staying at the same khan. On arrival at Rustchuk E. was advised at once to send all his possessions across the Danube to the quarantine station at Giurgevo, in Wallachia, on the opposite side. This he did, and followed himself the next morning, taking leave of his Turkish friend with the promise to send from Vienna a choice cherry stick for his pipe.

The quarantine station at Giurgevo was a large square enclosure, a court in the middle with various separate buildings surrounding it. These quarantine buildings contained each a large bare room with a daïs at the end, and travellers having the same length of quarantine were allotted a room together. All might use the central court for exercise, provided they were careful not to touch any one of a different period of quarantine. Guardians were constantly present to see that this did not occur. If in any case the slightest contact took place the person in shorter quarantine had to undergo the longer period of the one he touched. E. went through the usual ceremony when he arrived. On the daïs of one of the large bare rooms was a little heap, which proved to be a suit of his clothes taken from his baggage and already disinfected. He was instructed to take off all the clothes he had on, which were promptly removed for disinfection, and to put on the others, in which he lived till liberated. One other man, an uninteresting person, arrived afterwards to share his quarantine and to go through the same performance. No one else was in their room.

The period of imprisonment was eight days, and food was to be had from the quarantine restaurant at enormous prices. E. spent almost his whole time walking up and down the courtyard with a man in a different quarantine, a very fine, handsome person, striking in appearance, very intelligent, and full of information about all the country round, which he evidently knew well. Hearing E.'s destination, he told him that he was sending a messenger direct to Vienna, who would have every facility for travel, and that if E. liked to join him he was welcome, and would make the journey with comfort. E., however, was keen to see

such a curious old Eastern place as Bukharest then was, with its Boyars and Wallachians, so he declined. He wondered much who his cultivated and distinguished-looking friend might be, who, however, at last incidentally declared himself, explaining, '*Parce que moi, monsieur, je suis négociant de sangsues.*' It then occurred to E. that all this country was a hunting-ground for leeches, then much prescribed by the doctors, and that if he had accepted the facilities offered for his journey to Vienna he would have been in company with a large stock of these medical luxuries.

E. celebrated his release from quarantine by attending a ball at Giurgevo, and then travelled the forty miles to Bukharest and put up at the inn called '*Khan Hamouk*,' a big place with balconies built round a courtyard which was full of horses and vehicles. There was a ladder to the first floor, where E.'s room was allotted him, and the quarters, as might be expected, abounded in fleas. The next morning he called on the consul, who was absent, but the acting-consul, Mr. Colquhoun, was most friendly and helpful. Hearing where E. was lodging, he at once asked him to his house to stay while at Bukharest. The vice-consul, too, enlightened him about the customs of the country. The law did not then allow a woman possession of her property until she married; consequently, marriages by arrangement were common, followed by separation at the church door and divorce; at a ball to which E. went, instances were pointed out to him illustrating such arrangements. The boyards of the place were deeply in debt, and living from hand to mouth as best they could.

E. stayed two or three days at Bukharest, and found it convenient to arrange his overland journey to Pesth in company with his fellow-lodger in quarantine, who, though by way of being a gentleman, was a stupid poor-spirited fellow. They both had too much luggage for posting, so hired a big waggon together and set off. Mr. Colquhoun was most helpful to E. about the journey, and gave him valuable advice. '*Had he got furs?*' '*No.*' They were absolutely necessary, and he produced and gave E. an old fur coat, saying that an English waterproof, if he liked to send out one, would amply repay it. '*Where were his fur boots?*' and E. got them in the town as directed, a great fur-lined pair that came over all up to the knees, and which with the fur coat proved invaluable for the cold and exposure of such a journey. '*What was he going to eat?*' He must take supplies with him, and a tongue and other

edibles were prepared. Then 'How would he cut his food?' E. showed a small penknife, but that wouldn't do at all; he must take the knife produced by his host, a miniature scimitar which would serve all peaceful purposes, though no doubt not primarily intended for such.

Thus equipped E. set out with his fellow-traveller. It was early in November, and the first snow had fallen and melted, leaving a chilly muddy condition of things, so that the waggon toiled heavily; the country was very flat and open, a splendid district for corn, wide plains broken here and there by a little mound which meant a small village and church. Further on the country became mountainous, and they crossed the Karpathians through a ruffianly-looking set of hillmen, among whom they were glad not to spend the night. E.'s companion was arrogant and bullying to the people on the plains, but his manner became obsequious to these mountaineers, as he candidly explained: '*Parce que j'ai peur de ces hommes-là.*' They travelled by Kronstadt through Transylvania, by Hermannstadt and Deva, then by the high road through the province of Banat in Southern Hungary, stopping at its capital, Temesvar, which had an Austrian garrison: after this their driver was so misguided as to make a 'short cut' for two or three days, and here their troubles were great. The waggon sank into heavy mud; a long pole carried for the purpose was sometimes used every five minutes to clear the spokes of the wheels from the sticky mass which clogged them. E. used chiefly to walk along the dyke, also in mud; they slept at the farms on the way, finding the farmers' wives civil, fowls plentiful, and cooking excellent. If E. wanted to converse with a native he had first to speak in French to his companion, who passed on the remark in Wallachian to the driver, who finally translated it to the local inhabitant in Magyar. They at last emerged from their short cut on to the chaussée at Szegedin, and there E. picked up a local newspaper and read of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

On arriving at Pesth, E. had just time to look at the old town of Buda, then took steamer to Vienna, slept at the hotel, and got the first eilwagen to Munich. This took two or three days, and he went on as fast as he could, stopping nowhere unnecessarily and sleeping nowhere in bed, except at Strasburg, between Vienna and Paris. No doubt he did sleep soundly at times, for once in the diligence he woke hearing a French officer exclaim, '*Ces Anglais, comme ils dorment! ma jambe est abîmée,*' and found he had been



jamming his fellow-passenger's leg against the iron step which in those days folded back inside the vehicle. He was nearly two months getting from Constantinople to England, having left Constantinople November 5th and reaching London Docks about December 31st; the journey cost him just under £50.

On reaching the docks on a cold dark day it took him some hours to get his luggage through the custom house. He drove off in an omnibus running west, and arrived home about seven, just in time to go with his parents to dine with his uncle, Sir John White. The Edward Cardwells were at this dinner, and with them Edward's sister, Jane Cardwell, whom E. now met for the first time. This was either December 31st, 1841, or January 1st, 1842.



## CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE—APPOINTMENT TO 'CRUIZER'—BORNEO—ATTACK  
UPON PIRATES

IN the summer of 1842 E. went on a trip abroad with his sisters Fanny and Susan, and his brother Frederick, up the Rhine, and to Switzerland. Captain Dalling, having once been round Mont Blanc by the Col de Bonhomme and Allée Blanche, was much impressed by the magnificent scenery, and having in May arrived at home with the *Daphne*, strongly advised their making this expedition, which they did, and narrowly escaped very serious trouble.

The weather was threatening when they started from Chamonix, and they ascended the Col de Bonhomme in thick mist turning to rain; as they approached the summit a 'tourmente' came on, with hail, fog, and wind, chilling and benumbing them so that the ladies had to get off their mules and were given brandy, the brothers being earnestly urged by the guides to rouse one of them, who showed dangerous symptoms of drowsiness. Exactly twenty years afterwards when E. and J. were at Chamonix in the summer of 1862, they took a young guide for the walk up the Flégère. He entertained them with talk, saying, that the night before he had been listening to adventures told by an old guide, now retired; this guide was telling his hearers how, long ago, he had been with a party of two English ladies and two gentlemen over the Col de Bonhomme when they were overtaken by a 'tourmente' and had a narrow escape. Their young guide repeated the familiar particulars, and, when he had finished, E. remarked: 'I was one of those gentlemen,' much to the surprise of the narrator, who looked at him with admiring respect.

From the time of first meeting the Cardwells at Sir John White's, E. became well acquainted with them, saw Edward C. constantly in London, and stayed with Mrs. Cardwell at Liverpool. About a year after E.'s return home he and





COMMANDER E. G. FANSHAWE

*(From a miniature by Sir William Ross, 1843.)*



MRS. E. G. FANSHAWE

*(From a miniature by Sir William Ross, 1843.)*





Jane became engaged, and they were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, May 11th, 1843.

After their wedding E. and J. drove to Delrow, Herts, lent to them by Sir Adolphus Dalrymple, and after staying there awhile went for a tour to the West, paying a visit first to Admiral and Mrs. Bouverie at Clyffe Hall, Devizes. On by Bath to North Devon, &c., and stayed with E.'s aunts Anne and Harriett F. at Torquay, and with his uncle Arthur in Durnford Street, Plymouth. Their temporary home was with Mrs. Cardwell at Liverpool, and in the summer they went on a trip to Scotland. During the two years which followed the paying off of the *Daphne*, Captain Dalling's intimacy with E.'s family continued, and tended towards a closer connection. On June 10th, 1844, he and E.'s sister Fanny were married, and from this time Captain Dalling served no more at sea. His brother, Sir Windham Dalling, having lent him his house, Earsham Hall, Norfolk, he and Fanny made this their home. In June 1844, E. and J.'s first child, E. C. F., was born at Liverpool, and three months later, on September 8th, E. was appointed to the command of the *Cruizer* 18-gun brig, eventually ordered to the East Indian station.

Having been through a course of study on steam at Seaward's private yard on the Thames, and having obtained his certificate, E. had thought it likely he would be appointed to a steamship, and had applied for the command of the fine steam sloop *Infernal*. She, however, was given to a commander who had *not* studied steam, and E. was appointed to a sailing ship. As the event proved, this was greatly to his advantage; for the *Infernal*, being stationed on the West Coast of Africa, was terribly decimated by fever, losing her commander and many men. She was brought home, thoroughly cleared out and disinfected, and her name changed to *Rosamond*; but the fever broke out again and again; all efforts to make the ship healthy proved useless, and she had to be broken up.

The *Cruizer* was to be fitted out at Chatham, and J. went with E. there: rail from London to Greenwich, steamer to Gravesend, coach on to Chatham. The superintendent of the dockyard was Admiral Shirreff, whom E. had known at Gibraltar in *Magicienne* days. He and his daughters were very kind and friendly to E. and J., who used to go with them sometimes for a sail in the dockyard yacht *Chatham*, a well-known craft in the Medway.

The *Cruizer* was already rigged and nearly manned. She went down to Sheerness just a fortnight after E. joined her, and E. and J. stayed with the Admiral there, Sir John White, for a few days till the ship was ready to go round to Spithead. J. came to Portsmouth, and E. and she were there together for a week; after which she left for Liverpool, escorted as far as London by Captain Dalling; and E. took up his quarters on board. The chief event during the following three weeks was the arrival on October 6th of the French King, Louis Philippe, with the formalities and gaieties consequent thereon. The ball given to the French by the English navy was very successful. The fleet anchored at Spithead to receive Louis Philippe consisted of the *St. Vincent* and *Queen* (Captain William Martin), with eight brigs, of which the *Cruizer* was one, which were assembled for sailing trials. On October 21st the *Queen* passed across from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth with all honours, and, it being Trafalgar day, visited the *Victory*. The captains and commanders lined the creek leading to the Clarence victualling yard, and cheered as she passed. Next day the fleet of brigs sailed for their first trials.

The Admiralty wished to test the qualities of new brigs by different builders, and the *Cruizer* was the old one whose deficiencies were to prove the merits of the new. The difference of size was considerable, the *Cruizer* being 385 tons, the new brigs varying from 400 to 430 tons. E.'s uncle, Sir John White, who was in command at Sheerness, had in his younger days (about 1801) commanded the first 18-gun brig of the *Cruizer* type, then regarded as a magnificent command and a vast improvement upon the old 10-gun class. Sir John still retained his old enthusiasm, and could not be persuaded that the new brigs would have a chance in the trials. 'Oh, stuff,' he said to the *Cruizer's* captain; 'you'll walk away from these new-fangled things.' Needless to say his prophecies were not fulfilled; the *Cruizer*, being small and old-fashioned, was nowhere in the brig trials, but E. pressed her far more than in ordinary circumstances she would have been pressed. People did not then know much about the forces acting on a ship pressed with sail. Later, when far more had been discovered on the subject, and when E. had studied it, he formed the distinct opinion that the *Cruizer* might well have capsized and gone to the bottom in these trials. The tests took place in the chops of the Channel and Bay of

Biscay, always in blowing weather with heavy seas; the new ships were far more fitted for their press of sail than the old brig, and they carried it well; but the *Cruizer* sometimes had the water over her lee gunwale, the lee guns hidden, all but their black backs, which seemed to rise and sink like porpoises. The experimental squadron went out at the end of October, and it was only in December that the *Cruizer* anchored in Plymouth Sound at the conclusion of the trials. The squadron was under the command of Commodore Corrie, well known as a sailor and yachtsman, whose pennant flew in the steam-frigate *Firebrand*. The brigs were:

*Daring*, 12 guns, Commander Matson; *Flying Fish*, 12 guns, Commander Robert Harris, 'Symonite' (i.e. built from Sir William Symonds' designs); *Mutine*, 12 guns, Commander Crawford; *Osprey*, 12 guns, Commander Patten; *Espiègle*, 12 guns; *Cruizer*, Commander Fanshawe, 18 guns; *Waterwitch*, Commander Tom Birch, 'Symonite,' 8 guns; *Pantaloön*, 'Symonite,' 8 guns.

The last two were smaller ships, not competing.

Competition was keen among the captains and led to some stirring incidents. On one occasion when most of the ships had already set royals Matson, who was rather precise, excited some wrath among his fellow-captains by signalling, 'Is it permitted to set royals?' Matson's brig, the *Daring*, was built by White, the great yacht-builder of Cowes, and carried off the palm for sailing, though E. considered that Symonds' *Flying Fish* was the best all-round vessel. Matson was very proud of his ship, and wrote to White a private letter relating her perfections, dwelling specially upon one occasion when 'we clapped the muslin on,' and she held her course while the *Mutine* had at various times carried away six jib-booms. The letter was private, and as such harmless, but White's yachting friends persuaded him to publish it; thereby causing utter wrath in 'Paddy' Crawford, captain of the *Mutine*, whose ship was erroneously stated to have lost six jib-booms, whereas it was Captain Patten's *Osprey* which had had that misfortune. When the squadron was in at Plymouth and Matson was one day coming back from the Admiral's office at Mount Wise, he met in Fore Street Paddy Crawford wending thither, who stopped on seeing the enemy, and in the full publicity of Fore Street, just opposite an eager row of 'cabbies,' poured out on Matson's head the full vials of his wrath in no measured language; 'he had falsely accused him of carrying away six



jib-booms, and what did he mean by asking permission to set royals when his betters had already set them?' &c. &c. Matson tried to appease him, saying he was sorry for the erroneous statement about the jib-booms—somewhat nettled, however, at its being called 'false.' Nothing could mitigate Crawford's wrath. 'Put on a plain coat and come behind Mount Edgcumbe!' Matson came to E. asking him to explain matters to Crawford, but the only response was, 'I don't care, let him come behind Mount Edgcumbe.' 'My dear fellow,' said E., 'Matson is just near his promotion; you don't suppose he'd be such a fool as to go with you behind Mount Edgcumbe and lose it' (the Admiralty having lately issued stringent orders against duelling). E. sailed for India before he had prospered much with Crawford, and was succeeded as peacemaker by Bob Harris (afterwards captain of the *Britannia*). Eventually Milne, who was flag-captain to his father, got an order to inquire into the matter and settle it officially.

Crawford dearly loved a fight. Some years later, at the time of the Chartist disturbances in 1848, E., being in London, met him one day just sworn in as a special constable, and commented on his having come over from Ireland. 'Oh,' said Crawford, 'there's going to be a row; of course I came—always come for a row.' 'Was he going to stay long?' 'Oh, no—there's going to be a row in Dublin; must go back soon—must be in time for the row in Dublin.'

After the trials were over the *Cruizer* put into Plymouth, and E. and J. stayed three weeks with Captain Arthur F., in Durnford Street. The Admiral at Plymouth was Sir David Milne, then an old man well on towards eighty. He retained ideas of the old French war and of ships sailing 'in con-sort.' E. was anxious to get off to his station, and not at all desirous to sail in consort with a commander senior to himself. On the last day of December the *Cruizer* was out in the Sound with powder on board all ready for sea, having shipped a box of silver required by the authorities at Hong Kong. The wind was favourable, and he presented himself at the Admiral's office hoping to receive his orders and permission to sail; Sir David again alluded to 'sailing in con-sort' (E. inwardly chafing); finally, the Admiral took up the orders, saying, 'Vera weel, Captain Fanshawe, here are y'r orders, and as I see ye are vera anxious to be off' (E. was putting out his hand), 'I shall just keep them in my desk till I mean ye to go mysel.' There was nothing for it but to

retire discomfited; later in the day, however, E., with faint hopes of better things, found some excuse for again looking in at the Admiral's office. He was accosted by the Secretary, 'Oh, Captain Fanshawe, here are your orders; the Admiral wished me to give them to you that you might put to sea.' The next morning, therefore, January 1st, 1845, the *Cruizer* sailed for the East Indies.

[Almost all that follows is extracted from a Journal kept by E. from the time of sailing until his promotion a year later.]

*January 1st, 1845.*—Sailed from Plymouth in command of H.M.S. *Cruizer*. We passed Madeira on the eighth day. We passed to the westward of St. Antonio (Cape de Verdes), at a distance of 30 miles, but had for a time baffling winds whilst under its lee. It is 7,400 feet high and a magnificent object. I think our route has been the best for this time of the year, except that we found 30 miles too close to pass St. Antonio; I should recommend 50.

We passed 390 miles east of Trinidad and about 1,400 miles of Rio Janeiro.

*February 26th.*—Anchored in Simon's Bay. I went to Capetown, which is a neat but dull town. Wynberg is a very pretty village, the resort of invalid Indians, who come to the Cape in large quantities and form an agreeable addition to the society. I spent a day with Mr. Frere at Newlands, and took a long scrambling ride and walk with him to Constantia, Hout's Bay, then by Camp's Bay to Capetown and back. We remained until March 9th, refitting, on which day we sailed, and stood to the southward three days.

We passed St. Paul's on the 18th day from leaving the Cape of Good Hope.

We made Christmas Island on April 12th, and the land about Java Head on the 14th; but did not enter Prince's Channel till the 16th. We entered the Strait of Sunda, by Prince's Strait, on April 16th, forenoon; passed the Button Island at the other extremity at half-past 11 p.m. I should have liked to have anchored at Anger, but we passed it in the night with a fair wind. We passed the Two



Brothers on the morning of the 17th, and made Lucehara Island, at the entrance of the Straits of Banca, on that of the 18th.

The Lucehara Passage, being fully described by Horsburg,<sup>1</sup> has no difficulty; he may, I think, be implicitly relied on by those who merely wish to pass through them. The tides should be carefully watched in the Strait of Banca, particularly in shaping a diagonal course across either of the reaches or bends of the Strait. After passing Banca, I decided upon going through the Rhio Straits, instead of passing outside the Island of Bintang, because it is shorter; and I had observed that we had not experienced more, or steadier, wind outside the different Straits we had passed through, than when passing through them. Of this Strait Horsburg gives less correct information than of the other places we have passed; and the Admiralty chart is most defective, not professing, however, to be drawn from good authority. I relied implicitly on Horsburg, and entered the Straits at night, with a full moon; and ran on well till 4 A.M., when we had a heavy, dark squall, and after running some time anchored, but found that we were already on the mud. We had no difficulty in heaving off with the stream, and we anchored off the town of Rhio, in order to send the master to sound the passage near Tercoli Island.

Having observed a man-of-war, Dutch schooner, lying at anchor, I sent Hinde with our chart to ask the commanding officer to allow him to compare it with theirs and mark off the channel. The first lieutenant was kind enough to lend me a beautiful chart of the Straits, published at Amsterdam in 1840; with this we got out famously; and I took a copy of it for the Admiral. It appeared that had we not touched the mud where we did, we should probably have grounded in a harder place, in following Horsburg and our chart.

We arrived at Singapore on April 24th, and found there the *Dædalus*, she having arrived two days before. She had fallen in with the *Cambria*, and learnt from her that the

<sup>1</sup> Horsburg was an East India Company merchant captain, author of a large book of directions upon sailing in these waters; a very interesting work, and the chief authority at that time upon the subject. It was supplied by the Admiralty as a service book to ships on the station.

Admiral wanted a ship from England to meet him at Penang. I therefore decided upon a trip to Penang, in hopes of meeting the Admiral, the distance being only about 300 or 400 miles.

The navigation of the Straits of Malacca is easy, but most tedious, owing to calms and heavy squalls of rain and wind, with thunder and lightning during the night.

*May 2nd.*—Joined the Admiral [Sir Thomas Cochrane] at Penang. . . .

When E. arrived at Penang Sir Thomas Cochrane, who knew his family, invited him to come and stay at the house he was occupying ashore. E. always found the Admiral personally kind, though those under his command considered him apt to find fault too frequently. Sir Thomas was very particular about every detail of uniform, and officers were always expected to wear Wellington boots; the climate being very hot, a compromise was made with the bootmakers ashore, by which a spurious kind of foot-gear was instituted which looked like the real thing, and was called ‘cheatee-cochrane.’ The makers, in all innocence, once asked the Admiral himself whether what he required were ‘cheatee-cochrane.’ Up to these days lieutenants wore only one epaulette, on the right shoulder, but in the beginning of 1845 two epaulettes became uniform.

While E. was staying with Sir Thomas Cochrane the *Osprey*, brig—one of his competitors in the sailing trials—arrived, and her captain, Patten, came up to report himself to the Admiral. Patten was despatched to New Zealand, which then formed part of the station, and his cruise had a calamitous end. He was making for the New Zealand coast at the mouth of an inlet called Hookyanga, where the local arrangement was, that an old pilot lived in a house on the height, and when there was high water on the bar waved a flag to any approaching ship to show they could safely come in. Patten approached in very thick weather, but saw the headland, the house at the right spot, and the man who came out waving a flag. He ran confidently in, crashed ashore, and the brig was hopelessly wrecked. The place was not Hookyanga; but another spot like it called False Hookyanga, the house was a farm, and the farmer, by a strange and unfortunate coincidence, waved a flag of welcome on seeing the ship. E. was back in England, and at

Portsmouth when the court-martial took place, and naturally was much interested in it. All the circumstances having been fully gone into, Patten was acquitted, the loss of the *Osprey* being held due to a very extraordinary and unlucky combination of circumstances.

*Journal resumed.*

*May 22nd.*—Orders for *Osprey*, *Cruizer*, *Wolverine*, and *Wolf* to sail for trials as far as the Arroo Islands.<sup>1</sup> I am then to go on to Singapore, to protect the junks from petty piracies, about Romania Point.

*May 30th* anchored at Malacca.

*June 2nd* arrived at Singapore. . . .

The old *Cruizer*, though she made a poor show in sailing with the modern brigs in heavy seas, could yet do something in favourable circumstances. In this cruise from Malacca to Singapore she beat the well-known fast opium clipper, *Anonyma*, greatly to the local surprise. This fact may possibly have enhanced her value when, a few years later, the Admiralty sold her out on the station for an opium clipper.

*Journal resumed.*

*June 4th.*—Sailed on a cruise, passed between Romania Islands and the great reefs; hove to till daylight. Passed between Pulo Tingy and the island to the south-west with deep water, but irregular soundings, generally about 19 or 20 fathoms. I was told afterwards that no passage was known through, and that a ship trying to make a short cut by that passage had run ashore.

We sailed round Pulo Tingy without being able to distinguish a vestige of habitation. There is a watering place, said to be good, on the western side, close to some mangrove bushes. The corresponding anchorage is a little to the northward of a point close to the west of the mangroves.

*8th.*—In the evening we stood over towards Tioman. Hove to between Tioman and Pisang till daylight; then

<sup>1</sup> After these trials the *Wolf* took on to China the silver brought from England by the *Cruizer*.

stood in to (where Horsburg says) there is a village on the S.-E. part of the island. I saw no signs of it. Exercised firing at a target for the double purpose of the practice and to inform all whom it might concern that a man-of-war was in the neighbourhood. A squall coming off the island about noon, I bore away towards the Anambas.

*June 8th.*—Passed Diamaja, the westernmost of the Anamba Islands. Having observed villages marked in the chart on two of the islands, I decided to visit them both. These islands were surveyed some years ago by the French, but they have been very rarely visited by Europeans. One of the villages was marked at the bottom of a deep and narrow creek, named Paris Cove, from the officer who conducted the survey. The wind suiting for taking this one first, we ran in; but when we had proceeded far enough to see the bottom no village appeared; and as the place seemed a perfect oven, I worked out again at once. The place was rather narrow, and once we had the rocks within three or four yards of the quarter, but did not touch. We then stood over to Terempa, the largest and principal village in the group, situated at the bottom of a small bay, with a shoal on the right going in. A vessel may anchor close to the houses, which are built on poles, between high and low water mark; we were about a cable and a half distant.

I am not aware that any man-of-war, or European vessel of any sort, has ever been in here before, except perhaps the *Phlegethon* steamer; the Frenchmen kept outside. The natives flocked on board and admired everything very much, particularly the guns, of which they seemed highly to approve. There is an inner creek, which forms a harbour for prahus, and seems to be fed by a small stream; altogether the place seems admirably adapted for a nest of pirates, both as regards itself and its position close to the China track. I should think, however, that Singapore is too close for them to avail themselves of these advantages on any but a very petty scale. There is a wretched stockade with three broken-down small guns, utterly useless. We noticed some Chinese, who appeared, as elsewhere, to perform the labour of the place. . . . . Returned to Singapore. . . . .



*June 17th.*—Proceeded to Romania Point for a week, sending the pinnace with her gun to show herself at the entrance of the Johore River, whence, I understood, small boats occasionally issued out to plunder. We anchored between the islands and the main, having been nearly swept on shore by the tide, which runs here with great rapidity, six knots at least in the springs. We could find no watering-place; some which exist occasionally being dry. We were occupied watching the junks as they passed until the 23rd, having been ordered to Romania Point to protect them from petty piracies in the neighbourhood, this being about the time they sail. This service completed, I returned to Singapore.

*July 5th.*—The *Fly* anchored during the night.

*July 6th.*—Went on board to see my old friends Blackwood and Shadwell, both rejoiced to see a friend; they had not heard from England for years, nor seen a man-of-war for sixteen months, nor any European vessel, except a few days before their arrival, for six months. . . .

[They had been surveying the barrier-reefs north of Australia.]

*16th.*—Anchored at Malacca at ten at night. The Admiral was gone up the Siak River in the *Vixen*.

*18th.*—At 6 P.M. the squadron weighed for the Straits of Singapore; we sailed in two columns.

*July 22nd.*—Anchored in the Straits of Singapore, off the Buffalo Rock, about nine miles from the town; we remained at this anchorage till the 25th, completing to three months provisions, &c.

*25th.*—Sailed from the Straits of Singapore with the squadron. . . .

As E. spent the next six weeks on the Borneo coast and was concerned in operations there, it may be well to give a few notes on the state of affairs in this part of the island. These are taken from E.'s journal, and from the journals and memoranda of Rajah Brooke.<sup>1</sup>

'Borneo,' as the north-western part of the island was then specially called, had its native capital at Brunè, on the river of the same name; but the south-western part of

<sup>1</sup> The spelling of names, titles, &c., in Borneo, is taken from Rajah Brooke's journals.



'Borneo' was the separate province of Sarāwak, whose capital, and the river on which the capital is situated, bear also that name. South of the Sarāwak boundary all the known countries were under the influence, by treaty, of the Dutch.

Sarāwak had been thrown into rebellion about five years before by Sheriff Usop, an illegitimate son of the late Sultan, whose object it was to embroil the country for his own benefit. In quelling this insurrection effectual assistance had been rendered to the Rajah, Muda Hassim, by Mr. Brooke, an English gentleman then navigating the Borneo seas in his yacht, and, on order being restored, the rajahship of the province was offered to him; this offer, after six months' consideration, was accepted. Sheriff Usop was afterwards restored to favour, and having become prime minister, governed the province of Borneo proper, or Brunè (which includes the capital), during the absence of Muda Hassim, who remained at Sarāwak.

The native sovereign of Borneo, residing at Brunè, was the Sultan Omar Ali, a weak imbecile man under the influence of whichever of his subordinate 'rajahs' or 'pangerans' could grasp the chief power. It was the Sultan's uncle Muda Hassim who had been Rajah of the Sarāwak province at the time of the rebellion in 1839 and 1840, and who, in September 1841, made over the rajahship to Brooke. Muda Hassim, however, lived on for nearly three years at Sarāwak as a pangeran, rather embarrassing Brooke's government by his intrigues. On the whole, however, he was favourable to the English, and in 1844 Brooke went up to Brunè taking with him Muda Hassim and his fine spirited brother Budrudeen, and installed them as chief advisers to the weak Sultan, obliging him to dismiss his anti-English and anti-reform minister Sheriff Usop. Usop and Muda Hassim were natural rivals and opponents, the former aspiring as a relative of the Sultan (though illegitimate), to the succession; while Muda Hassim was by Borneo custom the real heir-presumptive, Omar Ali having no son. Brooke in his journals thus summarised the situation early in 1845: 'With reference to present politics I may remark that the Sultan is weak and doubtful; Pangeran Usop clever, mercantile, and adverse—at least so I may reckon; Sheriff Osman is a pirate, positively and undoubtedly a pirate direct and indirect. These two are in communication with each other, but how intimately I cannot venture to say. . . . On the other hand is the party of

Muda Hassim, with a numerous connection and six-tenths of the population. . . . One circumstance is to Muda Hassim's disadvantage; namely, his being the corrective party aiming to do good; the opposite party are evil workers who can promise plunder as the price of success. . . .'

With regard to the piracy prevalent on the coast of Borneo, Rajah Brooke wrote a long memorandum, dated Singapore, March 31st, 1845, which E. studied with great interest. In this Brooke indicates the advantages to be derived from a British occupation of the island of Labuan, and this was effected a year and a half later. Extracts from this paper are as follows:—

'The piracy of the Eastern Archipelago is entirely distinct from piracy in the Western world; for, from the condition of the various governments, the facilities offered by natural situation, and the total absence of all restraint from European nations, the pirate communities have attained importance on the coast and islands most removed from foreign settlements; thence they issue forth and commit depredations on the native trade; enslave the inhabitants at the entrance of rivers, and attack ill-armed or stranded European vessels; and, roving from place to place, they find a market for their slaves and plunder. The old-established Malay governments (such as Borneo and Suluk), weak and distracted, are probably, without exception, participators in or victims to piracy, and in many cases both; purchasing from one set of pirates and enslaved and plundered by another; and whilst their dependencies are abandoned, the unprotected trade languishes from the natural dread of the better disposed natives of undertaking a coasting voyage. . . . I had once the opportunity of counting 98 boats about to start on a cruise, and reckoning the crew of each boat at the moderate estimate of 25 men, it would give 2,450 men on a piratical excursion. . . .

The number of Borneans yearly taken into slavery is very considerable, as a fleet of six or eight boats usually hover off the island of Labuan to cut off the trade and to catch the inhabitants of the city [of Brunè]. A port like Labuan or Balambangan [belonging to the English] would beyond doubt give an impetus to trade merely from the absence of all restrictions and the absence of all exactions which the natives would enjoy, and, piracy being checked, countries which now lie fallow would, from its proximity, be induced to bring their produce into market. . . .

Supposing, as I have said before, the occupation of

Labuan by the English, our influence over the Government of Brunè would be complete, and one of the principal objects would be to retain this ascendancy as a means of extending our trade. . . .

. . . . I may remark that commerce might be extended and capital laid out on the north-west coast of Borneo to an amount to which it is difficult to fix limits; as the country is capable of producing most articles of commerce in demand from this quarter of the world, and the natives (who, as far as we know them, are an unwarlike, mild, industrious race) would receive our manufactures from which they are now in great measure debarred. . . . In order to extend our commerce in those seas generally, and more particularly in the north-west of Borneo, it is requisite: first, that piracy be suppressed. . . . In the first place, a blow should be struck at the piratical communities with which we are already acquainted, and struck with a force which should convince all other pirates of the hopelessness of resistance. . . .

I would especially urge that, in order to eradicate the evil, the pirate haunt must be burnt and destroyed, and the community dispersed. . . .

Sheriff Osman, a half-bred Arab, is located in Malludu Bay, and has (by account) from 1,500 to 2,000 men with him. He is beyond doubt a pirate both direct and indirect, and occasionally commands in person, or employs the Illanoons of Tampasuk and others to the eastward, who for their own convenience make common cause with him; he has no pretension to the territory he occupies, and the authority he exerts (by means of his piratical force) even on the interior tribes in his vicinity and on the island of Palawan, is of the worst and most oppressive description. This Sheriff in all probability never came in contact with any Europeans, and consequently professes that he holds their power in scorn. To my own knowledge Sheriff Osman seized and sold into slavery a boat's crew (about 20 men) of the *Sultana* merchant ship which was burnt in the Palawan passage. Within the last few months he has burnt and plundered a European vessel stranded near Monger Isles, and to show his entire independence of control, his contempt of European power, and his determination to continue in his present course, he has threatened to attack the city of Brunè in consequence of the Brunè Government having entered into a treaty with Her Majesty's Government for the suppression of piracy.

*Journal resumed.*

In the autumn of 1844 Captain Bethune, R.N., was commissioned by the English Government to proceed to Borneo with various instructions, one of the most important of which was to fix on a spot where a settlement might be established for the prevention of piracies in that part of the China sea, and for the general extension of commerce. He accordingly arrived at Singapore early in 1845; and, having visited Borneo, he met Sir Thomas Cochrane at Singapore. The Admiral had then collected some ships, and was shortly afterwards joined by others, and, on being made acquainted through Captain Bethune's orders of the wishes of Government, he resolved to annihilate the principal stronghold of the pirates in the north of Borneo and also to destroy the influence of Usop at Brunè. . . .

It was considered that the destruction of the Malludu forts and town would be a fatal blow to the piracies in that neighbourhood; and with that view, and also to put down Usop, his associate at Brunè . . . the Admiral approached the shores of Borneo.

*July 29.*—The squadron having arrived off Santobong, at the entrance of the Sarāwak river, the Admiral, accompanied by Mr. Brooke, Captain Bethune, and the captains of the squadron, went up to Kuching or Sarāwak, Mr. Brooke's capital; we arrived there about 2 P.M. There are at Kuching a few Englishmen: Roepell, assistant, and Williamson, interpreter to Brooke; Low, a botanist sent out by his father; Cruikshank, a connection of Brooke's; and Kentig, a settler, who is also merchant and shopkeeper in the establishment. There is also a doctor (Treacher), but he was at Singapore.

*July 30th.*—At 11 P.M. we started to return to the ships, and about 4 or 5 A.M. reached them at anchor off Tanjong Po; they were busy watering.

*August 1st.*—At noon the squadron weighed for Brunè. Anchored that evening.

[Brooke accompanied the Admiral and remained with him during the subsequent operations at Malludu.]



During the following days the boats were employed sounding the channel into the [Brunè] river, which is now clearly defined and easy of navigation.

*August 8th.*—Pangeran Budrudeen, the brother of the Rajah [Muda Hassim], visited the Admiral in the forenoon. He came down in a large canoe with a grand retinue, went round the decks, &c. The same day I was despatched, and also the *Wolverine*, to cut wood at Labuan for the steamers, an island about twelve miles to the northward, which is one of those proposed for a settlement.

On the following day the Admiral went up [the river] to Brunè, with the *Vixen*, *Nemesis*, and some armed boats and marines. On visiting the Sultan he represented that Sheriff Usop had been known to have in his possession English subjects (from Hindostan) as slaves, and that he was a receiver of the English goods taken in piracy, and therefore requested that he might be given up. The Sultan replied that he did not wish to keep him, but that he had not the power to seize him, but that the Admiral might do so. The Admiral then sent a message to Usop requesting to meet him at the Sultan's. He answered that he would not come. He was then desired to go on board the *Vixen*, which of course he refused. A shot was then fired over his house, which he promptly returned with three or four, and his whole establishment was immediately levelled by the guns of that vessel and the *Nemesis*, which latter vessel had taken up a flanking position in a branch of the river on Usop's left, whilst a gap between the houses fronting the centre of the river allowed the *Vixen* to play away upon him in front. The marines were landed, but Usop and all his family having made off, they were re-embarked. . . .

A curious incident happened that night. The men came off on board the *Vixen* hot, dead-tired, and excited after their day's doings. The steamer's own men and also all the boats' crews lay down for the night huddled together on deck under the awnings. Sentries were posted, boat-keepers left in the boats, and all others were soon asleep. Suddenly in the silence and darkness a cry rose, 'The Malays are upon us—the Malays are upon us!' The tired men woke with a start, and with visions of Malays and 'krisés.' The shout was



taken up and a general panic and stampede set in. Those on deck tried to rush down, men from below struggled up—some pushed into the boats—one or two jumped overboard. Lyster, the flag-captain, had been accommodated with a berth in the dispensary; he, starting up and making for the door in the dark, became involved in a confused mass of gallipots and physic bottles, but, resolutely disengaging himself, he arrived on deck. The first lieutenant, Wilcox, heard the noise from the gunroom, where stood a rack containing the officers' swords; he seized a bundle of them as he hurried on deck, and began serving them out. Captain Gifford rushed up, with short shirt and thin legs, to take command, and, amid the turmoil, a small quiet voice was heard from abaft the mizenmast, where a screen had been erected for the Admiral's cot:—'What's the matter? will anybody tell me what's the matter?' In the darkness nobody could see what was happening; but, finally, the first lieutenant found a sentry, and asked him, what was the cause of the excitement and where were the Malays? 'Lor, sir,' was the answer, 'there ain't no Malays at all, it's only Mr. Kennedy a-dreaming,' and so it proved; the exhausted marine officer was fighting his battles o'er again in his sleep, and had grappled with his sleeping neighbour, who raised the cry which resulted in all this commotion.

E. with the *Cruizer* and Clifford with the *Wolverine*, who had been despatched to cut wood for the steamers at Labuan, found that scarcely any one had been there for many years. About the middle of the eighteenth century a settlement had been made on the island, but either the pirates themselves, or the fear of the pirates, had been too much for the settlers; they soon deserted it. The remains of the settlement could be traced, now overgrown with small wood which had not yet attained the size of the neighbouring trees.

The coast from Sarāwak to Brunē at this time was not well known or surveyed. Sir Thomas Cochrane, in bringing the squadron up, ordered the *Cruizer* ahead to take soundings continuously, so as to give due warning of shoal water to the larger ships. The flagship kept close astern of the *Cruizer*, the rest of the squadron following. The orders were carefully carried out. E. remained on deck all day and the following night until 4 A.M., superintending the navigation and the soundings continuously taken by his orders. At 4 A.M. he gave charge to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Hinde, a good officer, whom he thoroughly trusted, and went below for rest. He had scarcely gone down when

there was a great commotion, and the flagship was almost on top of the *Cruizer*. The Admiral's ship had altered course, as was proved by her top-light becoming visible while her yards were square. Hinde altered course correspondingly; the flagship, however, had only 'yawed,' resuming her former direction; and by the time that Hinde could get way-on in his old course a collision was imminent, but, happily, was just averted. By Sir T. Cochrane's order E. was hailed to come on board the flagship in the morning, when he found the Admiral reproachful; not easily pacified by the statement that his ship had showed her top-light, and the suggestion that she had yawed, which he could not be got to entertain.

*Journal resumed.*

*August 12th.*—The squadron came to us at Labuan and immediately began cutting wood for the steamers. It took them two days, in addition to our previous exertions, to cut enough for our three steamers; so much for steamers attached to a squadron where no coal can be procured. It took two brigs' ship's companies amply supplied with tools six days, and a line-of-battle ship, two frigates, and three steamers two days, to complete one war steamer (*Vixen*), and two small company's steamers (*Pluto* and *Nemesis*), each of them having previously on board some fuel.

*August 14th.*—We, who had been inside, shifted out to the fair way in the afternoon, being ordered to lead up the coast, which is but little known.

*15th.*—The squadron weighed and proceeded between Labuan and the main to the northward; we anchored at night with Pulo Gaya E. by N. half N.

*16th.*—Weighed at 6 A.M., and got round Cape Sampan-mangio at night; we were sent back to lead up the frigates, each one of which had a company's steamer in tow from Labuan to save fuel. We were all at anchor round the Cape by half-past 9 P.M.

*August 17th.*—At 5.30 A.M. weighed and stood, and worked into Malludu Bay. At 10.30 we experienced a very heavy squall, to which we shortened all sail; no damage done. The flagship anchored about 11.30. The Admiral recalled *Wolverine* and *Cruizer*, and called Clifford and me

on board. He desired me to lead up the bay, the *Wolverine* to be half a mile astern, and the *Agincourt* (flagship) half a mile astern of her. He weighed at 1 o'clock and we went up the bay in the above order; about 6 P.M. the flagship anchored, and we and the *Wolverine* were ordered to anchor near the *Vixen* and prepare to be towed. In the evening we all went on board the flagship and received the memo. containing the plan of attack. . . .

The squadron present consisted of the following ships: *Agincourt* (flag) line-of-battle ship, Acting-Captain Lyster; *Vestal*, frigate, Captain Talbot; *Vixen*, man-of-war steamer, Commander Gifford; *Cruizer*, brig, Commander E. G. Fanshawe; *Wolverine*, brig, Commander Clifford; *Nemesis* and *Pluto*, small steamers belonging to the East India Company. The steamers had been laboriously provided with wood fuel, and had actually been towed by the *Vestal* and *Dædalus* in order to save it, with a view to their steaming up the Malludu river to the attack. The bar at the river's mouth prevented this, however. The *Vixen*, being brought as near as possible to the bar, was used as a flagship, so that her commander, Gifford, was not present at the fight. The *Dædalus*, frigate, Captain Peter McQuhae, was also not at Malludu. The large ships remained in the bay; the *Cruizer*, *Wolverine*, and the two small steamers got closer in, near the *Vixen*. Captain Talbot commanded the attacking force, acting-Captain Lyster was second, E. third, in seniority.

### *Journal resumed.*

*August 18th.*—At daylight we sent our hawsers to the *Vixen* and took in the *Wolverine's*, and sent our marines to the *Vixen*. At 7 we weighed and proceeded up the bay in tow. The Admiral in the *Vixen*. The *Nemesis* and *Pluto* in company with the gunboats. At noon the *Vixen* anchored, and we held on by our hawsers. The *Pluto* went up towards the mouth of the river, but grounded about two miles off. The idea of getting the steamers into the river, and also of having a large landed force, as per memo., appears then to have been abandoned, as at half-past 1 all boats manned and armed were ordered to the *Vixen*.

I went on board, and was installed in general command of the boats under Captain Talbot, and having arranged with him the order they should pull-in in two lines, I went away and marshalled them all in their places. In the meantime I took an opportunity of sending our pinnace back for their proper crew, as they, being principally the best men in the ship, had been taken as shore party. We otherwise should have had but a sorry crew for the work. At 3 P.M., I having reported to Captain Talbot that the boats were all ready for a start, he ordered us to set off with three cheers, and the two lines immediately began to shoot ahead towards the river. I was a good deal occupied in keeping the lines perfect, some of the boats being eager, and some of the dull ones requiring spurring, &c. When we approached the *Pluto* the flagship's launch grounded, but was soon off again. 'Heard,' of the flagship, who was on board the *Pluto*, having rigged out a field piece in one of her cutters, joined us here, making altogether twenty boats in the two lines, besides a cutter of the *Vixen's* with the interpreter (Williamson) and Malay pilots, in which boat was Captain Talbot, and Lieutenant Bonham to act as beach-master. Captain Talbot's gig as a despatch boat; Lyster, Clifford, and myself in our own gigs; a total of twenty-five boats containing 550 seamen, marines, and officers. We anchored about 7 just outside the island at the mouth of the river, as the tide was too low to cross the bar. About half-past 10 we weighed again and crossed the bar, and at midnight anchored again well inside the river, ready to push up the next morning. The captains' boats were made fast together in the van.

*August 19th.*—All were stirring early, but ample time was allowed for the men to 'clean' and breakfast, as the tide did not encourage us to weigh till 7 o'clock. We then pulled up the river as before in two columns, close order. When we had proceeded four or five miles, Captain Talbot, desiring me to take charge, went ahead with the other gigs to reconnoitre. After we had gone on three or four miles further the pilots said we were getting near, and from the symptoms of alarm they showed they evidently thought so: I therefore made the boats pull easy until Talbot's return.



He soon came back with information that there was a boom with a 3-gun battery looking down upon it. He had not seen the other forts. The last preparations were then made, guns loaded, and gunboats<sup>1</sup> ordered to the front. A question arising whether round or grape shot should be used, orders were given to load with grape at first, and then at discretion, judging distance and the effect produced.

About 600 yards below the battery was a turn in the river at right angles. Orders being given for the gunboats to advance, we rounded the corner, and saw at once the boom, and the battery about 230 yards beyond it. The main battery was to our left, hidden by some underwood. We had no sooner shown ourselves than a canoe was seen coming down with a flag of truce. The principal man in her was known to Williamson as the son of an Arab Sheriff at Brunè; he was a perfect specimen of a noble Arab, slight, handsome, with an insinuating elegant manner, but with some traces of cunning. He was despatched by Sheriff Osman to ask why there should be war between us, &c. Captain Talbot said that Osman must give himself up in half an hour, or he would attack him. When the Arab found that his blindest address produced no effect, he returned with that answer, but soon came back a second time to propose that one or two boats should be allowed to pass the boom to discuss the point. This, of course, was not listened to, and our Arab returned from his fruitless mission. In an hour afterwards he was a mangled corpse in the battery.

On the flag of truce leaving us the second time the gunboats, which had been kept back during the negotiations, were ordered to range along the boom; but they had hardly done so when the Arab disappeared round the point near, and a well-directed fire plunged amongst us. The scene which immediately followed was, I suppose, the natural consequence of men going into action when not accustomed to it. Every man thought it necessary to fire his musket in the air, or wherever it happened to be pointed at the moment, without the slightest attempt at 'covering' any

<sup>1</sup> By 'gunboats' are meant the launches and large boats of the squadron armed with carronades.



object. I, at the moment, was close up at the boom, and a gunboat's bow overlooking us, I instantly made all the men lie down at the bottom of the boat to enable the gunboat, if ready, to fire over us; but, finding they were not ready, I took the opportunity to disengage myself, and then endeavoured to enforce Captain Talbot's orders to cease firing musketry. It was some minutes before order could be restored. I pulled up to our own cutter, and seeing one or two of our marines (recruits) reloading, I attacked the corporal and midshipman of the boat. They said they *could* not get them to cease firing. I threatened them with punishment the moment they got on board; which I believe produced the desired effect.

Meantime the gunboats had begun to keep up a good fire, but the enemy's guns having been previously well laid at the boom with great accuracy, several casualties had occurred. Poor Gibhard, mate of the *Wolverine*, who had been ordered to assist cutting away the boom, was shot through the body by a grape-shot from one of the guns. I was close to his boat as he was passed in from the shore, where he had been at work. He was shot right through the body, and I thought was dead, but he lingered a day or two. At the same moment on looking round I saw the *Dadalus'* boat receive a round shot, which killed two, knocking one man's head clear off, and apparently wounded others. Paynter immediately after dropped out of the line. He afterwards got into his rocket boat; and having landed and found out a convenient place, began firing rockets, which were of great service. The cannonading lasted about fifty-five minutes; during which time we lost eight killed or mortally wounded, and thirteen wounded, almost all these casualties occurring, I think, within the first ten minutes when the enemy's guns were well laid for the boom, and ours had not got the direction, as, owing to the underwood, we did not at first distinguish the battery to our left, which was the most fatal to us. When Paynter had landed to set up his rockets, he got into a convenient position for seeing how our shots told. He then observed that we were not firing enough to the left, and, by hailing to that effect, he attracted my attention, and I exerted myself to get it

remedied, so that ultimately our fire was too hot for the enemy to do us much harm.

Lyster was all the time hard at work at the end of the boom; and towards the end of the time above mentioned (55 minutes), had reported that the cutters might be forced through; they were therefore called up. The cutters had not remained round the corner, as was originally intended, but had kept in the rear out of the line of fire, so that they were, in fact, as little or less exposed than they would have been had they so remained. We found some difficulty in forcing through the first few; but the gap opened a little in doing so, and we soon had a good force on the right side. Wilcox, whose boat I was near at the moment, proposed that they should be sent up the river, and attack the forts in the rear; but Lyster being close at hand, I turned to him, and mentioned it to him, as being Wilcox's suggestion. He, thinking, I suppose, the time come, said, 'I'll do it at once.' I asked him if he would come into my gig, which, being shorter, would sooner get through the crowd of boats at the opening; he said, no, he would go in his own boat; so away he went, and I close at his heels. We squeezed through, making the cutters give way for us, and pulled right up across the line of fire. A few of the cutters had gone on, the others followed, and the gunboats were at last able to pass. We pulled right up to the three-gun battery and climbed up the stockade at the outer angle. It was deserted; and on descending the other side of it, and passing on to a few houses built along the branch of the river which runs through the village, we saw nobody except one poor wounded man. . . . There were some prahus hauled up on this side; and I was left in charge of this side of the river, to burn and destroy. Some of the houses had gunpowder in them. We had to search them first, and also the prahus. We then burnt them all. Heard, who was with me, I sent up the river on the same side, to burn whatever houses or prahus he could find. I had some difficulty in restraining the plundering; because, as I had no other orders than to burn everything, and I did not know how much time it was intended to remain, I did not think it proper to allow time to be wasted in plundering. Last of all we set fire to the battery, having



ACTION WITH PIRATES, BORNEO, 1845

*(From a sketch by E. G. F.)*





taken out from underneath all the powder we could find. I, however, did not feel by any means secure until I had seen the flames penetrate every part. We had previously spiked the guns, and thrown two of them into the river.

Captain Talbot, and the larger part of the force which came up after us, had landed on the nearer side of the river, where the large battery was. Here was ample proof that our shot had not been thrown away. There were a great number of dead in the battery, some of them evidently persons of distinction; amongst others, our friend of the flag of truce. Here was the principal part of the village or town, and here a great deal of plunder was obtained, as, Captain Talbot being present, there was not the same check as I felt it proper to place on our side, being acting under orders. As with us there was no resistance on this side; in fact, all notion of fighting was over after we had passed the boom in large numbers; though nothing could be more determined than the conduct of the enemy was whilst they had us barred out from approach. Their flagstaff was knocked over during the firing, which was hailed by us with three cheers; but a man was soon seen to shin up the broken staff, and stop the colours up again.

Had it been known that there was no river between us and the main battery, the business might have been settled in a much shorter time by landing the marines and attacking it in flank. But Captain Talbot repeatedly asked the pilots (as I was told afterwards by Williamson, who acted as interpreter), who assured him that there was a river there, and Paynter, who from his position overlooked the ground, confirmed their statement. It happened that there was a sheet of water, appearing like a river, but which was not knee deep. This confirmation left no doubt, and it was consequently considered that through the boom was the only means of getting at them. Rodney, however, with our pinnace's crew and marines, followed by the *Wolverine's*, actually did advance upon the forts by this route, instead of waiting for his turn to pass the boom, and many of the marines went down that way to re-embark as an easier method than having their boats kept waiting up at the landing place. About half-past 11 orders were given to re-embark;

and by noon, or a little after, all were below the boom and on their way down the river.

The boom was a most formidable barrier, formed of large trunks of trees bolted down underneath to a chain cable (once an English ship's, the *Sultana's*). The chain cable was not only strongly clenched to large trunks of trees driven into the banks, but was moored also to the bottom, at intervals. At first it was attempted to fracture the chain near the left-hand end of it, then to cut off the top of the trunk, and lift the turns of the chain off one by one. At last one or two of the inner bolts or fastenings of the inner trunk were got loose; this trunk being only about ten or twelve feet long, was thus enabled to swing a little, and to allow the boats to pass singly.

A boat was appropriated to the wounded and taken in tow by two others, the rest pulled down the river at random; at the mouth we met, coming down another river, a canoe with a flag of truce; it contained two Manila men who had been taken as slaves, and had made their escape in the general confusion. They were taken on board, and afterwards sent to Manila. Some of the boats grounded, and they all got scattered in passing the bar, and just at the moment that there seemed a prospect of some or all remaining there for the night, Captains Talbot and Lyster thought it very necessary that they should hasten on board the *Vixen*. They therefore left me in charge. However, fortunately just at that time some found the right channel, and they all filed off, including the wounded boat, and those towing her, which we were most anxious about. One was on shore, which detained me about an hour. However, we got on board the *Vixen* about half-past four or five, and I was greeted by Sir Thomas Cochrane with congratulations upon being safe and sound. . . .

Sir Thomas Cochrane, who, with Rajah Brooke and Captain Bethune, had been awaiting on board the *Vixen* the result of the attack, was in some anxiety at the length of time—fifty-five minutes—for which the firing continued. At length Brooke exclaimed, It was all right, he could see black smoke. The white smoke of the guns and the firing ceased, and the black smoke of burning the pirate stronghold was seen instead.

This was the first occasion on which the *Cruizer's* men tested a new cartridge-belt which, when the brig was fitted out, was just beginning to be issued by the Admiralty, and which E. had taken some pains to secure for his men. The old belts had attached to them a curved block of elm-wood with holes for the cartridges. The new belts had on them leather receptacles properly covered from wet. At the fight E. as well as his men took a musket and had on a cartridge-belt. In landing they had to wade through water that came above the belt. Afterwards in returning to the boat they found a hut which had been set on fire fallen across the path and burning there. Seeing he could spring through the fire E. did so and his men followed him. Only afterwards did it occur to him that each of them was girthed round with cartridges. Nobody exploded however, and the new belt proved to have protected the cartridges from both fire and water, for after return on board they were found quite good.

*Journal resumed.*

Meantime Captain Talbot had made his report, and it had been determined to send up a detachment of boats under Gifford to complete the destruction of the forts and bring off the brass guns. Rodney, therefore, with our pinnace was off again before he had been two hours on board. This detachment arrived the next morning and finished the destruction, but the boom completely puzzled them, and they were obliged to leave it much in the same state as we had left it the day before. They fell in with a party of the enemy, some of whom were shot in retreating.

*August 20th.*—After breakfast, on my waiting on the Admiral, he told me that he was making his arrangements for the disposal of the squadron, and that one of the two brigs would be required to go to India to relieve the *Serpent*, which vessel was ordered home, but was to come first to Singapore to wait an instalment of China ransom ; the other would go to China, and lie at one of the ports there ; such being the case, and I being the senior, he gave me my choice. I replied, that I had no hesitation in taking India. I knew of nothing going on in China. The Admiral said he thought I was right (my own inclination being to see India in preference to China). He told me that he meant to send me

to Bankoka, a river on the east part of Malludu Bay, to explore it, and that he should come over there the next day. I was to take the *Dædalus*' pinnace, with Randolph (who had been attached to the *Cruizer* since we started in tow of *Vixen*), her launch, and the *Vestal's* pinnace with Pasco.

I went on board, collected the boats, and got off with the first of the sea breeze. We found the mouth of the river, and anchored off it about half-past 1. At 3 we left Pasco and myself in the gig, Hinde and Randolph in our cutter, and King in the jolly boat, to find out a way through the reefs which appeared to guard the mouth of the river in a most formidable manner. We determined to try the north end first, as we thought we could see an opening there. The sea breeze had freshened up almost to a gale with a high short sea; we were therefore, in the gig, under a close-reefed sail; just as we were nearing the reef a sea lifted our stern and rudder out of the water, so that the boat was for the moment unmanageable, and another tremendous sea following broke into the sail and turned her right over. I soon found that, although I had not been overboard for years, I was quite at home; but seeing Eastor in distress, I took my jacket off and went to help him. Pasco was near, and had some of the oars, which he gave to Eastor. The cutter was near enough to see us, and immediately came to the rescue, and we were soon hauled in after a providential escape. The jolly boat first and cutter afterwards towed the gig; but after pulling for nearly six hours we anchored her with the cutter anchor, recovering her next day, and went on board. The accident happened at a quarter to 4, as I found my watch stopped at that time, and we did not get on board till 10. I regretted much the loss of my gun, which I had had in the boat; a gift from my father.

*August 21st.*—At 6 A.M. we got away again and tried the southern end; here we found a good passage in, but seeing the steamers coming I only went four or five miles up the river. On my return I found that the Admiral had not anchored, but had gone at once to join his flagship, which had been at anchor in the bay during all the operations. He left a memorandum for me, desiring me to join him at the south anchorage of Balambangan after I had explored



the Bankoka. I therefore decided to remain another day, and go up the river until I came to the town, if there was one. The *Wolverine* came to us in the afternoon, bringing Rodney with our pinnace from the second Malludu trip, and having orders to take from us the *Vestal's* and *Dædalus'* pinnace, leaving with us the *Dædalus'* launch. I was sorry to lose Pasco, as he had been in a surveying vessel and was useful in that line; however, we had done the mouth, and the reefs off it, and there only remained the soundings and the direction of the different reaches of the river.

*August 22nd.*—At daylight left the ship with the gig and cutter ahead, the pinnace and *Dædalus'* launch following. We went about twenty miles up the river, sounding, taking the directions of the reaches by compass, and judging their lengths; marking down on paper as we went. Having proceeded the above distances we came to a small village on the left bank of the river. The inhabitants nearly all ran away at our appearance, though the large boats had been carefully kept back out of sight. One old gentleman, who appeared to be a leading man in the place, called for his canoe and spear, and awaited our approach with one or two of his household. We soon convinced him that our intentions were peaceable, and we tried to barter clothes for fowls, but we had not anything that was acceptable.

Bankoka is a small wretched-looking village; but I imagine from the old gentleman's account that it has some local importance, as being the trading post between the Dyaks and the Malays of the coast. The Dyaks bring down rice, camphor, and beeswax, and receive in return European clothes, iron, &c.; money is quite useless. We saw, however, no sign of those goods when we were there, except a few bales of rice. The river is navigable for large prahus as far as the village; indeed, we never had less than a fathom, and that only in some places where there probably would have been a deeper passage in another part of the stream. The old man told me that Shireff Osman made their village pay tribute, not only to himself, but also to Sula, because he had married a Sula lady, the daughter of the Rajah. He was much rejoiced on my telling him that Malludu was destroyed. Altogether our amicable conference

will, I think, have done some good, as it will show the people, who have seldom or never seen Europeans, that we are well disposed towards them, and not inclined to deal with them as the piratical chiefs have always done; and, they being in communication with the natives of the interior, it will tend to spread that impression through the neighbouring country. We got on board by nine at night.

*August 23rd.*—Sailed at 4 P.M., and about eleven joined the squadron at Balambangan. I thought the ship's company pretty well knocked up; but we got more wood-cutting to occupy a party all the afternoon, and watering at night. The Admiral told me that I was to take Mr. Brooke and Captain Bethune down the coast to Brunè and Sarāwak, and the latter on to Singapore.

*August 24th.*—We all had a parting dinner at the Admiral's: he told me that Captain Talbot was to inspect us at quarters next morning at six o'clock.

*August 25th.*—I went on board the flagship and got my orders. Whilst on board the *Vestal* got under weigh with her steamer, and got on a shoal. The *Vixen*, which had sailed before, was recalled to assist, and in coming in got on the same shoal. This was rather a contretemps for the winding up of the Borneo campaign, but I believe no damage was done. The Admiral took a kind farewell of me, and I returned to my ship to await the arrival of my passengers, who did not come till 2 o'clock, when we immediately weighed. We had on board as passengers, besides Bethune and Brooke, the two Malay pilots, who had been brought from Brunè to show us the way into Malludu, the Admiral's Malay interpreter, to be landed at Singapore, and a poor Malay woman and child, the former of whom had lost her arm at Malludu; she had been found crouching in a canoe by Gifford's party, and said she had been shot in the arm early in the action whilst in her house, she having preferred remaining to going into the jungle as most of the females and children had done; that she had then crawled with her boy to the canoe, where, having been overlooked by our party when we were at the town, she had actually remained twenty-four hours without food, and her arm completely shattered at the elbow. She was brought down to the *Vixen*, Brooke

having settled the question as to what was to become of her by promising an asylum at Sarāwak. It was found necessary immediately to amputate the arm, which operation she bore with great composure, and she came to us for a passage to her new country Sarāwak.

We made our passage as far as Moarra Shoal without adventure in four days; but, in the evening of the 29th, having our marks well open, we were running in with a light wind; but it falling dusk, and the tide making strong about the same time, we shoaled our water to three and a half or four fathoms and anchored. In swinging we tailed on the reef, and the breeze appearing inclined to cant us out clear, we weighed again; unfortunately, a flaw of wind made our head sails take the wrong way, and we therefore got on the reef. I think we took no damage, as the bumping was on a flat surface.

*August* —.—Anchored in the evening inside Moarra Point, and made preparations for an expedition to Brunè on the morrow.

At half-past 5 A.M. we set off in the pinnace. Brooke, Bethune, Hinde, Williamson, and myself were the party; Tucker also was with us in charge of the pinnace. We halted to breakfast at Cherimon, a pretty little island at the entrance of the Borneo River, and owing to contrary tides we did not reach Brunè till 2 o'clock, P.M. We saw the Sultan the same evening, a poor imbecile creature; we also saw the little Rajah, Muda Hassim, who is a man of spirit, and his brother, Pangeran Budrudeen, who is both in appearance and reality the most promising man there. We had an interchange of good news: for we had our Malludu successes; and on their part they had quite overthrown Sheriff Usop, who had returned to the hill behind the town after the Admiral's departure, and had been routed and pursued by Budrudeen with 500 followers. They overtook his family and slaves about two days in the country. Usop himself had escaped alone, a miserable outcast. They had since heard of him at one of the places to the northward, and sent to have him taken up or killed, and they were then preparing their war boats to go also in chase with Budrudeen. So it is possible that his days are numbered. . . .

Usop was pursued after this fight, and was captured and executed about three months later. This did not, however, end the struggle between the party of progress and that of lawlessness, and a sad catastrophe happened at Brunè either in December 1845 or January 1846. The Sultan, who, in spite of professing friendship with Brooke, was in reality leagued with the piratical party, seized the opportunity while the British adherents were unsupported, and, assembling a strong force from the friends of piracy and lawlessness, attacked Brooke's friends in overwhelming numbers. All those known to be friends to the British policy were put to death, including all members of the royal family, Muda Hassim and Budrudeen. The latter was a very fine man of noble character and high intelligence. After fighting till his party were hopelessly overpowered and himself desperately wounded, he called one of his servants, and drawing off his ring, gave him charge to take it as a token to Rajah Brooke, and say he died faithful to the English. He then withdrew with two of his women to a room where his gunpowder was stored, fired a barrel of it, and blew himself and them to pieces. In consequence of this, Sir Thomas Cochrane returned with his fleet and captured Brunè July 6th, 1846. On December 24th of the same year the island of Labuan was ceded by the Sultan and taken possession of for England.

Sheriff Osman was reported to have been dangerously wounded at the Malludu fight; in any case his power was broken, and no further trouble was ever experienced from him. Malludu, under the modified name of Marudu, is now included in the territory of British North Borneo.

### *Journal resumed.*

The town of Borneo or Brunè is twelve miles up the river. It is built in a beautiful reach of the river of the same name. The houses line the outer edge of a shoal mud-bank which extends from the shore on each side, leaving a space or sheet of 100 or 150 yards of deep water between them. A small vessel of war might, as the *Vixen* did, lie very conveniently at anchor in the middle of the town.

The houses are raised on poles about eight or ten feet at low water (when the mud appears), so that high water approaches very near the bottoms of the dwellings. They have the floors laid with split bamboos with about an inch



between each, forming a sort of grate through which the water or mud (as the tide may be) is seen, and the latter smelt beneath, except when covered by mats, which is done in the principal apartments. The only furniture we saw was a table and a few broken chairs, and our mats and pillows to sleep on; but as I had brought my steward with plate chest, wine and all the paraphernalia of good living that I possessed, and the Rajah or Sultan sent us a present of a dinner every day, we fared well. Their dinners always consisted of an omelet, a cock, a curry, a dish of rice, and a dish of hard-boiled eggs. . . .

*Extract of letter from E. to J.*

Singapore, September 28th, 1845.

The market (at Brunè) is a collection of canoes formed by two or three meeting in the morning, which forms a nucleus and is soon joined by others. The whole mass is allowed to drift backwards and forwards with the tide in the middle of the river between the two rows of houses. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

During our stay Brooke had some business to transact with Budrudeen and the Sultan. We read, &c. One morning Captain Bethune, Hinde and myself went to see the coal: it is thought to be plentiful and good; about a mile carriage will be necessary to bring it to the river; but the path, though hilly, would not be difficult if well made.

We walked one day to the top of Usop's hill, which appeared capable of being defended against any odds; but I believe Usop had but few firearms. At any rate he might have done better than run without making any attempt. From the top there is a good view of the town, and we looked down on the poles of Usop's destroyed establishment; it was much the largest in Brunè. The Sultan's palace appeared quite small and mean compared to it. We descended on that side and saw some of the effects of the *Vixen's* shot. One of them had knocked down the tombstone of a former Sultan, the royal burying ground being here.

We were not sorry after four days to find that Brooke had finished his business at Brunè. We paid farewell visits to the Rajah and Budrudeen, and to the Sultan. Brooke made a speech to the traders or merchants in the presence of the Sultan, telling them that now, quietness being happily restored by the destruction of Usop and of the pirates, and it being the determination of the Sultan to enforce good order, &c., he hoped they would be able to trade securely, and that, as they would not now be preyed upon by any irregular impostors, they must punctually pay the tax that would be fixed on goods, &c. We then took leave, and went at once to our pinnace; we reached the brig about 8 P.M., and found that Tucker (boy) had died that morning of dysentery; and that Crawford (marine) was in a hopeless state. He died the next day.

## CHAPTER VII

‘CRUIZER’—BORNEO AND MOULMEIN—PROMOTION AND  
RETURN HOME

*Journal continued.*

SAILED from our anchorage at Moarra at 6 A.M. and made our passage to Sarāwak in six days. We went into the Moratabas mouth of the river, and anchored close to the little village on our right, expecting to get water at the foot of the little cliff, just outside of it. In this we were disappointed, as the spring was then dry. At two o'clock we went in the pinnace to Kuching or Sarāwak, where we became Brooke's guests. The brig, with Hinde, had orders to go the next morning to the watering place Tanjong Po, and having finished watering to proceed to the Santobong entrance of the river, anchoring well outside, ready to start directly we returned. We had despatched Williamson at noon with the one-armed woman and child and a Manila man (a rescued slave of Usop's, who had been given to Brooke by Budrudeen) with orders to have dinner ready at 8. We therefore found this necessary refreshment ready for us when we arrived. The party consisted of Brooke, Bethune, Rodney, Patey, King, Collins, Franklin, and myself. Brooke having whilst on board proposed a trip into the Dyak country, we, or rather *he*, made the necessary preparations; procuring five large canoes each with about ten or twelve paddlers, and well supplied with kijangs or roofings, made of the nepa palm, which effectually keep out both sun and rain. The Datu, or Malay chief of the province under Brooke, was to be of the party; and information was sent by him to tribes in our intended route that the Tuan Besar, or Great Lord (as Brooke is called), was coming, in

order that they might collect from their farms to do him honour. We were warned to take as little baggage as possible, as everything has to be carried on the Dyaks' backs. Each person therefore restricted himself to two or three changes, a mat and a pillow; which, with cooking utensils, fowls, brandy, &c., constituted our luggage train.

These preparations and Brooke's business occupied two days, during which time we lodged at his house, except Collins and King, who were quartered at the opposite side of the river with Treacher the doctor, and Roepell the secretary of state. All the English except Kuntig, the settler, live at Mr. Brooke's table, paying monthly mess money. They breakfast about 10 and dine at half-past 6 or 7. After breakfast Brooke, generally attended by Williamson, remains at the table, receiving the visits of the inhabitants and transacting business. All the rest of the party disperse till dinner. They are exceedingly obliging and civil to strangers. They all look up to Brooke with the greatest respect, and his admirable tact both with them and the natives is sure to keep everybody in order whilst he is there. He has lately had occasion to be a good deal absent, and from several hints and anecdotes I gather that Roepell, who on those occasions succeeds to the command, has no authority over the English.

*Saturday, September 13th.*—We started about 7 in the morning at half-ebb tide. The plan was to descend the Sarāwak to its junction with the Quop; then to ascend the latter river as far as it is navigable, at which point there is a Dyak house and a path of about six miles, which leads to the village of the Sintah tribe; to sleep there, and proceed the next day (Sunday) about four miles to the Stang village; and, having slept there, we were to go on, on Monday about twelve miles to the village of the Sigu tribe, and the next day about four miles to the San Pro tribe on the Sarāwak river, about thirty miles above Kuching, where the boats were to meet us. On Wednesday we were to descend the Sarāwak, calling on our way at the Santu, where diamonds are found and also gold, on the banks of a small river running into the Sarāwak. Mr. Brooke has a bungalow there, and a Malay works the diamond pits, paying a



moderate yearly rent until some adventurous European undertakes it.

The party was arranged in the boats in couples, Brooke and Patey ; Bethune and myself ; Williams (geologist) and King ; Low (botanist), Rodney, and young Franklin, went together ; and Carr (Bethune's servant), in a separate boat with the cooking utensils. We reached the junction with the ebb tide, and landed about a hundred yards up the Quop at a small open space in the jungle, to breakfast. A number of plantain leaves gathered from the jungle made an excellent table-cloth, and the cuisine arrangements promised well for the journey. Low found some botanical occupation here. Immediately after breakfast we proceeded up the river, both banks of which are thickly lined with fine nepa-palm trees. The leaves of these palms serve the natives for roofs and walls to their houses, awnings for their boats, &c. &c.

At its junction with the Sarāwak, and for several miles up, the Quop is a fine stream. It then rapidly decreases, and becomes so narrow in some places as barely to allow the large canoes, such as ours, to wind between the projecting branches. At last we arrived at what I thought an insuperable obstacle. A large forest tree had fallen across and seemed to have completely blocked up the passage. At one spot, however, a curve in the trunk formed a low arch, scarce perceived by our unaccustomed eyes, through which the canoes were cleverly poked one by one, the kijangs [awnings] being at the same time lifted over, and replaced on the opposite side, as described in the sketch. A short distance further and a sudden turn brought us to the Dyak hut about 1 o'clock, just as heavy rain had set in, with a magnificent thunderstorm. We found here a detachment of the Sintah tribe, who, having had timely notice, had descended from their mountains to escort us, and carry our baggage ; the arrangements for the latter occupied about half an hour. It was divided into suitable burthens, and carried in light bamboo baskets on their backs. After waiting an hour in the crowded hut for the rain to cease, we proceeded and reached the Quop Mountain, the abode of the Sintah tribe, about 4 P.M.

The houses or huts of a Dyak village are built, with few exceptions, under one or two long roofs which are thatched with nepa-palm leaves. At intervals parts of the roof are made to lift, like the lid of a corn bin, as in the sketch, to admit air, and also as a means of passing in and out. Under these parts a corridor runs the whole length, from which each hut is entered by a door of bark. Upon the side of the corridor the rafters upon which the whole is built are made to project some yards, forming thus, when lowered, with a layer of split bamboos, a platform or terrace which, like the corridor inside, is common to all. The sides and ends of the building are thatched like the roof. The whole is always mounted upon poles to a height of six or eight feet. The poles and some of the rafters are of strong, hard wood, but the whole of the rest of the framing is of bamboo. All the flooring of the huts, corridors and terrace is of split bamboos laid parallel about an inch from each other, leaving a passage for all unnecessary matter to the regions below, where a few pigs are generally seen holding their unseemly banquets.

The village is entered, or rather mounted, by a log of wood with notches in it, which, leaning against the end of the terrace, answers as a ladder, with a piece of bamboo for a hand-rail. There are no nails, or iron-work of any sort, split rattan lashings being the only fastenings throughout. Except in the villages of the poorest tribes, there is a Head-house, which is a round building without terrace or corridor, but otherwise built in the same manner as above described. Here are deposited the skulls of enemies killed in war. They are strung up in a row, the teeth being previously extracted, and smeared with red. Some few, apparently the newer ones, are fantastically decorated with shells for eyes, &c.

The interior is one circular chamber, the whole size of the building, with raised sleeping places all round, and a place for cooking in the centre. This is the lodging appropriated for all strangers, and as a sleeping apartment for all the boys and young men of the village after a certain age until they marry. In the poorer villages, which are destitute of this establishment, the strangers and boys sleep in the

corridor ; and as for the heads, they seldom have any, as they have, probably, had them captured by some more powerful tribe, as well as furnishing a supply of their own. For the last four or five years, however, during which time the Sarāwak country has been under the careful government of Mr. Brooke, these poor savages, who had previously been amongst the most persecuted of all the Dyak tribes, have had breathing time ; and they are now living happily and peaceably in their villages, or more generally dispersed at their farms, where they occupy themselves in the cultivation of rice, which is their chief article of food.

When, therefore, it was understood that the Tuan Besar was going to make progress through the country, with other white men, and the Datu, it was a general signal for each tribe to collect in its village to receive him.

On entering the corridor of the village, two or three women received us with bamboos of water to wash our hands and feet (with or without boots on), a ceremony considered to bring them good fortune. The party being assembled, we were conducted to the Head-house, where we were to be lodged ; it only contained one head. Dinner was cooked and eaten, and about 8 in the evening we were summoned to a native dance in the corridor. It is danced (on these great and rare occasions) by the women, and afterwards by the men ; and is very monotonous ; commencing with a shrill and plaintive shriek, and a profound obeisance to the Tuan Besar and the rest of us ; the hands being at the same time held out with the palms together. The great man then holds out his hand, which is taken between them. Their hands are then withdrawn and passed gently down the face and bosom. Great virtue and good fortune are thought to be extracted from the white man's hands, and received by the performance of this ceremony, which is frequently repeated during the dance. The dance itself consists in gradually turning the body half round on one foot and then on the other, moving slowly forward at the same time ; the arms being usually held out horizontally, and the hands not ungracefully moved to the music ; sometimes they are held out in front, as above. All the performers, young and old, continue to pass backwards and

forwards in this manner in a single row until the dance is over. Bethune, Brooke, and myself were glad to retire after about half an hour, but the rest remained and finished the evening by favouring the Dyaks with a dance in their own style; Williams keeping the fat Datu in perfect terror by threatening his bare feet with a tremendous pair of high-lows.

The next morning, having but a short walk of about four miles, we breakfasted at leisure, and sketched until near the time of departure, when we were, or rather Brooke was, summoned to convey some more imaginary blessings. A small portion of each sort of rice was put in separate cocoanut shells, or small bowls, representing, as they call it, 'the Spirit of the Rice,' meaning, I believe, rice in the abstract. A white fowl was then waved over them and the assembled crowd, first by the chief of the tribe, next by the Datu, and last by Brooke. They were afterwards sprinkled by the same operators with a mixture of fowl's blood and the yellow juice of a particular kind of tree found in the jungle. The teeth from the heads are sometimes put into this mixture. These ceremonies over, they took an affectionate leave of us; particularly of their lord and master Brooke, who seems to be almost worshipped by them.

*September 14th, Sunday.*—A short walk from noon to half-past 1 brought us to the village of the Stang tribe, situated on a rising ground, above a small river, in which we all hastened to bathe after the feet-washing, &c. There was but little difference in the superstitious observances between any of the tribes we visited; but the Stangs received us with, if possible, still more enthusiasm than the other, as none, except a very few of the men, had seen a white man before. This tribe, having lately settled here, had no Head-house; we therefore lodged in the corridor. We had the dance and ceremonies both in the evening and the morning, with increased solemnity; and, in addition, small bells were tied round the wrists of Brooke, Bethune, and myself, by our worshippers, as we were understood to be the greatest people of the party, Brooke, of course, having by far the largest share.

*September 15th.*—Having a scrambling walk of twelve miles before us, we left as soon as the natives would let us,



about 10 o'clock. The first two hours was through a beautiful forest jungle with some very fine bamboos. We afterwards passed a clearing, where the jungle had been cut but not yet burned; afterwards through another jungle: crossing the Diamond, and other streams running down to the Sarāwak, through a beautiful spot held sacred by the natives for some reason which they did not themselves know. There were a durien, a mangosteen, and a landseh tree growing near an open space close to a pretty stream. We rested here for some time. The path afterwards led into more open country with fine limestone cliffs. We crossed a good specimen of a Dyak bridge, made of bamboo; and soon afterwards reached the village of the Sigu tribe. Here we were lodged in the Head-house, and had all the ceremonies, dances, bells, fowls and fowl's blood over again. They were the finest tribe we saw: a body of their young men, who had been sent to escort us, had met us in the jungle during our walk; and on our appearance they soon cleared a space in the jungle with their krises or short swords; they formed a fine characteristic scene whilst so employed: in fact, a Dyak always looks most at home in the jungle.

The Sigu tribe is one of the most ancient in this part of the country. 'The three original Dyak tribes in this part, by all tradition, are San Pro, Sigu, and Sabungo.'<sup>1</sup>

*September 16th.* — After breakfast, and sketching, a short and beautiful walk brought us to San Pro, on the Sarāwak, a beautifully situated village. There was no variety in their manner of receiving us. The Head-houses (there were two) were thought to be uncomfortable; we therefore lodged in the corridor. We found our boats, with a supply of ale, wine, &c., for which some of our party were very ravenous. This was the last Dyak village we saw, and I believe we all parted from them with feelings of interest in their lot. Their practice of keeping heads as trophies seems to have led to the belief, amongst those who have not mixed with them, that they are a ferocious and cruel people. The reverse is, however, the case. It is quite surprising to find so much mildness and gentleness, and indeed politeness, amongst a people so utterly uncivilised. Their manners are

<sup>1</sup> Brooke's Memorandum.

simple and open, but the strictest decency, and even delicacy, prevails in their habitations. They marry young; and appear to understand the blessing of domestic confidence much better than many civilised communities. Their pursuits are almost entirely agricultural, rice being the principal object of their cultivation.

The manner of clearing the ground and farming is this: A large space in the jungle is cut down, and the trees and underwood are then left on the ground until they are quite dry; they are then burnt, and the ground is immediately sown (dibbled) with rice. After the crop is taken in, the ground is left, as a weed called lalang grass immediately covers it thickly, and cannot be eradicated without great labour. The jungle then appears, and when it has risen through the grass the latter soon dies, and in a few years the whole space is again covered with thick jungle. In seven years the process may be repeated over the same ground. Meantime the Dyak roams to another spot, and having exhausted that, to another, and so on. This answers in the present thinly populated state of the Dyak country; but in Brooke's province, where they are protected and encouraged, I think that in a few years they will have increased and multiplied so as to render some more economy of land necessary. Their roads are simple pathways when practicable; but any difficulty, whether of river, precipitous bank, felled jungle, or swamp, is overcome by logs of wood laid horizontally in single file; some of those thrown over the streams at a little height afford good exercise for the nerves. Some of the larger rivers are crossed by very elegant bamboo bridges. Indeed, the paths are admirably kept up in their particular style, which is quite well suited to the traffic required.

Of their religion Brooke, with all his opportunities, had been able to discover but little. They appear to have a number of superstitions and ceremonies, not accounted for, nor connected together by any tradition. They could give no reason why any of the observances above mentioned should be performed, except that it brought virtue or good fortune. Mr. Brooke took down the following in his memorandum book from one of the natives: 'Eight gods,

brothers, lived in Heaven ; one fell down in the country of Java, seven remained. Sakarra is one. Names of the rest unknown. Sakarra and his companions are represented by a cluster of stars (thought to be the Pleiades). The position of this constellation denotes good or bad fortune ; when it is not visible rice and plants do not grow ; when high, good. Tupa is an amiable god, superior to Sakarra a little. Birds of omen are sent by Tupa.' So much for the best account Brooke could get of their religious notions !

*September 17th.*—We started about 7 in our boats in the same order as before. There being a 'fresh' in the river, we flew down to the rapids, a few miles down. Here we had to walk a short distance, whilst the boats were shot down the rapids, rather a ticklish operation, but no accidents. Low insisted upon staying in his boat, and was nearly capsized in consequence.

We landed at the mouth of the Diamond river before noon, and walked about two miles to the bungalow where the diamond-working establishment is. This is on a small scale now, being worked by a poor Malay ; but would be, I believe, a thriving concern in the hands of a European with a little capital. We stayed about an hour and a half. Some gold is found here also ; and our geologist thought that some other metal washings were platina ; but on analysing them they were found to be iron.

We again took to our boats, and proceeded to a cave halfway up a mountain about a mile up a branch of the river. Having seen this, which presents nothing particularly curious, but is a very tedious walk and climb up the face of the cliff, we went on to Petu-Tanna, where we dined ; staying there from 4 to half-past 6. Then boats again till half-past 9, when we reached Kuching. We had a tremendous squall about 7, with a thunderstorm ; some of the boats had to stop and hold on by the banks : we went on ; but we all reached about the same time. I had tidings on our arrival of the brig having arrived safe off Santobong.

*September 18th.*—We had a quiet day, touching up sketches, &c. In the evening it was settled that all should go down the next morning, except Bethune, myself and

Rodney ; so that there might be as little delay on starting as possible.

*September 19th.*—Bethune, Rodney and myself went down by the night tide ; but we did not reach the ship till half-past 7 the following morning. Sailed for Singapore immediately on arriving on board ; a tolerable passage ; landed Bethune, having much enjoyed his company. . . . .

It was evident to those present at the Malludu fight that the Admiralty might possibly make some promotions for it. E.'s father, who always took good care of his interests in such respects, was watchful that his position should be duly represented. His brother-in-law, E. Cardwell, too, was always most willing to co-operate in this or in any other matter affecting his interests, and E. Cardwell's position among political men occasionally gave him opportunity of doing so. In this case the situation was not quite a usual one ; for, though E. was the senior commander present, yet Lyster—junior to him as a commander—was acting-captain of the flagship, and consequently his superior officer in the action. If promotion was given Lyster was sure to obtain it, and E.'s friends were anxious that this should not result in E. losing the promotion which otherwise he would obtain as senior commander. Eventually both were promoted, E.'s commission as post-captain being dated September 7th, 1845. This was the very day that he became qualified by sea-service for promotion, being the day-year on which he was appointed to the *Cruizer*.

*Extracts from letters—E. to his Father.*

Singapore, October 3rd, 1845.

We have been very unlucky about letters. I have had the latest—the 17th February ; they are all in China. I read Sir John White's death in the papers . . . .

*To his Mother.*

Moulmein, December 22nd, 1845.

We are all quite surprised at finding ourselves quiet in this corner after so much bustle and sailing as we have had during the last year. . . As for English letters we have been very unlucky. Nobody but myself has had a line since



January, and I have had but few. . . I have not had my end of September letter, though I had laid a train which I thought would have conducted it here by the mail just arrived. I suppose it went to China instead of Singapore. I have however seen in the paper that we had a son born on September 26 [Leighton Dalrymple F.] I trust that all has been well. . . .

*E. to E. Cardwell, Esquire, M.P.*

Moulmein, January 22nd, 1846.

I take great interest in what you tell me of passing affairs. People have been so occupied with the Punjab that America is not thought of. . . I believe they [the United States] carry a serpent in their bosom which will one day sting them to death. The slave population must ultimately, either by rising against them in war, or causing differences between Northern and Southern States from diversity of interests, prove their ruin, to rise again, I hope, under a better star. The potato failure must have caused great distress. . . I, whose business it has lately been to inquire for a ship to take timber to Trincomalee, am told that they are in great demand to take rice to Europe in consequence of the failure of potatoes. . . . My prospect is to remain here for some time. . . . meanwhile Malmesbury will be a great resource to me, and Walter Scott too, so that your gifts will be truly useful to me. . .

The want of news from home was very trying to the *Cruizer's* officers and men in the year 1845. The ship had left Plymouth January 1st of that year, and the ship's company never got a mail till February 15th, 1846. There was uncertainty at home as to the whereabouts of the ship on the station, and most of the letters went to China. E. had in the course of this year a few short letters which J. had written as duplicates, sending her principal news by the usual routes. These extra notes were sent with the Admiralty orders by a naval friend at the Admiralty.

When E. had taken Rajah Brooke back to Sarāwak he returned to Singapore and then sailed to Trincomalee, the commodore's head-quarters, where he stayed nearly three weeks. He gave a passage there to a Captain Cameron of

the East India Company's service, whom he found waiting at Singapore anxious to go on. The commodore on the Indian part of the station was Sir Henry Blackwood, brother of E.'s friend, Captain Francis Blackwood, formerly of the *Hyacinth*. When E. was transferred to Sir Henry's branch of the command, and reached Trincomalee, he did not find the commodore there, and indeed never saw him at all, but was soon ordered on to Moulmein.

At Trincomalee there was an Admiralty House inhabited usually by the commodore. In his absence E. and Captain W. Maitland, of the *Spiteful*, took temporary possession of the house, and gave a successful ball there, after which E., retiring as he hoped to well-earned slumbers, got two bats inside his mosquito curtains, which were troublesome guests to evict.

The official in charge of the dockyard was a Mr. Warrington, paymaster, who lived in a specially good house that had been intended for the dockyard 'Commissioner.' He had just come back from England married to a nice young wife, cheery and bright. A large merchant ship had just put into Trincomalee with her mainmast sprung, and brought as passengers a party of four or five Sydney ladies returning from a trip to Calcutta, the duenna being the wife of an old R.N. lieutenant, who with her husband had long been settled at Sydney. The Warringtons got the whole party up to their house to stay, took every care of them, and gave a ball in their honour, asking the officers of the navy, garrison, &c. All was going off well when unluckily a green young ensign, while talking to one of the young ladies and asking about Sydney, alluded to the convicts and expatiated on the subject, saying: 'But one couldn't know who was descended from a convict, could one? Why, if I had met *you*, I dare say there would be nothing to show you mightn't be descended from one!' The youth was tactless, but had no idea of harm, being perfectly ignorant of the extreme sensitiveness and touchiness of Australians at that time about this subject. Unluckily the chaperon was within earshot, and turned furiously on him, making a violent scene. She referred to E., who was dancing next the couple, and who responded, 'Yes, he had heard what the gentleman had said, but he was quite sure he had not the slightest intention to say anything that would offend.' This seemed if anything to make matters worse, and she collected her party and carried them all off to their bedrooms, leaving her kind young hostess in distress at the



TRINCOMALEE

(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1845.)





scene and at the break-up of her party, which could scarcely be carried on when the chief guests had made such an exit.

*Journal resumed.*

*November 19th.*—Sailed for Moulmein. The N.E. monsoon not yet set in at Trincomalee, but we soon got it, and had a good deal of boisterous weather; off the ten-degrees Channel very stormy, E.N.E. winds; and, therefore, I stood to the northward under the lee of the Andaman Islands and passed between Landfall Island and the Cocos; we weathered Narcondam and made the Tennasserim coast near Tavoy Point; light northerly winds protracted our voyage up the coast two or three days. We arrived at Amherst December 12th.

I remained at Moulmein until April 10th, when, having been relieved by the *Spiteful*, I sailed from Amherst for Madras. I had previously dropped down the river from Moulmein to Amherst in consequence of the cholera which appeared at Moulmein, and we had two cases on board, one fatal. I never was at any place possessing less of continued interest than Moulmein. The society, now that the military establishments have been reduced, is so small, and so little knit together, that it affords but very little resource; and the people appear totally indifferent to what is taking place at home, in India, or anywhere else—except, indeed, when some striking event, such as the Punjab war, arouses them for a time.

To a stranger the Burmese habits and religion are interesting on his first arrival, but I think that neither one nor the other are sufficiently so to awaken a permanent interest. The Pungis or Burman priests, known by their yellow dresses, are said to be zealous and useful in instructing children. They live in the neighbourhood of their pagodas, and subsist upon food which is daily collected by two or three of their company from the inhabitants.

There is a grand ceremony of blowing up the remains of the most distinguished Pungis, which is common, I believe, throughout Burmah; at Moulmein it takes place once a year. Each district of the town, as well as each of the

neighbouring villages, makes a large fantastic car, usually surmounted by a quaint image of a man, elephant, or some other device. The fore and hind wheels are connected by a huge bamboo hollowed inside and filled with rocket composition. These are (at Moulmein) collected at a cleared spot outside the town, and at a distance of about 200 yards are placed the remains of the Pungis in an ornamental car, filled with combustibles. The rocket cars, having one or two very long bamboos as tails to guide them, are then discharged one by one at the Pungis, and should one be fortunate enough to strike and explode their car, great would be the good fortune that would attend its owners. This, however, is rarely if ever the case, as the cars are usually diverted far from their original course by the obstacles on the ground, over which they rush with accelerated speed until their composition is expended, or themselves torn to pieces by the headlong impetuosity of their course. When all have been thus discharged in vain, fire is applied to the Pungis' car, and so ends the ceremony. The whole population come out to witness the scene, and as at Moulmein the ground is chosen at the foot of a sloping hill, which is on the occasion perfectly covered with people, the effect is most animated and picturesque.

The Tennasserim province was ceded to the East India Company at the termination of the Burmese war of 1826, and has been governed since that time by three or four commissioners, of whom the chief acts as governor of the country. The impression produced upon my mind whilst there was that the province had been subject to great neglect and mismanagement. No serious attempt had been made (apparently) to develop its resources; and the result is that this fine country, though capable of yielding immense produce in rice and sugar cane, besides its magnificent teak forests, has cost the company a yearly sum of (said to be) six lacs. The regular communication by steam with Calcutta and the peaceable disposition of the Court at Ava have, however, warranted a considerable reduction of the military force.

Teak timber is the great article of trade, but no care has been taken until lately to enforce the planting of trees; and

therefore it will sustain a check when the original trees fail. There is, however, a fine tract of forest land now held by Shawns, but to which we have lately laid claim as contained within the boundary ceded to us, but which boundary we never defined until now, when an immediate want arises ; and therefore, whatever may have been our original right, our seizure of it now, after a lapse of twenty years, because we want the timber, must have an air of injustice to the poor Shawns.

I believe, however, that the merchants are able to get the trees from the Shawns, and therefore the disputed district is made available for purposes of commerce. The great want in the province is said to be inhabitants, labourers to cultivate the soil ; but it is thought that if due encouragement were given to enterprising capitalists, no difficulty would be found in getting men from the neighbouring Burmese state. O'Riley, with whom I stayed at Amherst, had after a constant uphill game for many years succeeded in establishing and finding employment for a sugar factory on the West Indian plan ; and the canes, though grown by the natives in the rudest manner, without any care in the cultivation, yield sugar of very superior quality. But he received no support or countenance from the Chief Commissioner, who had never even been to inspect his works, though frequently at Amherst. But I should think it impossible to see what he has done, in spite of every difficulty, without entertaining a very favourable opinion of the capacity of that part of the province for the growth of sugar.

There are seven or eight English timber merchants, mostly agents for other houses, at Moulmein. There are reports of jockeying and illiberality in the manner the business is done, particularly by the agents employed by the merchants in the forests, and certainly the general tone of merchant society appeared to me much lower than elsewhere.

There are two principal shipbuilding yards, besides a few smaller ones ; the largest at Namoo, on the island of Pilamguen, belongs to Messrs. Cockerell of Calcutta, the other to a Mr. Moule, who conducts it himself. He is

constructing a patent slip capable of hauling up large ships, which he expects will entice many vessels wanting coppering or repairs, who do not like Calcutta dock dues, &c.

The harbour at Moulmein is rapidly deteriorating in consequence of the deposit of sand: a large bank which runs longitudinally is gradually increasing in breadth so as to threaten to block up the anchorage between it and the town, whilst its increase in height has a tendency to cut off communication from the anchorage outside. I do not think it unlikely that Mamoo will some day become the port.

Elephants are much used in Moulmein, particularly for moving and piling timber, for which, by their great strength and the convenience of tusk and trunk, they are peculiarly adapted. They are also used by O'Riley for agricultural purposes. . . .

At Moulmein E. took on the quarters ashore which his predecessor had shared with Mr. Babington, East India Company officer stationed there. There was a military cantonment at Moulmein occupied by the wing of a regiment. The unfortunate officers suffered heavily in pocket about this time owing to their sudden call on duty to Calcutta on account of the Punjab war. Officers stationed at Moulmein had to buy their houses from their predecessors, and when the regiment suddenly left, no immediate successors came, and they had to leave their houses and unmovable property in charge of some local agent for sale. The government of Moulmein was carried on by two commissioners, the chief Major Durand (afterwards Sir Henry), who had won great distinction by blowing in the gates of Ghuzni at extreme personal risk. He was away most of the time E. was there, but the assistant commissioner, McLeod, was very friendly. E. was much amused and interested in going a trip with him on elephants up to the Salwin River. McLeod was on his way to the Shan mountains, but E. only accompanied him a short way, and spent a night out. Tracks of a tiger were seen in the nullahs, but they did not come upon him.



*Extract from letter from E. to his Mother.*

Moulmein, December 22nd, 1845.

. . . The Chief Commissioner who governs [Moulmein] is a 'Putneyite.' [Major Durand, he had been at Carmault's School, Putney.] He has a nice wife. . . He was very civil to me, offering me his horses while he is away in the jungles, &c. The country is pretty here, and singular in appearance from the number of pagodas perched on the hills. They are shaped like the bottom of peg-tops inverted, and are built solid, the gods being stowed in sheds close by. They are in honour of the Buddhist religion, which is that of the Burmese. The houses are all built entirely of teak wood, and are raised from the ground on poles, like the Malay houses. The teak wood is the principal article of trade; there are large forests of it inland, and the timber is floated down the river to Moulmein in large rafts. One of my duties is to purchase 400 tons of it for the Government for the use of Trincomalee. Everything is so quiet that there is little for me to do. An expedition to the Nicobars was talked of, but the Danes have settled that question by taking possession of and colonising them. I believe the Andamans may yet require looking after, as they are said to be piratical. . . .

Before E. arrived at Moulmein the *Spiteful*, a 1,000 tons man-of-war steamer, had been lying anchored there, and, being ordered to sea, found her anchor silted over and buried in sand, so that it was impossible to weigh it, and she had to slip cable. Orders were given that the brig on the station should recover it, and the commander there at the time had made his scheme and preparations for attempting this, when he was relieved by E., who proceeded to carry out the attempt. An old schooner was moored just over the spot, with a big balk of teak wood lashed across her, projecting each side. A second chain cable was made fast to the original one, as close down to the sand as possible, and the two cables were severally secured to the two ends of the teak beam and tightened with as great a strain as possible at dead low water. Then the *Cruizers* all withdrew and watched the result. As the tide rose the poor old schooner

heaved and plunged and listed over, straining in every beam and looking more and more miserably uncomfortable. Something was evidently bound to happen, and at last came a violent plunge of reaction, with great commotion, and the schooner drifted away. What *had* happened was that a link of the original cable just below the level of the sand had given way, freeing both cables and leaving the anchor as deeply bedded as ever, with no indication of its whereabouts to make future operations possible.

On February 15th, 1846, Captain Maitland came in with the *Spiteful* to take away the wing of the regiment then at Moulmein to garrison Calcutta, the troops there having gone up to the Sikh war. This mail brought E.'s promotion. It was on a Sunday morning early, and the news soon spread through the ship. E., as usual, read the morning service on deck, and when, in the natural course of that day's Psalms, he came to the words 'For promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South,' general and obvious amusement resulted.

### *Journal resumed.*

Whilst at Moulmein I heard in February of my promotion as senior commander at Malludu; the *Spiteful* brought the news from Calcutta, whence she had come for troops in consequence of the Punjab war. She came again on the 9th April to relieve us and send us to Madras. Captain Maclean, my successor, was waiting for me there, and sent a kind invitation from his brother, who is a civil servant (and had married a Miss Dalrymple), asking me to stay with him during my sojourn at Madras whilst waiting for the steamer. We had a tedious passage across and reached Madras on the 26th at 4 in the morning. Here, to my surprise, was the Admiral; however, I gave over all charge to Maclean the next morning, and took up my abode with his brother, about two miles outside the fort on the Mount Road.

The Admiral was going through a course of hospitable entertainments from the principal Madras people; but he sailed for Penang in a few days in consequence of bad news from Borneo,<sup>1</sup> sending the poor *Cruizer* back to Moulmein

<sup>1</sup> For what had occurred in Borneo, and the Admiral's subsequent capture of Brunè, see page 128.

to send the *Spiteful* to him, as he thought it advisable to have a steamer. . . .

Captain Maclean did not long command the *Cruizer*, for she was condemned as worn out and was sold on the station for a clipper, her crew being employed to bring home two 'Symonite' brigs which had been built in India, the *Nerbudda* and *Jumna*, the former of which was lost off the Cape on the passage.

At this time the overland route to India had lately been established by Lieutenant Waghorn of the navy, who had been mate in charge of the mails on board the packet which put into Gibraltar when E. was there in the *Procris*. This was the only time E. had met the pioneer of the overland route; but he now got the benefit of Waghorn's arrangements, finding the chain of conveyance from India to England complete, including accommodation at the Cairo Hotel. On board the steamer from India were many officers returning home from Bombay after Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough's Sikh war. Among them was Cureton, the distinguished cavalry leader, who, on meeting the outgoing mail at Aden, found that he was appointed Adjutant-General in India, and, giving up his leave, returned in this outward-bound steamer. Colonel Irvine, who had been Lord Gough's Commanding Royal Engineer, was also among those E. met, and also Colonel Shakespeare Phillips, who on arriving at Aden had the mortification of finding his name omitted from the list of C.B.'s, although his regiment had greatly distinguished itself. The omission was afterwards duly rectified. On the way to Suez the passengers drew lots so as to divide themselves into parties of six for crossing the desert in the little covered vans which held that number, and to settle which party should start first. E. was lucky in being with this first party, and accordingly had a full day to spend at Cairo instead of wasting time in waiting at Suez. The luggage was loaded on camels and sent off direct from Suez to Alexandria. While going up the Red Sea it was explained to travellers that for safe transit on camels their luggage must be well corded, and that the boatswain was prepared to supply rope for the purpose. The boatswain accordingly secured his perquisite from a general sale of rope, which was appropriated by the Arabs in transit, so that, according to custom, the baggage arrived at Alexandria destitute of lashings.

*Journal resumed.*

I started from Madras on Sunday, the 10th May, at 10.30 A.M. in the *Precursor*, and arrived in England on the 24th June. We arrived at Point de Galle at 6 A.M., May 13th, and sailed thence at 1.30, May 14th. Thence we went well to the south, passing through the Maldivé Islands to 1°3' north latitude, so as to avoid the strength of the S.W. monsoon; but we, nevertheless, had it fresh till we drew near Cape Guardafui, which we rounded on the 25th about 5 P.M., and reached Aden at 6.30 A.M. on May 27th. The singular appearance of Aden repays a day spent there; but to those who are obliged to live there it must be wretched indeed. I met Searle of the 94th (son of Sir John Searle), and slept at a bungalow he and some other officers had near the anchorage. I did not go to the cantonment, but landed near our boundary, where they were laying the foundations for a line of fortifications to extend across the isthmus. We were right glad to sail from this barren-looking rock at 6.30 P.M. May 28th. We steamed up the Red Sea against a fresh head wind, occasionally seeing the land on the Egyptian side; we missed seeing Mocha on account of the haze; had a fine view of the Sinai range and the splendid Mount [Gharib] opposite on the 4th June, and reached Suez at 6 A.M. on June 5th. We breakfasted and left the *Precursor* at 7.20. She is a magnificent steamer, having kept up pretty constantly from eight to nine knots against a head sea and wind in crossing from Galle, and in smooth water, after rounding Gardafui, she steamed 200 miles in 17 hours.

At Suez all is barren; the hotel, a large new building, stands out in front of the miserable huts composing the village. We landed at 9.20 and were fairly off in the first convoy of vans at 10.20 A.M. Our party consisting of sixty, we went in two grand divisions of five vans each, each van holding six. The second division set off four hours after us, and brought on our horses another stage. In my van were Colonel Jones, Colonel Phillips, Morgan (3rd Light Dragoons), Purvis (78th Highlanders), King (a fat officer of



*Precursor*), and myself. The luggage is sent on camels, none being allowed in the vans except a shirt, &c. We reached the second station at 1.30 P.M., the third at 4.30, the fourth, where we dined and stayed two hours, at 6.30 P.M., the sixth at midnight, and Cairo at 5 A.M. on June 6th. Whilst on the road (though there is no road) the travelling is tolerably quick; but there is great delay in changing horses, as the harness has to be changed, and there is besides great trouble in starting the fresh horses—at least, it rarely happened that all five vehicles made a good start, and we always waited one for another. We were amply fed, our passage money covering the expense, except for beverages, which are paid for extra. Besides the regular station-houses, of which there were seven, we found encampments here and there with changes of horses. It was said that the Pasha intended to build additional houses, forming intermediate stations so as to shorten the stages. These encampments, with their horses and Arabs and torches, were very picturesque at night.

I stopped at Cairo at the *Hôtel de l'Orient* (French), which was very comfortable. After sleeping, bathing, and a late breakfast I rode (on donkey) with Phillips and Captain Fenton through the bazaars to the slave-markets (a few wretched Abyssinians) and to the citadel. Mehemet Ali's new mosque will be magnificent. We went then to the palace—beautiful drapery and some handsome rooms—sent out for sherbet and rested. Very fine panorama of the city from the citadel. We then returned to the hotel. In the afternoon drove in a carriage with Morgan and Phillips to Shubra: the gardens beautifully kept; very handsome room at one corner of the kiosk. Asked the guide what the Pasha did with it; he said that he turned out everybody, and then sent for all his wives and made them dance there before him. Got back just in time for a 7 o'clock table d'hôte, afterwards pipes, narguillas, coffee and sherbet à la Turque, in the gardens of the café opposite.

*June 7th.*—At 6 A.M. left Cairo on donkeys, rode to Boulak and embarked in the river-steamer. Luggage previously arrived and stowed away. Started at 7 A.M. Great works in stone at the point of the delta, carried on by the

Pasha for irrigation. Nile unusually low, grounded several times; aground nearly all night. . . .

E.'s travelling companions were a mixed assemblage, many of whom had been long in India, and were not conspicuous for cheeriness or good temper. Among them were an old Royal Artillery officer and his wife, who had been all their lives in India, accustomed to be waited on at every step. They were now returning, bilious and grumpy, full of disgust at having sometimes to wait on themselves, and their complaints were endless. When delays took place owing to the low state of the Nile, the old Indians considered it a conspiracy for their annoyance, and loudly gave vent to their wrath. While resting on a sandbank E.'s party were accosted by the outward-bound passengers going up stream, fresh from England, cheery and conversational. The doleful victims found themselves congratulated on the excellence of the Company's arrangements and the thoughtful civility of its servants. 'Yes, the Nile is unusually low—in one place the canal is quite dry—but you'll find everything so capitally prepared—first-rate donkeys for the men to ride along the banks, means of dragging the boats along with the baggage and ladies and children, really admirably managed, &c. &c.' So passed the cheery company, and the grumblers proceeded on their way. Next time the steamers touched, flat-bottomed boats came alongside and the luggage was put into them to lighten the steamer. She was nearly afloat. 'Would the passengers kindly step also on to the barge and she would be off?' Grumbling loud and long, much fuss, and unwilling lounging on to the barge, and the steamer was off and went on. When in the canal they arrived at the fateful place described by the outgoers, the same arrangements were still being carried on. The luggage was transferred to barges, the ladies and children invited to step in too, and donkeys provided for the men to ride alongside. It was a beautiful starlight night when the ride was a pleasure. So seemed it to E., but when the veteran R.A. proceeded towards the donkey his wife screamed out that he was deserting her and leaving her with the savages. Eventually he had to rejoin her, the only man with the ladies and baggage. At last they all got safe to their steamers, and on June 9th duly reached the end of the canal at Alexandria, near Pompey's Pillar, where donkeys were waiting to take them to the wharf.

The difficulties of the route had delayed them, and E.

was carefully watching the time, knowing that it was long past the hour when the mail steamer was due to start, and doubtful whether she would await them. He accordingly jumped on the best donkey he saw and galloped full tilt to the town. The steamer office was in a square, and the captain, having yielded several times to the agent's entreaties to wait, had now said Good-bye and was in the act of leaving the office when round the corner into the square came a travel-worn individual speeding along on his donkey. The look of an overland passenger was unmistakable, and E. was greeted with the cry 'Here they are.' At the same time the heavy luggage came lumbering down the street on camels, who were delayed by the fall of one very big box, which burst open. The hurrying passengers stopped a moment to look, and some felt a certain satisfaction in finding that it belonged to their R.A. friend of the liver. At last all were on board the steamer for England, and the old Indians at once set to work to form a committee who should draw up a report of their grievances and send it to the 'Times.' E. was invited to join, but declined, saying he thought the complainants more likely to figure in 'Punch,' but that if they were in want of a vituperative secretary he could highly recommend Colonel S——.

E. remarks upon Alexandria in the Journal as follows :

Great alterations about the back of the town since I was there six years ago. A good carriage road down to the landing-place of the canal, and fortifications in course of construction. I had no time to stop to look at the town, being anxious about the steamer. I went at once to the agent. 8.30 A.M. . . . Went to the port for letters ; then English hotel. All our passengers swarming there ; a hasty wash, barber, breakfast. Saw Captain Lyons ; sent remembrances to Sir Edmund. Went on board the *Achilles* (our steamer) at 11. Pasha's fleet laid up, except one line-of-battle ship. All looking old and rotten. Large boats came alongside with the luggage. All very eager to recognise our boxes ; mine all right, and I believe nothing lost of the whole. S—— very angry at the supposed loss of a portmanteau ; he wrote a severe note to the agent, which had to be explained away by another from Malta.

Sailed from Alexandria at noon, June 9th. Beautiful passage to Malta ; arrived June 13th, 4 A.M. Coaling. A

bazaar for jewellery established at the lazaretto for the benefit (?) of overland passengers. Our China passengers said that the China filagree-work in silver was much better and less expensive than the Maltese. Sailed from Malta at 8 P.M. the same day. Beautiful passage to Gibraltar; good view of Pantellaria and Cape Bon. Very fine view of Algiers, June 16th; environs very much built since I saw it in 1832, and apparently some beautiful villas in the neighbourhood. Cape de Gatte the evening of June 17th. South coast of Spain very cheerful from the sea. Reached Gibraltar at 1.30 P.M., June 18th. Quarantine, coaling, new fortifications on Europa Point looking formidable. Sailed 11.30 P.M. same day. Passed Cape St. Vincent at 11 P.M. June 19th; Lisbon, noon, 20th. Beancods [Lisbon sailing boats] innumerable. Passed the *Ardent*, steamer, and *Louisa*, Mr. Fleming's yacht; too hazy for Cintra and Mafra. Passed Cape Finisterre (not in sight) about 8 P.M., June 21st; Ushant, 6.30 P.M., 23rd; June 24th, Start. Saw the (supposed) *Brilliant* and *Terrible*; beautiful day. Needles, Motherbank at 6; got pratique, and reached Southampton at 8 P.M. . . . .

[This closes the *Cruizer* Journal.]

Some days after arriving in England E. was going down Waterloo Place, when out of a smart ladies' shop emerged his 'vituperative' fellow-traveller, the bachelor Colonel S. 'Why,' said E., 'what on earth are you doing there?' 'Oh!' answered the Colonel, 'I've an old aunt, you see; expects Cashmere shawl from India; am just getting one for her.' There seemed a suggestion of expectations which he had from the old lady as well as she from him.

E. and J. spent the summer in visiting the members of their families and in staying at Brighton. They met the Bob Stopfords at a prearranged picnic, where E. and his cousin settled that they should both go and study at the Naval College at Portsmouth. The autumn accordingly saw both families settled at Southsea, near neighbours and close friends. E. and J. took a little house called St. Helen's, the first home of their own. In it they lost one child—Leighton—who died January 1847; and in it three months later was born their second surviving son, A. D. F. Bob



Stopford did not stay long at the college, being appointed flag-captain to Sir Phipps Hornby in the Pacific. E., however, remained the full year of the course, from November 1, 1846, to November 11, 1847. The following letter from Captain Chads, superintendent of the college, will show the opinion entertained of his work, and warm letters of congratulation upon the distinction attained were sent by William Martin and Captain Dalling.

*From Captain Chads to Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Bart.*

Royal Naval College, November 10th, 1847.

SIR,—I request you will be pleased to transmit to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the enclosed letter from Captain Fanshawe applying for his discharge from the college, and soliciting any active employment their Lordships may think fit to give him; and I request you will move their Lordships to authorise me to discharge him from this establishment. I beg to add that Professor Main states that Captain Fanshawe has gone through the course of study in a more satisfactory manner, and with higher attainments, than any other officer on half-pay who has yet been in the college.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

H. D. CHADS,

Captain Superintendent.

Immediately upon leaving the college, E. attended for six weeks at Woolwich Factory for the study of marine engines.

In the autumn of 1847 E. and J. took No. 39 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, on a seven years' lease, and furnished for the first time. Here A. E. J. F. was born the following spring. In this home they were close to the members of their own families, and surrounded by many friends—a great comfort to J. when the inevitable time of separation again came.

At the time of the great Chartist demonstration in 1848, when Feargus O'Connor threatened to bring the people in their thousands to Westminster to enforce their will upon Parliament in the shape of the Charter, special constables were sworn in all over London to undertake the ordinary

police duties, thus freeing the whole police force for Westminster. E. being at home at Chester Terrace went to be sworn in, and finding he was a naval officer the authorities gave him charge of a district in Gower Street and its neighbourhood, including University College; Charles Cardwell was with him, acting like an aide-de-camp. E. set to work to organise his men and appoint them stations as close as possible to their homes. They were chiefly tradesmen, and many told him they were Radicals and quite agreed with the Charter, that they meant to get its provisions some day, but that they wouldn't stand these people using force and making a general disturbance. Among the candidates for bâtons was a big businesslike-looking man, poorly dressed. For the purpose of stationing him E. inquired where he lived. 'I don't live nowheres in particular, sir.' 'But where do you sleep?' 'Oh, I sleeps generally under an arch, I'm a crossing-sweeper, I am. I've no idea of those fellows upsetting everything.' There being for the moment a scarcity of staves, he showed his big stick, probably the broom-handle. 'That'll do as well, sir; that'll suit me. I'm all right.' The special constables, however, had no call to action; the Duke of Wellington's dispositions, though invisible, were made in great strength and masked artillery were prepared to sweep Westminster Bridge. Feargus O'Connor at the head of his Chartist procession advanced towards the bridge from the south, and the tension became extreme. Then Sir Richard Mayne, Chief of the Police, rode forward and forbade the advance. O'Connor hesitated, then quietly yielded, the great demonstration utterly collapsed, and London became its natural self again.

## CHAPTER VIII

‘DAPHNE’—MONTE VIDEO—FALKLANDS—VALPARAISO

IN those days post-captains often had to wait long for a ship, but this was not E.’s case, and his satisfaction was great when, on October 26th, 1848, he received his appointment to command his old ship, the *Daphne*. Between the time of Captain Dalling paying her off, and E. re-commissioning her, the ship had spent a long term of service in the Pacific, and was now destined to return there.

A day or two after E.’s appointment he was invited to dine with Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty, at his house in Kensington Gore, and met there Captain Peter McQuhae and Lord Carlisle. Just then public interest was keen on the subject of the ‘sea serpent’ seen by Captain McQuhae and his men of the *Dædalus* on their voyage home from the East Indies. On reaching home Peter McQuhae himself had not spoken of what he had seen, but the men of the *Dædalus* talked of the ‘sea serpent,’ and a graphic account got into the Plymouth local journals and thence to the London newspapers. The Admiralty then ordered Captain McQuhae to report what he had seen, which he did clearly and exactly. Professor Owen who had the full opportunity of inquiring into the subject first-hand, or of cross-examining those who saw the object, pooh-poohed the account from the first and abstained from making any inquiry. On the morning of Lord Auckland’s dinner Lord Carlisle had been talking to Owen, and he now repeated to McQuhae some of Owen’s objections to the idea that the object seen was a sea-serpent. Owen had suggested that it was a fantastic piece of wreck covered with seaweed and barnacles which might give the effect of a mane and eyes. McQuhae answered that such an appearance might possibly have deceived them, but that as the object came *from leeward* at the speed of about twelve miles an hour *to windward*, such an explanation of it was impossible. He was asked whether he fired at it and answered, ‘No, when his

attention was called to the object he thought his best course was to observe it closely during the short time it was in full view. At the nearest point it was at about such distance as would enable one to distinguish the features of a friend whom one knew. The appearance in the water was such as might be caused by the convolutions of an immense serpent, the head and neck raised, with the effect of a mane and eyes. He could not state what it *was*, he could merely describe what he saw.' Professor Owen always stubbornly refused to make the slightest inquiry into the matter, and even sent to the papers a letter which referred with scant courtesy to McQuhae. The 'sea-serpent' idea was covered with ridicule, as were also the captain and crew of the *Dædalus*.

Some time afterwards Captain Nolloth, R.N., was commanding his ship at sea in the West Indies when the officer of the watch came in and reported 'A very strange object on the water, sir.' Nolloth, having McQuhae's experiences fresh in his mind, ordered his informant instantly out of the cabin, and refused to observe the object or to hear a word said about it.

The *Daphne* was at Chatham, and E. commissioned her there on October 27th. J., too, came down to Chatham, bringing E. C. F., and stayed there while the ship was fitting out. She afterwards went to Plymouth, where Captain Arthur F. received her; here she was for ten days with E., and she and E. C. F. watched the ship out of sight when E. finally sailed.

The fitting-out of a ship in those days involved an immense amount of work and was generally a long business. When commissioned the ship consisted only of hull and lower masts; a captain had to collect his own crew, even some of his officers not joining perhaps for a week; the ship had to be entirely rigged by her own men and fitted in every way, stores of every kind drawn from the dockyard and properly stowed, boats applied for, and arms got on board. E. got his crew without delay, the men coming forward to serve with him. One of them wrote to a former messmate at Plymouth, urging him also to join the *Daphne*, and adding: 'The fellow has an old uncle in Durnford Street whom you could apply to about it.' The Plymouth man did apply to Captain Arthur F., and naïvely showed him the letter, wherein he was described as the 'old uncle' and E. as 'the fellow.' Both men were fine specimens and good sailors, but neither lived to return home, one dying from



illness, the other from injuries received when the ship was dismasted in a hurricane.

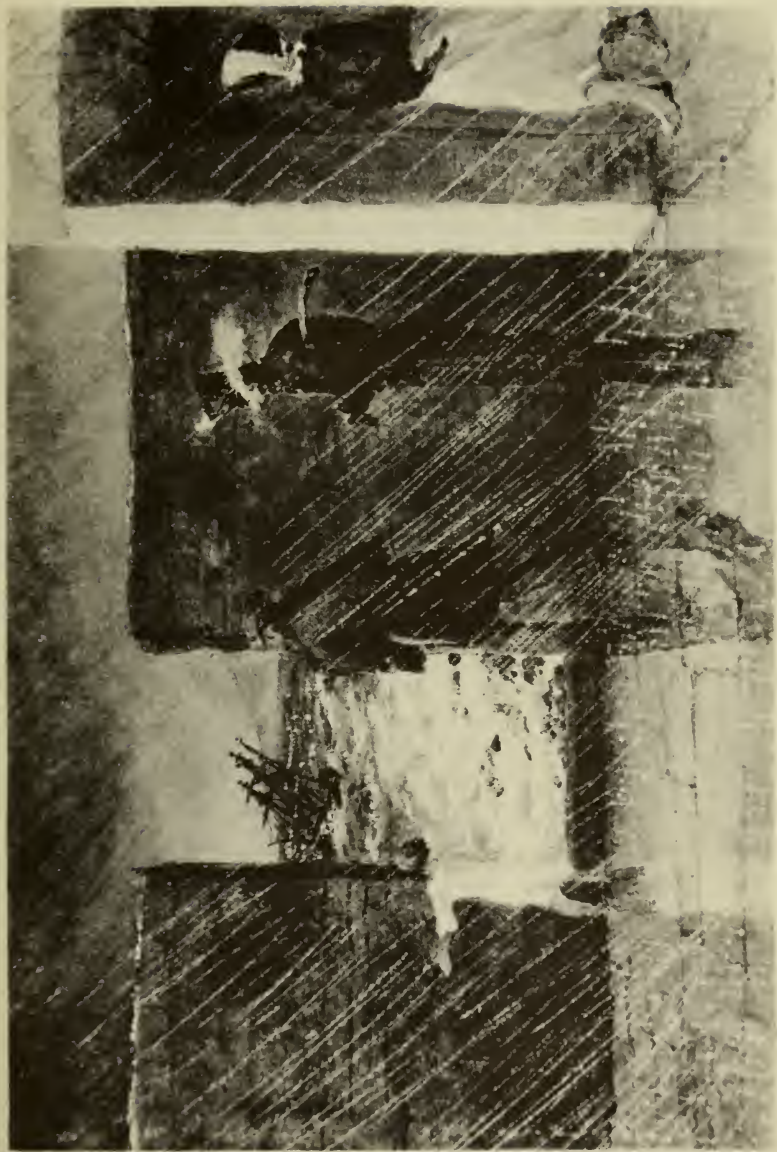
Two other ships were commissioned at the same time as the *Daphne*, one at Portsmouth and one at Plymouth. Ships commissioning were seldom ready in less than three months; a captain joining from half-pay, and being required to report a certain date when his ship would be ready for sea, did so with some vagueness, feeling confident of putting off the time if his fitting-out could not be finished so soon. On this occasion the captains of the three ships commissioning all reported the same time for being ready. Admiral Gage, however, who commanded at Plymouth, being anxious to avoid Admiralty expostulations, prevailed upon the captain of the Plymouth ship to report an earlier date. 'Can't you report sooner—say November 19th?' 'Oh,' said the captain, who knew the 19th was a Sunday, 'I'll report the 18th if you wish,' and he accordingly did so. On receipt of this report the Admiralty sent to the other two captains a positive order to be ready also on the earlier date: a hasty and thoughtless order, as the naval men at the Admiralty knew perfectly well all that was involved in the process of fitting-out.

E. got the Admiralty order, thought things out, and set to work, knowing that he had an extra disadvantage at Chatham where there was no fitting basin as at the other ports for the ship to lie in alongside the wharf, but that the *Daphne* would have to lie in the stream and take in all her gear by boats. He and his officers and men as they joined set-to at the unnecessary hurrying of the work, and after a week or so he took occasion to remind the captain-superintendent of the dockyard of the urgency of the Admiralty orders. Every part of the work was hustled on, the ship rigged, materials bundled on board. An Admiralty order having required that every ship before going to sea should be twenty-four hours in a dry-dock to be examined, E. had everything possible sent on board at this time, sails were hurriedly got and bent, the decks littered with mixed stores of every kind scuffled on board thus. On the day when they were ordered to start E. himself in his gig went and drew from the dockyard all the ship's boats, got them launched and towed them down to be made fast to the ship, and she sailed at 1 o'clock on November 18th to go down the river. A sad accident occurred after starting owing to one of the boats getting swamped while towing astern of the ship, the boy in charge being drowned. So the *Daphne* was 'ready

for sea' on the day ordered, her decks a mass of stores and casks, her boats not hoisted, her holds not properly stowed. The starting-day luckily was Saturday, and all Sunday as they lay at Sheerness they worked hard to hoist the boats and stow the holds, which of necessity was hurriedly done, and they had been long at sea before they recovered the ill-effects of this hasty start. On Monday morning came the inspection by the Admiral, who of course knew the circumstances. Then on the 20th they sailed for the Downs, where they arrived the next day and were windbound for a few days. On arriving November 24th at Portsmouth the *Daphne* found her contemporary there, lying at Spithead in a hustled condition, laboriously taking in stores from bumping lighters sent out there, instead of embarking them at the wharf before leaving. The Plymouth ship which had caused all the turmoil was found to be the only one taking things comfortably. Being destined for the coast of Africa she was ordered to take out the Governor of Liberia, and while putting up special fittings for him was completing her own work without hurry. E. reached Plymouth November 29th and was detained there a short time. The two ships eventually sailed at the same time, but the Plymouth ship put back for the stormy weather, which the *Daphne* did not.

[What follows is taken chiefly from a Journal which E. kept during the year 1849; extracts from letters and a few notes are added. The *Daphne's* cruises during the next three years are fully illustrated in E.'s sketch-book.]

*H.M.S. Daphne.*—We left the Sound [Plymouth] December 10th, and after 20 days' bad weather and foul winds arrived at Funchal [Madeira]. We anchored on the inner or northern part of the bank which forms the usual anchorage for men-of-war, where the holding ground is said to be the best: but it would have been much more desirable to have been further out; for a heavy gale which came on suddenly early in the morning of the 31st was preceded by so heavy a swell from the S.W. that the commanding officer (I was ashore) did not think he could fetch out, and therefore the ship had to ride it out, and was in some danger of being driven on the rocks. Four out of six vessels that were in the merchant ships' anchorage went to pieces on the beach: and a fifth (a Yankee bark) narrowly escaped by smartly availing herself



THE PUNTINHA, MADEIRA, 'TAKING A LOOK AT ONE'S SHIP,' DECEMBER 31, 1848  
(From a sketch by E. G. F.)





of a sudden shift of wind, which veered three points after she had parted, and was preparing to take the ground. We left an anchor which has been since weighed, and is gone to Valparaiso in the *Driver*. We sailed from Madeira on the 4th of January in the evening: Ashe (first-lieutenant) having on that morning had his thigh broken by the cable, by which means Lacy was installed in the first lieutenant's office for nearly four months. In fact, he had the whole labour of extracting something like order and regularity out of the chaos in which we left England. He did it very well, rather impatient towards the latter part. The ship's company have been generally very tractable, and the officers all gentlemen. . . .

We had an excellent passage of twenty-three days to Rio Janeiro; no variables, passing at once from trade to trade in about 4° N. The S.E. trade, being at first well to the southward, drove us to the westward, and occasioned some doubts as to weathering the land, but it afterwards veered more to the eastward. We had north-easterly winds on the coast of Brazil, and reached Rio at 3 P.M. on the 27th January. . . The commodore always treated me with marked kindness during my stay. . . .

I was very glad to renew my old acquaintance with Skipwith, who was stationed at Rio as senior officer: a duty which he is doing with great attention and efficiency, and he is altogether a very good fellow. I also made acquaintance with Hudson, acting as chargé d'affaires, who is a pleasant man, living 'en garçon,' and the only one of the English at Rio whom I saw, or who is seen by any stranger, with the exception of the postmaster, Mr. Reeve, who is a good-natured fellow. . . I believe that the race of English merchants of the better sort is nearly extinct. The neighbourhood of Rio is too beautiful not to be enjoyable, but the weather was very hot and the town terribly odoriferous. The weather was generally fine; but one morning that we made a party, under the auspices of Baker, of the *Kestrel*, to go to Fijuca, it rained incessantly. We started in doubt at 5 in the morning, at half-past 6 were weather-bound in a cartmaker's shed, and at half-past 8, having got tired of waiting, rode through the streets of Rio, which were then

nearly up to the girths, and the ground floors overflowed. I might have rowed the gig through many of the principal streets. I went twice to the Botanical Gardens, which is an agreeable morning drive, but I should think that the gardens themselves were not so well furnished as they should be in such a climate.

The Brazilian Government is constitutional. Two Houses of Assembly, both elective (as I understood). Some alarm existed as to an *émeute*, and troops were sent for from some of the smaller ports to the southward, but I did not understand that there was likely to be anything serious, though at Pernambuco there had been an insurrection. I believe there is but little energy in the Government, and that the foreign ministers find great difficulty in extracting an answer on any subject. Slavery and the slave trade were said to be flourishing, but my friend Skipwith has dealt a blow to the latter by sending his boats out and capturing a fine slaver close to the harbour's mouth, whilst in tow of the steam tug. He is now on the look-out for another, a steamer which is ready to sail.

We sailed from Rio on the 7th February, and reached Monte Video at half-past 2 on the morning of the 18th, having been kept out a day or two by a 'pampero.' These pamperos are a terrible nuisance to ships in the Plate, for though they seldom blow very hard, there is generally sufficient wind and sea to stop all communication for two or three days, and though we were particularly fortunate in our weather, this happened about once a fortnight. Their approach is surely indicated by the barometer and by the previous state of the atmosphere, which is remarkably clear, with lightning and clouds to the S.W. The barometer begins falling a day or two before, and sometimes has begun to rise again before the breeze begins.

Monte Video has been more than six years in a state of siege, it having held out for that time against Oribe, the elected President, who, having been turned out by Rivéra, had, with the assistance of Rosas, regained the whole country of Uruguay except Monte Video, town and mount, which has not yet surrendered, but will have to come to terms shortly. There are very few true Montevideans in

the town, the inhabitants being chiefly French Basques and Italians, who are formed into legions for the defence of the place. The merchants are mostly English, many of whom were, I understand, tempted to engage in speculations in the custom house and otherwise, in an expectation that Oribe would be put down by English and French intervention; and they are proportionately wroth that the English have, and that the French are about to, back out. The French have latterly had a body of sailors landed in garrison (as the English had before), and have paid a subsidy of 40,000 dollars (8,500*l.*) monthly, which has been their chief support. Oribe appears to be the tool of Rosas, whose object it is to keep Monte Video in a state of ruin, as Buenos Ayres thus gets the whole trade of the Plate. He, Rosas, has therefore managed to ward off a settlement of the question either directly or through Oribe; and I believe that herein is the cause of the failures of all the missions that have been sent out by England and France.

The French Admiral, Le Prédour, went to Buenos Ayres early in January 'for a few days' with powers to treat; but Rosas kept him there without an answer for four months, and then sent him to Oribe, who appeared inclined to detain matters as long as possible. However, it was generally supposed when we left that the much-vexed Plate question was in a fair way of being at last settled.

I suppose that these countries cannot rise to any great civilisation or consequence as long as their inhabitants retain the gaucho habits; much of the country of Uruguay is said to be suitable for agriculture, and certainly a belt of land round Monte Video between the lines was laid out in gardens which reminded one of the market gardens near London. . . . These gardens extend in some parts beyond the outer lines of the besieged, and their good order and neatness prove how little actual fighting there is, though seldom a day passed without some interchange of shots, either musket or cannon, with, however, but little effect.

I hardly made an acquaintance except the Krabbes, through George Hope, who was my usual companion in my walks, and whose friendship and the civility of *Raleigh*, including Tatham's invariable assistance in boats, &c., and

the commodore's dinners and whist, are all I regret in leaving Monte Video. . . .

*Letter to his Mother.*

H.M.S. 'Daphne,' Monte Video, March 22nd, 1849.

. . . My cabin is very comfortable and the pictures are a great ornament to it. As the young gentlemen resort to it every day for school, I do not attempt to keep it very smart.

My steward is very attentive and steady, though he has now very easy times, as I am a *constant* guest at [the commodore] Sir T. Herbert's dinner table, and consequently the only feeding that goes on here is my solitary breakfast—solitary at least as long as Mr. Ashe is an invalid, for at other times he always breakfasts with me. He has now gone on shore for some days, and is beginning to walk about the town on crutches. I hope that in less than a fortnight he will be himself again. I am anxiously watching the progress of some negotiations now going on for terminating this siege, which is now more than six years old. I hope that we shall then be released, and at liberty to proceed to our ultimate destination; for Monte Video, though I should think a tolerably agreeable place under prosperous circumstances, is uncommonly dull during a siege. . . .

The English officers would sometimes land for a walk and approach the town till a gun was fired at them, and they would get shelter behind a house and take the hint not to come nearer. Sir Thomas Herbert's flagship was the *Raleigh*, a 50-gun frigate. His flag-captain, George Hope, and E. became warm friends, and J. too made friends with Mrs. Hope on her return home; being also acquainted with her sisters, Lady Addington and Lady Hay (wife of the Admiral, Sir John Dalrymple Hay). E.'s friend of later times, Admiral Sir Cooper Key, had acquired great credit at Monte Video some years before this time for his success in the difficult feat of raising and refloating H.M.S. *Gorgon*, which had been driven on to the shore in a violent hurricane. Key was a young lieutenant fresh from the R.N. college with high honours, and further distinguished himself by this successful application of his powers.



While at Monte Video, E. and his doctor were one day taking a walk, and, not knowing the way, got into some slums of the town. As they passed a small 'cabaret' three or four French man-of-war's men came out of it quarrelling, and someone drew a knife and stabbed one of the sailors. The *Daphne's* doctor at once came to the front and did what was possible at the moment, but told E. that he could not yet be sure that the wound, being in the body, might not prove fatal. Arrangements were made for the man, and his comrades came round encouraging him. 'Courage,' they repeated, 'courage, mon ami.' The patient roused himself up. 'Courage?' said he; 'tiens, moi je suis brave comme dix-mille canonniers.' E. afterwards heard that the wound proved slight and this 'brave' recovered.

### *Letter to J.*

February 22nd, 1849.

. . . Monte Video, which has evidently been a handsome specimen of a Spanish town, is now in a melancholy state of decay both in its matériel and personnel, and handsome suburbs which were rising up about it have come to a sudden stop at their first storeys. There are two lines reaching to the water on each side (the town is on a peninsula), one close to the town and another at about half a mile distance. The headquarters of Oribe and the Argentines are a short distance beyond, on the 'Carrito de la Victoria' (hill of Victory), and their outposts are close to the outer lines of the Montevideans. Sometimes in the mornings they amuse themselves firing at each other, but I believe without much effect. A detachment of men from the French squadron are landed and guard part of the lines, the English who *were* landed were re-embarked during the Howden-Walewsky negotiations.

We lie at anchor four miles from the town, with generally a strong breeze and disagreeable sea, sometimes rain, and always in expectation of a 'pampero,' or strong gale from the S.W. off the pampas. When we want water we shall go about a hundred miles up the river, where the water is fresh, and pump it in from alongside, and then return here. That is all the change we are likely to have until we depart. The officers got some provisions sent down from Buenos Ayres

the other day—a sheep for 4s. 2d., a turkey 2s., eleven dozen tongues 11s., a penny apiece! but that is not surprising when we consider that the great articles of trade are hides and tallow, so that the meat of the animals is to be had for almost nothing. I see most of the walls and fences about Monte Video are built of the bones of cattle, and I was amused the other day in walking in a street to observe that the *kerbstone* was composed of horses' skulls! . . .

'Daphne' at Sea. Lat. 37° 39' S. Long. 55° 50' W., May 11th, 1849.

. . . We had the commodore on board at half-past 9 on Wednesday morning, May 9th, and sailed about half-past 10, since which we have not made much progress. I do not expect to remain long at the Falkland Isles, as I have only to deliver my money and despatches and to get water, which latter article is described as black, bitter and peaty; the last we got in the Plate, though well tasted, was of the colour, and nearly the consistency, of pea-soup; so you see I have plenty of use for my filterer, which answers very well. We are busy taking all necessary precautions against the bad weather (which appears to be almost constant off Cape Horn), both with respect to the ship herself and also to her inmates.

I have repealed the Act of Uniformity in dress, so that the men can wear any warm outer garments they like, without reference to cut or colour, provided the inner ones are clean; I expect to see most of them covered with blankets, cut and sewn into various forms, and looking like polar bears. As yet the weather is milder than we had at Monte Video; it appears to be the general opinion that May and June are the best months for going round the Cape, as there is more chance of an easterly wind then than at other seasons.

Lat. 42° 51' S. Long. 58° 36' W., May 14th.

. . . We are getting on tolerably well; last night we had a magnificent thunderstorm, which passed over the ship, but without striking us, though, if it had, as we have Snow-Harris's conductors, it would probably have done us no damage. There were also 'St. Elmo's lights,' which I never saw before; they are little flickering lights like lamps,

at the weather yardarms, occasioned, I suppose, by the air being highly charged with electricity; but I am not sufficiently learned on the subject to account for them. They say that sailors, being rather given to superstition, are afraid of them, and certainly there was some reluctance to go out on the yards to reef the sails, which they were required to do at the time these mysterious watchmen were stationed at the ends. The night was pitch dark, so that you could not see your hand except in the flashes, which were far too bright to light up anything; but masts, sails and rigging were lost in an intense glow of rose-coloured light, and then all was utter darkness again, and the clear, sharp rattle of the thunder seemed to mock man's puny efforts to make his voice heard at a distance of a few yards.

The thermometer in my cabin is now at 56°, which *we* think cold; indeed I am writing with a cloak over my shoulders, instead of a fire; however, I shall be able to keep myself warm; my warmest wraps are in reserve for the Falklands and Cape Horn. I have two English sheep yet left. I had three, but one I left as a present to Sir T. Herbert (commodore at Monte Video), and it is to furnish a haunch for his dinner on the Queen's birthday. . . .

Mr. Rennie, the Governor of the Falkland Isles, was, I believe, member for Ipswich for a short time; he has a wife and, I believe, a daughter. He is a sculptor by profession. Do you remember the statue of King William IV. on the entrance-gate of the victualling-yard at Stonehouse? I hear that is his *chef-d'œuvre*. . . .

### *Journal resumed.*

*May 14th.*—On sailing from Monte Video on the 9th we had gloomy weather, with the wind at N.W.; but as the wind fell light the atmosphere became remarkably clear, so that we could see the *Raleigh's* three topgallant masts and broad-pennant distinctly when the lower masts were below the horizon. We went to the northward of English Bank, but should perhaps have done better by steering south from the anchorage, so as to pass to the westward of Archimedes

shoal; the Mount is an excellent landmark for doing so in the daytime when clear, but as that course is directly across the current, it should not be taken at night or in thick weather, except by those who know the river sufficiently well to navigate by the soundings. The advantage of it is that, besides being rather shorter, you keep on the weather shore in case of a pampero. We had very light winds from S.W. for the first few days, which, with an E.N.E. current, took us to the eastward; but on Sunday (yesterday) we had a fine N.W. breeze, which enabled us to regain some westing, though the current off Cape Corrientes was upwards of two miles an hour to the E.N.E. In the evening we had a magnificent thunderstorm, with rain and wind, pitch dark, and 'St. Elmo's lights' playing at the royal, topgallant, and topsail yardarms, much to the horror of the topmen, who were up reefing the sails. It left us with a fine fresh wind at north, which gradually drew round to west, and by 8 o'clock this morning had again recovered its old direction, S.W. The current to-day was only one mile an hour E.N.E. The weather with the S.W. wind is cold, but delightful for exercise. I hope the ship is disposed to be drier than when we left England, though she does not sail so well. She is now much more like what she was in old times.

### *Summary from Journal.*

The Falkland Islands were discovered by John Davis in 1592. In 1690 Strong sailed through one channel and named it Falkland Sound, a name which has been continued to the whole cluster of islands. In the eighteenth century the French, under Bougainville, made a settlement at Port Louis, which they afterwards resigned to the Spaniards. About the same time a British squadron was sent to take possession of Port Egmont and form a settlement there. By and bye difficulties arose between the Spanish and English, and a small British force was overpowered and capitulated. Great indignation was felt in England, and the Government insisted upon the Spaniards restoring the British settlements. This was done in 1771, and early in the nineteenth century the Spaniards evacuated their own settlements. Afterwards the Argentine Republic took possession of parts of the islands, which remained, however,



very unsettled. In course of time quarrels arose, with the eventual result that Great Britain formally took possession of the group of islands in 1833. At first no settled government was established, and great disorders took place, but the following year the first British Governor was appointed, and under him and his successors regular government and order have prevailed.

*Journal resumed.*

. . . In April, 1848, Mr. George Rennie arrived as Governor at the Falklands, and we found him in that capacity on our arrival at Port William on the 21st May, 1849.

The business of settlers on these islands will be cattle-farming, for which they are very well adapted, and the hides are said to fetch a higher price than those of Buenos Ayres. There are no trees, and the whole country is covered with peat bog, from which springs a kind of yellow grass, which gives to the country an arid appearance, though in reality it is mostly swampy, even on the slopes and ridges of the hills. It is said, however, that, owing to the extreme dryness of the winds in summer, occasioned by their blowing over the parched country of Patagonia, the country gets tolerably dry in many parts during that season. The highest range of hills in East Falkland is about 2,300 feet, from which the ground slopes gently to the sea, in the neighbourhood of which it is generally flat; and here and on the numerous islets grows the 'Tussack grass,' which is the best food for cattle. It is a long, coarse grass, growing in large tufts from the tops of mounds of decayed vegetable matter, earth, and fibres, which the plant itself has deposited and collected. These mounds are 3 or 4 feet high; some I noticed 6 feet. There are other grasses, which are very nutritious for cattle. Sheep can only thrive in particular places, owing to the swampy nature of the soil.

The islands abound in good harbours, and the navigation is much facilitated by the kelp, a kind of seaweed which buoys all the rocky shoals. . . .

Wild geese are very numerous, but have lately become wild in the neighbourhood of the settlement. Those called the Upland geese are very well flavoured; but another kind,

the Kelp geese, are not eatable. Ducks, snipe, teal, &c. are also numerous.

There are about 240 or 250 inhabitants on the East Falkland, composed (besides the Government officers) principally of Spaniards, English, Scotch, and Irish; of whom the *latter* are considered by the Governor to be the most steady and orderly. Drunkenness seems to be the bane of the place, and delirium tremens is spoken of by the higher class (and the ladies) in the same way as an attack of influenza or rheumatism, or any other casual indisposition, is elsewhere. Wages are enormously high: an artificer gets 6s. 6d. a day on the Government works, but will not work for a settler for less than 8s. 8d. A good labourer gets 3s. 6d., a bad one, or a Spaniard, 3s.; and very few can be got to work regularly: they work a few days, and then enter into a course of drunkenness till their money is all gone, and then, if they are lazy or nothing better offers, there is always 'Government works' to repose upon for a few days.

All the southern peninsula of the East Island is made over to Mr. Lafone, of Monte Video, who has entered into a contract with the Government, stipulating that he is to have the entire right to the wild cattle (there are now about 40,000 to 60,000 head) and 200 square leagues of land; but, owing to the difficulty of surveying, he took the southern peninsula (which proves to be barely half that quantity) in lieu. For this he paid 10,000*l.*, and is to pay 50,000*l.* more, to supply cattle for the use of the settlement, and to have always ready tamed any amount of cattle that the Governor may demand for the supply of settlers. Besides this he stipulated to have some thousands of sheep on the island, but has not yet done so. The present Governor says, that on his arrival he found the settlement so badly supplied that they had to send five or six miles (to Sparrow Cove) for their beef, and therefore that he thought it necessary to put the screw on to Lafone's agent. By his present arrangement the cattle for the supply of the settlement and shipping are in the hands of Mr. Phillips, who is a tenant at will of some good land close at hand, and who has some hundred cattle always ready.

The Governor has also been diligent in the cultivation of vegetables, and seems to expect to have an ample supply for all vessels calling at the settlement; and as the *Inconstant*, which was there five months before we were, could get nothing in the shape of a vegetable, and we got for our men two bags full of turnips (about 150 lbs.), I think that he is not over-sanguine.

Early in April, Captain Sullivan<sup>1</sup> and Captain Hammond<sup>2</sup> arrived as settlers, and may be termed the first substantial ones. They immediately took the peninsula south of Port Harriet (about 4,000 acres) and 16,000 acres in the neighbourhood of Mount Pleasant. They obtained about 500 head of cattle from Lafone, which were sent to the peninsula, and the foundations of the cattle farm were laid there during our stay. Meantime Captain Hammond was living there in a wretched tent with labourers, gauchos, and a bricklayer subject to nocturnal fits of delirium tremens. Sullivan was housed, or rather hovelled, at the settlement with his wife, five or six small children, governess and maid—in a small shaky wooden tenement, which he had run up in a week five years before. His house, which he brought out in frame from England, was in course of erection, but Captain Hammond, who was accustomed to Canada, had planned it with the bow window and all amenities facing due south to the Antarctic Ocean. The Governor was civil and hospitable. . . . He was unpopular, and I half suspect he was somewhat arbitrary. He had abolished trial by jury, and established a summary trial before a magistrate with an appeal to 'the Council of Three,' composed of himself, Sullivan, and the colonial doctor (who always agrees with His Excellency). The minority has a right of affixing a protest to the decision, which Sullivan had exercised. He (the Governor) was said to have acted harshly, if not illegally, towards Lafone's agent; but as Lafone certainly had not fulfilled his contract, there probably were two sides to the question.

Should the colony thrive, it will be as a cattle-grazing country, and the consequent trade will give employment in

<sup>1</sup> Captain Bartholomew Sullivan, R.N.

<sup>2</sup> Retired captain of the army.

raising supplies, &c. for shipping. And it is to be hoped that, if Sullivan succeeds, other substantial settlers will be induced to come. A project for a slip is, I think, quite premature; the Governor is very anxious for it.

I enjoyed one or two excursions with Sullivan to Port Harriet, where we partook of the goose soup of Captain Hammond and his people; and particularly a ride with the Governor to the peninsula of Cape Pembroke, the whole of which is enclosed as a reserve for cattle near the settlement. It is the best piece of ground for a farm from its dryness, vicinity to the settlements, and shape, as it requires but a very short fence. We shot two geese there which are satisfactory game for one bound round the Horn. . . .

E. had an interesting ride with Captain Sullivan and went to tea in his little house at Port Stanley. There was just room to sit round the table on lockers, and the children were obviously being put to bed on the other side of the partition. During tea a curious loud tapping was heard, and E. asked Sullivan what it was. 'Oh,' answered he, 'it's the chimney, which is loose. When the bricklayer came to put it up, he hadn't recovered from his last fit of delirium tremens, and he didn't fix it properly.' Sullivan had taken a fancy to the Falkland Islands when commanding a surveying ship, and occupied for five years in carrying on the survey of the islands. Three years later, when E. touched here on his way home, Sullivan was gone. He returned to service in the navy, and was senior surveying officer with the Baltic fleet during the Russian war.

### *Journal resumed.*

We stayed six days and sailed [from the Falklands] on the 27th May. We had to work round the island against a southerly wind, but afterwards got a moderate breeze from N.E., which took us to the south of Staten Land. Whilst it was blowing the glass fell gradually till it reached  $27^{\circ} 99'$ , when the wind first became variable, and then quickly freshened to a heavy gale from S.E., with a very heavy sea and snow and sleet. The whole topsails had been set and the officer of the middle watch, not being very quick in his motions, had not got them reefed. The fore topsail was split, and both were



half furled and quite frozen, when the men could do nothing more with them—indeed they appeared quite benumbed with the cold. We afterwards now and then managed to get the other half furled. Meantime we had lost a quarter-boat. In the afternoon we split the main topsail in trying to reef and set it; we, however, shifted it and set the other. At the doctor's suggestion extra spirits were served out, and next day was more moderate, though the gale lasted three days, during which it veered round to S.W. We continued to have south-westerly winds for three days after it had ceased, during which time we stood past the south entrance of the Strait of Le Maire and worked close along the coast of Tierra del Fuego towards New Island, whence having taken our departure we stood south, and when in latitude  $57^{\circ} 30'$  south we got a slant, and afterwards had fair winds constantly, so that that was our most southern point. We continued to have moderate winds from west to S.S.E. until we reached Valparaiso on the morning of the 19th June.

### *Letter to J.*

180 miles from Valparaiso, June 17th.

. . . . To-morrow, or next day at farthest, I shall reach Valparaiso. I expect to stay there a week or ten days, and to find the Admiral at Callao. Since leaving the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, we have had fine weather, and fair winds, and are now in a tolerably warm climate. We were very fortunate in not being driven further south than  $57^{\circ} 30'$ , whereas ships generally have to go  $60^{\circ}$ , and sometimes much further. I saw something of the coast of Tierra del Fuego, having passed close to the southern entrance of the Strait of Le Maire, and then beat along the S.E. coast of Tierra del Fuego, all rock and snow, yet the natives of these regions are nearly naked; Dr. Solander, in Captain Cook's first voyage, was nearly perishing of cold on these hills in the middle of summer, and two of the party did so. We in winter only had the thermometer as low as  $30^{\circ}$ , but with a hard gale, sleet and snow, and the men obliged to be several hours on the yards, handling the fragments of our frozen sails; they suffered a good deal one day.

June 18th.

This morning at daylight, we saw the whole range of the Andes, stretching from the Peak of Aconcagua southwards (see Arrowsmith's Map of La Plata and Chili). The atmosphere was so clear, that at first the land was reported to be in sight about 20 miles off, and this was Aconcagua, 23,200 feet high, and distant 170 miles. As I was looking I saw the edge of this beautiful cone become suddenly of a bright gold colour, which gradually became more brilliant, and stretched along the top of the range to the right, and in two minutes the uppermost point of the sun appeared, then the whole orb, and Aconcagua vanished. However, as the day advanced we saw the whole range, no longer of a cold grey colour, but snow to the horizon, with a variety of fantastic peaks, and lights and shadows, and the lower parts eclipsed here and there by the nearer and lower mountains on our side of the plains of Santiago, which rose in black masses against the snow, themselves some thousands of feet high, and distant from us some 70 or 80 miles.

We saw the range between Aconcagua and Peteroa volcanos as clearly as if it had been cut out of pasteboard, though its distance varied from 170 to 130 miles. . . .

It may be of interest to compare with this account of Aconcagua as seen at sunrise from the sea the following description of the sea as seen at sunrise from very near the summit of Aconcagua :

'The coming of dawn was hidden from us by the interposing mountain, so we lost all sight of the rich unfolding glories of the East. But from the moment the sun peeped above the invisible horizon we were magnificently recompensed, for it poured forth upon the world beneath us a flood of fiery radiance, save where interposing mountains flung out their long shadows. Its effulgence visibly permeated the air over the Pacific. Standing as we did on the shaded side of Aconcagua, and at no very great distance from the summit, we saw its great cone of purple shade reach out at the moment of sunrise to the remotest horizon, more than two hundred miles distance, not, be it observed, a mere carpet of shadow upon the ground, but a solid prism of purple, immersed in the glimmering flood of the crystalline

sky, its outer surface enriched with layers of rainbow-tinted colour. We could see upon the ground the shadows of other mountains ; but Aconcagua's shadow, in which we stood, alone revealed itself as substantial—not a plane, but a thing of three dimensions. With the rising of the sun the remotest point of the shadow slowly dropped upon the ocean and travelled towards us, till it reached the Chilian shore, hurried over the low hills, dipped into the Horcones Valley, climbed the slope up which we had come, and finally reached our feet. Then as we raised our eyes to the crags aloft, lo ! the blinding fires of the Sun God himself burning upon the crest and bringing to us the fulness of day ! ' <sup>1</sup>

Valparaiso, though it has no great volcano near it, is subject to earthquakes. When, during a ball which E. attended, some excitement arose, he supposed there was a fire, and asked someone, who remained calm, where it was. ' Oh,' was the answer, ' it's the earthquake ; didn't you feel it ? ' There had not been an earthquake for some weeks, and whenever more than a fortnight passed without one, people became alarmed, having an idea that the next would be unusually serious. Generally slight earthquakes were frequent, the glasses on the table would jar together, people would say ' Oh, it is the earthquake,' and take no further notice.

The Admiral commanding the Pacific station at this time was Sir Phipps Hornby, whose son Geoffrey (afterwards well known as Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby) was his flag-lieutenant. The flag-ship was the *Asia*, and the flag-captain E.'s cousin and intimate friend, ' Bob ' Stopford.

A letter says :

The Admiral and his family are here (Valparaiso), but the *Asia* is gone to Coquimbo and Callao. The Hornbys live at the top of a very steep hill, whither I climb for my dinner every day. I like them very much. . . .

### *Journal resumed.*

The Admiral and family were here, the flag being in the *Gorgon*. I found them very agreeable and availed myself largely of a general invitation to dine there.

<sup>1</sup> Extract from Sir Martin Conway's book *Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego* (1902), (Ascent of Aconcagua, page 91).

The place did not strike me as an agreeable one, but it was a bad season of the year and execrable weather. I went to a ball at the theatre, where we had an earthquake accompanied by screaming, rushing, &c.

I was glad to get away on the 7th July.

Being retarded by light winds I did not reach Callao till the 18th. Here was the *Asia*, but Bob Stopford had been ill and was still an invalid, which I regretted much—selfishly as well as on his account.

Nothing can be finer than the situation of Lima, as seen from the sea a few miles from Callao. It is backed by successive ranges of lofty mountains, the highest, which are covered with snow, being the Cordilleras. Between it and the sea is a gentle slope of six miles of alluvial land watered by the Rimac and apparently well cultivated; at least it looks green and is studded with white buildings. The port of Callao and the shipping, &c., give animation to the scene. The city of Lima has many conspicuous churches which have a very fine effect at a distance; but there is no architectural splendour to be found there. Parts of the city are, however, picturesque, such as the square, bridge, &c., and the costumes assist much in producing this effect; but the houses being built of adobes or unbaked bricks, there is a ruinous appearance about the whole. I was only there for a few hours in the middle of the day (the worst time to see the people), which I spent in walking about the place and calling on the chargé d'affaires, Mr. Adams, who is, I hear, popular with the naval people. Mrs. Adams is also an agreeable person. Altogether I liked the appearance of Callao and Lima better than that of Valparaiso; but I saw but little of either, at least of their inhabitants. . . .

### *Extracts from Letters to J.*

Valparaiso, June 22nd, 1849.

. . . The programme of my first expedition is chalked out. I am to go at, or about, the end of this month (June) to Callao, where I shall have the pleasure of seeing Bob [Captain Stopford] for a few days. Thence I go to Pitcairn's Island (where the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*



live), Tahiti, and the neighbouring islands, the Navigators' Islands (where the hero of the 'affaire Pritchard' is consul), the Fiji Islands, the Friendly Islands (Tongataboo, &c.), and back to Valparaiso. The whole to take about seven months, during which time I shall not get any letter, nor probably have an opportunity of writing except by a few chance opportunities; otherwise I do not dislike the prospect. The passage from the islands to Valparaiso is, I believe, long and tedious. We shall probably not remain more than a few days at any one island; at Pitcairn's Island a ship cannot anchor, but I hope to land and see the people, who are always described as a very interesting race. Mr. Pritchard will most likely visit some of his islands in the ship, in which case I shall have the honour of his company.

I have made no acquaintance here as yet; but Captain Johnson, of the *Driver*, and I propose to pay some visits and have some rides together. This place has narrowly escaped being very pretty; it has a fine bay, is mountainous, and has a fine view of the Andes in the distance; but the hills immediately round the town are barren and 'lumpish,' which spoils the general view.

There is still much excitement about California, but not so much as there has been. There are here several Yankee ships on their way with passengers, great ruffians apparently. The Hornbys have three bits of the gold that a young man to whom they had been civil sent them as specimens. The three together are about the size and weight of eight or nine sovereigns and are pure metal; but I understand that Captain Courtenay, of the *Constance*, saw when there a piece weighing 13 lbs., and heard of one weighing 20 lbs. They say that there is still plenty, though there are so many more seekers; but they have found no mine as yet.

Ashe is going home [first-lieutenant who broke his thigh at Madeira], as he finds his health does not become re-established as firmly as he had hoped. He will go either in the *Pandora* or *Constance*, and Mr. Lacy, late second lieutenant, becomes first, and Mr. Mansell, a young officer at present in the *Asia*, becomes third.

I have been reading the account of the mutiny of the *Bounty*; it seems very remarkable that so interesting and

virtuous a people should have sprung from a stock so deeply imbued with rascality as those murderers. I look forward with great interest to my visit to their island. A subscription is set on foot here to buy useful things for us to take, as was the case the last time a ship was going. There are about 140 inhabitants now, and the question is mooted as to whether they are getting too numerous for the island, which is only four and a half miles in circumference. I believe that for the present I shall make a report to decide whether they should be encouraged to do so.

I am to be supplied with 'Wilkes' Voyage' for my information touching the islands; he is an American who was sent on an exploring expedition, and has published his account; his description of the Fijis and their inhabitants is said to be correct, and I dare say would interest you. These islanders are (until converted by the missionaries) a treacherous race, and cannibals; but you may depend on my taking due care not to be eaten! My predecessor last year destroyed one of their towns for having robbed and murdered some British subject, and therefore they will probably be very civil now.

July 10th. Lat. 28° 26' S.

As we creep slowly to the northward with beautiful weather, all here seems to promise a creditable and agreeable future to the *Daphne*. I am looking forward with very great pleasure to being with Bob Stopford for three days at Callao. My orders are to proceed thence to Pitcairn's, there to land a bull, cow, rabbits, and sundry articles we are taking them: to offer the people any assistance or advice, ascertain their wants, and maturely consider the propriety of removing any of the families, which has been suggested on the plea that they are getting too many for the land to support. Then I go to Tahiti and stay three days; and shall send you a letter enclosed to the admiral at Valparaiso. Then I go to the Society Islands—viz., Huahine, Raiatea, and Bora Bora, and seek interviews with their chiefs, who are independent, and give them wholesome advice to preserve an independent course and a friendly feeling towards all nations, &c. Then I go to Apia, the anchorage of Upolu, where lives Mr. Pritchard our consul,

at the Navigators' Islands; and amongst these islands, the Fijis and Friendly (Tongataboo, &c.), I shall be a sort of knight errant, or redressor of grievances of all British subjects who may have suffered oppression—which is a delicate as well as an interesting office, as the progress of humanity and civilisation amongst these poor savages much depends upon the justice and moderation, as well as vigour, that they experience from those whites whose judge's bench is behind a row of thirty-two-pounders. If Mr. Pritchard wants to visit any islands of his consulate we shall take him, and I shall communicate with the missionaries in the different islands and give them any assistance I can. I suppose that I shall leave them early in December and reach Valparaiso in January. . . .

[After naming a number of books he is reading, he goes on:—] But all this will be interrupted next week by a visit to Pizarro's bones at Lima, and two or three pleasant days with Bob Stopford; and then on leaving Callao I shall have to get up Wilkes' account of the Fijis and Tahiti, Cook's of the latter, and the correspondence and remarks of my predecessors, Captains Worth and Blake. You will have a letter from Tahiti dated about the end of August, after which I shall hardly have an opportunity till January 30th, unless by some chance sailing-ship amongst the islands. It is a long interesting voyage, and I hear that the *Calypso's* people were enchanted with it. The climate throughout is perfect, and being tropical is, as you know, well suited to me. I hope to make some sketches.

By-the-bye, Darwin, the naturalist, who accompanied Captain FitzRoy, has written an account of many parts of the Pacific and South America, in which is a description of the formation of the coral islands, lagoons, &c. such as many of those I am going to, and which, if you have never seen such a description, will, I think, interest you. I don't think he says much about the islands except their curious formation.

The climate here in Peru is singularly cool considering its latitude. We seldom see the sun, though it never rains. To-day, though we are in 30° S., I am dressed in thick woollen garments, and have two blankets over me at night; however I believe that when we leave Callao and run out

from the coast, we shall almost immediately get tropical weather. On this station, as I anticipated, a captain is thrown very much on his own resources; he rarely meets a brother officer, and is detached on long wandering voyages without much opportunity of society.

I have got on board a box containing the miserable remains of the presents that were sent out with the Niger expedition. They were sent to Valparaiso afterwards, I suppose, because this station has more dealings with savages than others; they have made one or two trips, and therefore all but the most trashy articles are disposed of; I see some remarkably tawdry cotton velvet caps, some pipe-sticks, and a pair of scarlet trousers, &c. The Hornbys kindly supplied me with needles, thread, scissors, &c., which will be acceptable at Pitcairn's and elsewhere. . . .

Callao : July 22nd, 1849.

I am going to-day at 1 o'clock. It seems just possible I may catch the December packet for England at Valparaiso. . . .

'Daphne' (1700 miles from Callao; ditto from Pitcairn's Island),  
July 30th, 1849.

. . . We go on and on at an average of 200 miles daily, which looks like a mere nothing in this vast sea. For the first six days or 1,200 miles we had cool overcast weather, now we have a gentle trade wind, blue sky, and much bluer sea. All solitary, except a few flying-fish now and then, and some little birds that we call Guano-birds, flying in our wake. All the internal economy of the ship works well, and regularly—no sick and no punishment. I am busy reading up Cook and Wilkes. Do you recollect complaining that there were no accounts published of the Pacific? Ellis's 'Polynesian Researches' is a work that is quoted a good deal, and Williams' 'Missionary Enterprises' is also, I believe, a very good book. I have not seen them, but if they are moderate in size and cost should like to have them by any opportunity that should occur.

If you get them, do so in time to read as much of them as you like before sending them. The Samoans or Navigators' Isles in vol. ii., and the Fijis and their inhabitants, are



described in the third vol. of Wilkes' 'U.S. Exploring Expedition.' I imagine that they are the most savage savages now extant, and I believe they are the only race of men who are cannibals from mere taste, without being actuated by revenge or superstition. Don't be alarmed, I have nothing to do with them, except where the missionaries are, and there these atrocities are not perpetrated, and moreover none of my people will be allowed to trust or have any dealings with these people, except in armed boats with proper officers. I shall, I hope, get some sketches for you. . . .

750 miles from Pitcairn, Aug. 4th.

. . . I wish you could be here for the next month, you would see all the most classic ground of Polynesia,—Pitcairn's, Tahiti, and the Society Isles. To night it is full-moon, and in this pure atmosphere everything sparkles . . . as the ship glides along with a light fair wind.

To me Polynesia is the principal source of interest on this station ; in the Spanish republics I can muster but very little in comparison, with their Bolivars, their Santa Cruzes and their Rosases. But the islanders—speaking the same language from Easter Island to New Zealand, from thence to the Sandwich Islands ;—the islands they inhabit, and their connection with Cook, and since his time their having become the theatre of the most laborious, and I hope most successful, missionary enterprise—all tend to make them very interesting. Many melancholy episodes are interwoven in their history : perhaps the most so is the story of La Pérouse, who had previously acquired the esteem of Englishmen by his humanity to the captured, after he had taken one of our possessions in Hudson's Bay. He sailed from France with two frigates, and with instructions embracing a very extensive field of operations in the Pacific, in the performance of which two massacres of his people occurred, one on the coast of North America, the other at the Navigators' Islands. He afterwards sailed from Sydney on another campaign, and was not heard of for about forty years, when (in about 1827) it was discovered, by a series of very singular circumstances, that both frigates had been lost at Manicoleo, an island in the Western Pacific. One ship

sank in deep water with her whole crew ; the other struck on a ledge of rocks, and Pérouse and his people were saved. They built a schooner from the débris of their ship, and put to sea, and have never since been heard of.

You will want to know why I send you long stories about Frenchmen and savages. I can only answer in my defence that it is what I happen to have in my thoughts at the moment, and so I give vent to it. . . .

Our weather gets gradually warmer, but not disagreeably so. We shall not have it much hotter until we approach Tahiti. . . . The forced protectorship of the French at Tahiti is the most hopeless circumstance in the Pacific at present. Many in these parts are, I understand, angry with Lord Aberdeen on that score. They think that, as the French went out nominally to seize the Marquésas (though, as they say, everyone knew that Tahiti was their true game), Lord A. might have tied them down to leave Tahiti alone ; and they are especially displeased with a speech of Lord A.'s, 'Oh poor Tahitians, I am glad they have got anybody to protect them,' which, say they, was dictated by either ignorance, irony, or impertinence. Certainly I believe this much, that no weak state was ever less in want of that species of protection. The French, I understand, wanted to clutch the Society Islands also, but Lord Palmerston got them to enter into a joint guarantee of their independence. This was conveyed to them by the *Calypso* last year, and the object of my going to those islands is to advise the several chiefs (for each is a separate state) to preserve it. . . .

## CHAPTER IX

DAPHNE '—SOUTH SEAS—PITCAIRN—TAHITI, AND  
SOCIETY ISLANDS

*Notes on Pitcairn's Island.*

THE history of Pitcairn dates back to the mutiny of the *Bounty* in 1789, when the mutineers cast adrift their captain with some of his officers and men in an open boat, and, taking possession of the ship, sailed for Tahiti. Captain Bligh and his party, after undergoing great suffering and danger, eventually reached England, and on hearing their story the Government sent out a man-of-war to search for and arrest the mutineers. Fourteen were secured, of whom four were drowned on the way home. The rest on arrival were tried, and six condemned to death. Three of these were hanged at the yardarm, the others being pardoned; among the latter was Peter Heywood, midshipman, who returned to service in the navy, and whose daughter married Sir Edward Belcher. There remained nine of the mutineers unaccounted for, and of these nothing was heard for twenty years. When their comrades decided to remain at Tahiti they sailed on in the ship, taking each a Tahitian wife, and also a few native men and women. They landed at a little island which had already been discovered and named Pitcairn, but which was uninhabited and scarcely remembered. Here they decided to settle, and the *Bounty* was destroyed. Quarrels soon arose, and some years of suspicion and crime followed. The native Tahitians surprised and murdered most of the white men, wounding Adams; then the remaining whites, with the help of their native wives, killed all the Tahitian men. Later, two of the mutineers died violent deaths, and one (Young, formerly a midshipman) succumbed to illness, leaving as sole survivor John Adams (who on the *Bounty's* books had been entered as Alexander Smith). He, left alone with the women and the younger generation, began to read a Bible which he had retained, and to recall the religious teaching of his youth. He became genuinely

'converted' and brought up the young ones around him in religious belief and pure living. His influence with them was supreme, and no intercourse with the outside world contaminated their ideas, so that they were, and continued to be, a community living in simple piety and innocence. In 1808 Captain Folger, commanding an American ship, first discovered Adams on the island; but it was not till six years later, when two men-of-war visited the island and were to their amazement accosted in English, that the Pitcairners' history became widely known. Shortly before Adams's death Mr. Nobbs arrived to settle among them, a man who had seen many adventures and had been much interested in their story. Having strong religious convictions, he was a comfort and help to Adams, and on the old man's death was accepted by the islanders as their pastor and teacher. When the *Daphne* arrived he had been long established there.

*Journal resumed.*

CRUISE TO THE ISLANDS.

I sailed from Callao for Pitcairn's Island on July 22nd at noon, and occupied myself on the passage in reading parts of Mr. Wilkes' account of the Fijis, Tahiti, &c., Cook's accounts, and the memoranda I had of Captain Worth's expedition of last year. We kept the overcast sky of Peru for six days, nearly 1,200 miles, when we emerged into the bright atmosphere of the trade wind.

We lost the regular trade in 18° South, as is usual, according to Cook and Wilkes; but we had tolerably fine weather till we reached Pitcairn's Island on the 11th, having been becalmed in sight of it all the 10th.

On nearing the island we carried away the maintopsail yard, and whilst shifting it two whale-boats full of the islanders came on board. The two principal personages were the magistrate for the present year, Simon Young, grandson of the mutineer, and Arthur Quintal, of the first generation, son of Quintal the mutineer. The latter appears to be the most intelligent and also the most influential man on the island. It is impossible to converse with him without being struck by his strong good sense and manliness. He told me many particulars of their history; the most remark-





PITCAIRN ISLAND  
(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)



able was that Young was in league with, or rather the inciter of, the Tahitians in the massacre of the whites; he said that Adams (or rather Alex. Smith) when wounded by the natives ran down one of the steep declivities of the island; that the Tahitians then called out to him to come back; he replied 'No, you will kill me,' upon which they said 'No, it was a mistake; we did not mean to kill you; Young told us to spare you, to be a companion for him.' He said that Adams always maintained that, though it was true that he went into Bligh's cabin with a musket, it was not loaded.

He said that Folger was not the first that came to the island; that a vessel had come some years before, landed, and got some wood and cocoa nuts, and went away without heeding their signals, and they never heard what the ship's name was. When Folger pulled-in in his boat he was afraid to land, and old Adams was afraid to go on board. At last Folger was persuaded to land, and he and Adams sat on the ground for hours talking together. Quintal (who was a boy) watched them from a distance, and at last old Adams jumped up and, waving his hat, exclaimed: 'Hurra for Old England!' Folger had been telling him of the English success in the war.

The massacre was caused by Williams, who had lost his wife shortly after they arrived on the island; he then wished to leave the island, but the English were afraid to let him do so, because it might lead to their discovery; they, therefore, permitted him to seize one of the six Tahitian women who belonged indiscriminately to the nine Tahitians. Probably there was some ill-feeling before, as the English had partitioned the land amongst themselves without allotting any to the Tahitians. The English were scattered about on the slopes of the hills cultivating their respective fields, when the Tahitians, having assembled together with muskets, got into the woods behind them, and, having shot one (Williams himself), retired back into the woods. They then descended to the second, who was Christian, and shot him. McKoy and Mill were working together in the next patch of ground with a Tahitian, a friend of Mill's. Hearing Christian exclaim 'Oh, God!' McKoy said 'That's a dead

man's voice.' Mill said : ' Oh, no ; they are shooting hogs, and the voice was Christian hailing to his house in answer to his wife telling him that dinner is ready.'

Meantime the Tahitians, seeing two together, had sent two of their party to McKoy's house to lay wait ; they then called to McKoy that some one was robbing his house ; they also called to Mill's friend to join them, which he did. McKoy having gone down to his house, the Tahitians then shot Mill. When McKoy reached his house the two who were lying in wait for him aimed at him with a musket, but missed fire. They then attacked him with the *Bounty's* maul,<sup>1</sup> but he escaped from them, and, meeting Quintal, he told him what was going on, and they two escaped to the mountains. In escaping, McKoy told his wife (or Young's) to go up and tell all the English she saw what was going on. She, running up, saw Alexander Smith (John Adams) working in his field, and said : ' Smith, what are you staying here for, such a day as this ? ' She then ran on ; but Smith, suspecting from so many shots fired that something was wrong, came away and met the Tahitians with their muskets, the butts on the ground and leaning with their hands on the muzzles. He said : ' My friends, what is the matter ? ' They answered in Tahitian : ' Hold your tongue.' He then, seeing they were hostile, turned to run away. They fired a musket at him, the ball of which entered the back of his neck and passed through to the fore part. He fell, and one of the Tahitians, closing, aimed a blow at him with the butt of his musket. Smith put up his arm to ward it off, and it broke his little finger. He then ran down a steep place, and the above-mentioned conversation took place. Martin and Brown were both killed at the same time. One of them came into a house where the Tahitians were : a Tahitian levelled his musket at him, and said, ' This is the way we shoot hogs.' The gun missed fire, and the Englishman thought he was in joke, and that the gun was not loaded. The Tahitian again cocked it and shot him through the body.

There now remained but four Englishmen, McKoy and Quintal in the woods, and Smith and Young in the village.

<sup>1</sup> The ' maul ' is a heavy wooden mallet, used to beat into place the rope of a ship's rigging.



The Tahitians hunted the former two or three times, and fired at them; but they always escaped. On one occasion one of them cut his feet in running and left traces of his blood, which occasioned the Tahitians to think that he was wounded. After some time the Tahitian before mentioned as Mill's friend went up to them to join them. He called to them that he was come to be their friend; they answered, 'If you are a true friend, lay down your musket.' He did so, and they managed to possess themselves of it. They then, distrusting him, shot him. There now remained but two Tahitian men (I did not understand how the others were disposed of); Young and Smith (or Adams) therefore sent to their countrymen in the woods by one of the Tahitian women that on a certain day they would kill these two Tahitians, and they should return at the same time.

One of the Tahitians was a very strong, powerful man, and I presume they were generally on their guard, which rendered a plot necessary. It was as follows: A Tahitian woman was to get the strong man on a bed, taking care not to put her arm under his head. When he was asleep, Young's wife was to murder him with an axe; she was instantly to call out to Young, 'Fire!' at which signal Young was to shoot the other. This plan was accordingly put in execution. Young, whilst loading his musket, was asked by his intended victim what he was going to shoot. 'A hog,' replied he. 'Then,' said the other, 'you had better put in two charges. 'I *will* put in two charges,' replied Young, and proceeded to do so. He was barely ready with his gun when his wife, having despatched her victim by two blows with the axe, gave the signal: and the last Tahitian was a dead man.

Meantime McKoy had discovered a means of distilling spirit from the 'ta' (tea) tree, and drunkenness was the order of the day. Quintal, when drunk, was in the habit of threatening to murder the other three, and this occurred so often that they believed he intended to do so; and therefore considered it necessary to forestall him. Lots were drawn, and the office fell to McKoy, and the next time Quintal was drunk the axe did its work. McKoy soon after became maddened by drunkenness, and the death of Quintal was

thought to have preyed upon his mind. One morning he was discovered close to a projecting rock, his feet above water and his head at the bottom. He had tied a stone round his neck and thrown himself into the sea. The rock is now called McKoy's rock, or by those who speak broken English 'McKoy dead.' Soon after Young died of consumption (I believe about the age of thirty-three).

Alexander Smith, afterward John Adams, now found himself with the Tahitian women and twenty children. He had leisure to reflect, and was able to repent; and his present position afforded him an ample opportunity for doing good; and most earnestly did he avail himself of it, and that small island, the witness of so much crime, is now the abode of as virtuous a community as is to be found on the globe; and I doubt if in all history the name of a ruler can be found which after his death was held in such veneration or beloved with such universal affection as is that of John Adams by those simple-minded and truly religious islanders.

We sent the cattle in the two whale-boats belonging to the inhabitants, and I and many of the officers landed about 3 o'clock after a very tedious pull in a deeply laden boat. The whale-boats came outside Bounty Bay for us, as that cove is full of rocks and hardly practicable at any time for a ship's boat, at least without risk of damaging her. We found most of the islanders, nearly all the ladies, on the beach awaiting our arrival. Mr. Nobbs, the pastor and preceptor, conspicuous in his suit of black, and we were escorted by a steep winding foot-path through a thicket of tropical trees towards the village. We passed a fine field of sweet potatoes (*convolvulus*) on a slope towards the sea on our right and a thick cocoa-nut grove on our left, and soon arrived at 'the school house,' which is also the chapel. It, as also the village, stands on the north side of the hill at a considerable height; and the cheerfulness and beauty of its neighbourhood are very striking, whether viewed from the village itself or from the sea. The village is very straggling, each house standing by itself with a small cleared space round it, and a cooking shed detached. The houses are entirely of wood, with only the ground floor, and thatched. The entrance is

about in the centre of the front; and the remaining part is planked up to about three feet from the ground, above which there are sliding panels which when open expose to view the whole interior economy. There is a window at each end, but the back is completely planked in. In the interior this part is partitioned off throughout its whole length into sleeping berths resembling those of a steam packet but more commodious. These berths are generally covered with patchwork counterpanes. On entering by the front door there is to the left a partition wall run across, which encloses the sanctum sanctorum of the heads of the family: this little room is more furnished than the rest and its berth is provided with curtains. To the right is the table and benches, and against the partition wall stands a native-made chest of drawers of a strong close-grained wood of the island and inlaid with another wood of a light colour. Boxes are also very neatly made of these woods and are an article of traffic. I had one presented to me by my friend Arthur Quintal. It is the custom for the different families to take in turns to entertain the visitors that call at the island in ships; this is not done with the view to share a burden, but a pleasure, as these good people take delight in performing the rites of hospitality. We fell to the lot of the family of Arthur Quintal and his son-in-law, John Adams. Accordingly, when we were first observed in the offing the day before, Quintal had made his preparations, gathering bananas, yams, &c., and they were both on board in the first boat that came off.

On arriving at the school-house (which had the English colours displayed in front of it on an ensign-staff), we saw the sum-books of the girls, and were much surprised both at the progress in arithmetic and also at the neat and good writing. All that I looked at were sufficiently advanced for all purposes of housekeeping anywhere, from Pitcairn's Island to London. We were also shown the register of the island, which contains a notice of all the principal events that have occurred since the burning of the *Bounty* in January 1790. I afterwards was taken about the village and dined with John Adams. He requested me to say grace, and afterwards we had a good dinner of fried fish, boiled pork,

'yams au naturel,' and 'yam bread,' washed down with water. Most of the officers who were on shore were of the party. We then, under the escort of John Adams, and two or three young ladies, walked up the hill behind the town, passing through groves of pandanus, banana, papau-apple, and other tropical trees, with now and then a cultivated patch. In our ascent we visited the larger of the two reservoirs for the supply of water. It is twelve or fourteen feet in diameter and eleven feet deep, and was quite full.

We afterwards reached the top of the mountain, which is a narrow ridge of rock, but the trees reach nearly and in many places quite to the summit. We scrambled along the ridge (assisted frequently by the young ladies and John Adams) till we reached one of the highest peaks, towards the N.W. part of the island. Thence we scrambled by a steep descent through trees and over rocks till we reached the smaller reservoir, and afterwards continuing our descent and crossing a rugged ravine, we entered the village from the west. It was now dark, and full time to go on board; so I broke up a grand ball, which was at its zenith with a very tolerable fiddler for its band, in spite of the solicitations of the ladies that I and all the officers would stay ashore, and we all returned to the landing-place, and thence, after some very tender scenes, we embarked.

Arthur Quintal and George Adams, who are the only two males of the first generation remaining (there are five females), came on board with us and attended our church service next morning, with which they appeared much pleased. They breakfasted with me, and much of the above account of the massacre, &c., was told me then by Quintal, Adams now and then chiming in; but I observed that when Quintal spoke of old John Adams, which he always did with very great respect and affection, George turned away and held his handkerchief to his face and sobbed.

After church we stood close in and landed, being greeted as before by a large concourse of young men, women, and children, of which last there is a great proportion. The young ladies made eager enquiries for their partners of last night, and were sadly disappointed if they had remained on board. One had cooked a dinner for hers, and with a very



woeful countenance proposed to take it on board when she found he had not landed. Indeed, these poor simple but virtuous girls seemed to attach themselves so much to the young officers that I should for their sakes be very loth to remain more than a day or two; and I believe this had much to do with my declining all their solicitations, by written request as well as verbal, to remain another day. I also wished to keep up an understanding on board that I generally did what I said I meant to do, and moreover the wind was fair and I had done what I came for; and so I had no longer any business there.

I walked about with Mr. Nobbs and visited most of the houses. I gave Mr. Nobbs some shoes, flannel, &c., for himself and family, and Hare's Sermons for the use of the inhabitants. He told me that he got a quarter of a dollar (1s.) a month for the instruction of each child, which was paid, not in cash, but in produce at the same rate at which by agreement amongst themselves they supply the whalers, viz., 2 dollars a barrel for yams or sweet potatoes and 3 dollars a barrel for Irish potatoes. The inhabitants keep his house in repair as a remuneration for his clerical duties. He expressed a wish some time ago to leave the island in order to obtain some situation which would enable him to provide for his numerous family. Being a foreigner himself, he had no share of land, and his wife being of the second generation had but a small proportion, which would not bear dividing into ten or twelve portions. The heads of families, however, have clubbed together and made over to him sufficient land to place him in that respect on an equal footing with themselves. Quintal told me that they considered this grant as conditional, and that if he went away they should take the land back. However, he does not now seem inclined to leave the island permanently, but is desirous to escort his eldest son to the Sandwich Islands. This youth is lame from the effects of an accidental discharge of a gun, and a lame man is quite out of place on Pitcairn's Island. He therefore wishes to seek employment elsewhere. He seems an intelligent, studious youth, and was busy reading algebra. He wanted to learn navigation, for which purpose I made over to him

an Inman's 'Navigation' and tables. Mr. Nobbs appears still to have pecuniary difficulties to contend with. The other inhabitants are daily employed in cultivating their grounds, the produce of which (over and above what they want) they barter to whalers for other articles, so that, as Quintal told me, they get almost everything they want in that manner. But Nobbs, being pretty constantly occupied in the schoolroom, has not the same opportunity. In this respect the loss of the services of his eldest son is a great deprivation to him. He has an idea that the English Government may be inclined to give him a small stipend of £50 a year. And as far as his personal character is concerned I should think him worthy of every assistance, for he has been the instructor of youth for more than twenty years, and it would be difficult to find anywhere a more virtuous or a more usefully educated race than his pupils, past and present, and Quintal, who is a very sensible man, and one of the elders of the community, spoke of him with great respect. 'Not equal to John Adams,' he said, 'because John Adams always openly and boldly rebuked what he considered wrong in the conduct of any one, no matter who, which Nobbs does not always do; but he is a very good man and does his duty very well.' Adams, of course, from his very peculiar position, had much more authority. I went to church in the afternoon, and the service was performed in a very orderly manner by Mr. Nobbs, Buffet acting as clerk. The congregation was most devout and attentive, as much so as in the most blameless country parish in England. The singing very good. The service is the Church of England, including the prayers for the Queen and Royal Family. Nobbs reads the absolution, baptizes, and marries; in fact, does all the duties of an ordained minister except administering the Sacrament.

In the morning service of this day there had been *two* christenings—the first time such an event has happened on the island. After church we strolled about, and it was soon time to direct our steps towards the landing-place.

Our party gradually collected near Bounty Bay, the inhabitants flocking to the same point with liberal supplies of yams, bananas, and other good things; the young ladies

with a laugh and a tear struggling together in their eyes, and all with sincere and hearty goodwill. Then came the passing the things into the boat. 'That's the captain's bag of yams.' 'Where are the gun-room bananas?' 'Those oranges belong to Mr. Farmer.' 'Where's the captain's box?' 'Have you got a piece of the *Bounty's* copper?' 'Good-bye, sir.' 'God bless you, sir.' 'I shall kiss you, sir.' 'No, that would not be right.' 'Then good-bye, my brother.' And so we parted from these simple-minded and truly virtuous people. Some of the men went on board in their whale-boats—Simon Young, the magistrate, A. Quintal, John Adams, &c. We gave them what things we had—tea and sugar, and wine for the elders—and when they left us we made the most of our fair wind and were soon far away from the island.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of this little community is the universal contentment and the total absence of all rivalry and contention which prevails in it. In all their laws and regulations great care has been taken to ward off all occasion of dispute. They seem to have but few things common to all; it is rather their system that everything shall be the private property of some individual, and that his right in it shall be rigidly respected. The whale-boats, the *Bounty's* forge, and perhaps some other articles, are exceptions; books are not; for there is no public library, but each family has a small one of its own. The goats on the mountain are all marked, as well as the pigs and poultry; but the bull and cow that I took them are public.

Crimes and wilful misdemeanours appear to be unknown amongst them, and each individual appears to be actuated by a strong religious principle. The simple manliness of their character is very striking. Quintal and the other elders appeared very anxious lest they should get too much into the habit of getting their wants supplied through the liberality of their English friends at Valparaiso. He said that they could by cultivating their land earn enough to supply all their principal wants from the whalers, and he dreaded the moral effect of writing for things instead of working for them. He also said that the young men had

got habits of extravagance or want of management; that they threw away things, clothes, &c., before they were half worn out, &c. &c.; and he was very anxious that they should have no more gratuitous assistance than was absolutely necessary. They are visited every year by several whalers, principally Americans, whose crews, they say, always behave with the utmost propriety, and carefully avoid saying or doing anything that might shock them. They are very fortunate in having no anchorage; so that no vessel remains long enough to allow the evil-disposed time for mischief. And it is impossible to part from this interesting people without a prayer that they may long be preserved unspotted from the world. . . .

*Letter to J.*

. . . To-morrow we shall have been four weeks out at sea, at least from Callao; but we passed two days off Pitcairn's Island. I found the people there quite as interesting as they are described; they are, I think, thoroughly amiable and virtuous, and live in the utmost harmony and contentment. There are 151 souls. . . . They are ruled by a magistrate and two councillors, chosen annually. . . .

When we first saw the island at daylight it looked like a little button on an immense sheet of blue cloth—so small and solitary—but on getting near, and particularly on landing, we found it very beautiful, richly clothed in tropical verdure, with the fields well and carefully cultivated with yams, sweet potatoes, &c.; some crags and precipices. It is only about five and a half miles in circumference and 1,200 feet high, and the sea is deep and blue close to the rocks. The village is a straggling one, built of wood, about 500 feet above the sea. . . . One of the objects of my going there was to ascertain whether they were getting too numerous for the island. This is not as yet the case; nor will it be for years; and they all have a great repugnance to leave the island until obliged. . . .

In answer to E.'s enquiry whether they wished to leave the island, Quintal had replied, 'Not while there is a sweet



potato upon it.' Their numbers, however, did eventually outgrow their means of support upon so small a space, and seven years later the Home Government renewed the proposal to transport them elsewhere, and offered them Norfolk Island, then recently evacuated as a convict settlement, for their future home. The offer was accepted, and in June, 1856, the whole community, then numbering 194 persons, was transferred to Norfolk Island. Two or three families subsequently returned to Pitcairn, but the rest settled down permanently in their new home. In 1903, when A. D. F., then Admiral commanding on the Australian station, visited Norfolk Island, he found among the 'Pitcairners' a few of the original emigrants; these were keenly interested in hearing of his father, having a lively recollection of the *Daphne's* visit to Pitcairn in 1849.

*Journal resumed.*

*August 12th.*—At 7 P.M. we left Pitcairn's Island, and reached Tahiti during the night of the 20th, having passed the bold rock of Maïatea at sunset. We saw Hereheretua or Bligh's Island; it is laid down some fourteen geographical miles too far to the eastward. On the 21st at daylight we were four miles to windward of the entrance of Papeiti harbour; we looked at the deep gorge which leads to Fautaua, and discloses the Crown Mountain (la Diadème), a perpendicular serrated rock in the centre of the island. The view as the sun throws all the ravines into light and shade is extremely beautiful. We got a French pilot and anchored in Papeiti before 10. Here is tropical scenery in its glory, bright green fringes on the sea-shore of cocoa-nut trees, bread fruit and oranges; the deepest blue sea outside the reefs and the most delicate green inside, separated by a line of brilliant white surf as far as the eye can reach on either side; the thatched high-pitched roofs and low whitewashed walls of the houses of the Europeans round the shore or peeping out from the cluster of trees, and the bold mountains rising behind, altogether form a scene beautiful indeed, and rendered cheerful by the groups of natives in their bright yellow and red garments.

The Governor was away at the 'Presqu'îles' and Pomare [the native queen] also; but I called on Madame Lavand

and the principal French authorities during the day and evening, Mr. Millar, the provisional consul, being my cicerone, as indeed he continued to be during my stay. The evening was spent at Madame Lavand's. Next day we walked to Fautaua, with a strapping native to carry us over the river, which has to be crossed several times in ascending the ravine. The scenery as the valley is ascended became very grand, particularly in approaching the Post. This appears to be impregnable if properly defended. The Tahitians in their rebellion thought it to be so, but neglected to occupy a steep precipitous crag which rises behind it, the path over which was betrayed to the French by a native of another island who had been some time on Tahiti, and had lived with his 'friend' in that neighbourhood. When the Tahitians saw the French above them they immediately surrendered, and the insurrection was at an end. The French have now a subaltern's detachment there. We found the officer (a Vendéan of noble family, but a very queer fellow) very civil; he took me down to see some curious caverns, in which a stream seems to rest before it makes a perpendicular leap of eight hundred or a thousand feet into the valley below. We then ascended above his Post by a path leading up the crag to a platform and flagstaff, whence there is a fine view down the valley to the sea on one side and up to the Crown Mountain. We came back, dined on board, and paid some more visits in the evening.

Next day we went in the gig to Point Venus, classic ground. This Post is now in charge of a native chief and some native troops, but the former has been to Paris and wears a tight jacket, and the latter are in French pay. We went to the extreme point. There were two huts with fishermen—the same tall athletic sort of fellows that Cook might have seen in the same spot, but they were drunk and insolent. We walked round the shores of Matavai Bay till we came to a steep bluff (One Tree Hill), another French Post, thence on to Papawa, where is the tomb of old Pomare, the Constantine of Tahiti; but his bones are said to have been carried off and hid by the natives. Queen Pomare has a new house here, built in the old native style, and a good repre-



FAUTAU, TAHITI  
(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)





sentation of the houses in Cook's time. It is about 100 feet long and 35 to 40 broad, and rounded at the end, without partition. The sides, as in all genuine Tahitian houses, are of sticks placed upright two or three inches apart. These are about as thick as a man's arm, and are of the hibiscus, the same wood from which the natives obtain fire by friction; the thatch of pandanus leaves; the floor strewn with coarse grass. There were two beds, one Pomare's, and the other her mother's. We then proceeded by boat to Saonoa, as I was very anxious to see the old lady who recollected Cook (of whom Henry Martin has a sketch). She is comfortably housed at the house of a merchant skipper (Mr. Nutt) and his wife. She is a very fine old woman, 85 years of age or nearly so, for the natives keep no account of their ages. She has a recollection of Wallis and his affray with the natives about 1775, but not very clear. Of Cook she seems to have a very lively recollection, as indeed she well may if, as I understood, she is the daughter of the unfortunate Tupia whom Cook wished to take to England, but who died at Batavia.

Some of the coral lumps are very curious in this neighbourhood; they rise from blue water close to the surface in a round mass, ten or twelve feet in diameter, and looking like gigantic jelly-fishes; here and there we had some difficulty in threading our way.

I had the harbour master, M. Séchoire (senior naval officer), to dine. The colonel commandant (Cendrecourt) could not come, as he had a 'coup de soleil sur les bras'—or, in other words, had perched himself upon the reef with his shirt-sleeves turned up in the broiling sun to fish for shells, and his arms were very soon like raw beef steaks, rather a green trick for an elderly gentleman who had been seventeen years in the tropics. In the evening we went to Madame Lavand's, it being her 'soirée de réception.' . . .

Forgetting the difficulties of the route E. asked her if she had been to Fautaua, but, looking down at her figure, she answered deprecatingly: 'Mais, Monsieur, vous voyez que je suis d'un certain embonpoint.'

*Journal resumed.*

I had intended to go to sea on the morning of the 25th, but at sunset on the 24th M. Lavand arrived, he having come back post haste on hearing by express that an English man-of-war had come in. I therefore thought it but civil to postpone sailing for one day. He immediately on his arrival issued cards for a dinner on the 25th. He is a plain, ordinary-looking personage, but I believe a good man and liked by the poorer natives. Madame turns up her nose at the Tahitian language, snubs the Queen, &c.

In the evening the Governor (as he is called) took me aside, and told me that in January last a French merchant vessel had arrived from the Navigators, whose captain, an officer in the French navy, reported to him that he had seen, hanging up in Mr. Pritchard's 'chambre de réception,' a picture with the inscription, 'Persecution of the natives of Tahiti by the French,' and that when the captain remonstrated, he answered that the picture was a present to him from some friends in England, and he conceived that he might do what he pleased with it. M. Lavand said that he had allowed the affair to stand over, as being of no great consequence, but always intended to mention it to the first English man-of-war arriving at Tahiti en route for the Navigators. But having occasion to send a vessel there with some missionaries, &c., he had inserted into the captain's orders a paragraph (which he read to me) ordering him to go to Mr. Pritchard's office, and should he see the above picture, to tell him that he should feel it his duty to complain of the circumstance to the British Government. I expressed a hope that there had been some misapprehension, but that I would see into the affair when I got there; but I hardly think that Mr. P. can be such a goose.

The greatest care was evident amongst the French authorities to show us every attention. They do not scruple to complain of the 'tristesse'—want of supplies and of trade, and everything else. I hear that they screw down their contractor at Valparaiso (who sends their supplies) as much as possible, and therefore sometimes get sour wine, &c.

They had lately had to send back some four hundred barrels as being undrinkable, and were anxiously looking out for a fresh supply (which arrived since we left, but the vessel ran on the reef and some were stove). I asked the French pilot who took us in if the natives were 'contents.' He said, 'Tranquilles si, mais contents non. Comment voulez-vous qu'un peuple soit content quand on brûle leurs maisons, détruit leurs propriétés et les tue?' and I believe most of the French are of the same opinion, and that they are now reaping the fruits of the hectoring and bullying of such men as Dupetit-Thouars and Bonard in the very general detestation of the South Sea islanders. It is fair, however, to consider that the lower class at Tahiti are said to be getting attached to them from the much larger measure of justice that they get from them than they did from their own chiefs. . . .

On first arrival at Tahiti the ship had hardly anchored when it was surrounded by canoes, and many natives came on board. E. was told that Queen Pomare's cousin wished to speak to him, and he prepared to receive her with due honour. She made an eager address, which being interpreted proved to be: a request that she might be allowed to have the washing of his linen! Enquiry was instantly made from his steward, but alas! the linen had just been made over to a rival. Fortunately, however, the marine officers' washing was not yet disposed of, and the high-born lady carried it off in triumph, being also gratified by a purchase of her oranges made by E.

*Journal resumed.*

We left Tahiti on the morning of the 26th August (Sunday), and at 9 reached Taloo Harbour, Eimeo (or Moorea). . . .

*Letter to J.*

September 1st, 1849.

. . . I went from Tahiti to Eimeo, than which it is difficult to conceive a more beautiful island. I have a sketch of the harbour which is intended on some future day to give you some faint notion of it. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

I went in to look at a shed over some Government coals which, it was thought, would want repair ; the roof was full of large holes, and therefore I brought the ship in in the afternoon, and during Monday repaired it. This island is extremely beautiful, and the harbour is perhaps the best view of it. There was a French lieutenant and fifteen men detached from Tahiti. The military force at the latter place, including all detachments, is 700, it having been reduced during the last year from 1,500. There is one company of artillery. They have lately finished a very heavy battery exactly opposite the entrance through the reef, and calculated to prevent any ship from entering. It mounts 11 guns: six 80-pounders, and five 30-pounders, French. The naval force consists of a frigate (*Sirène*), corvette (*Alcmène*) ; at Marquésas a steamer and two or three schooners and brigs. All their officers and employés seemed discontented and tired of the place, and very communicative in saying so. There was no trade, the little there had been being at the time of our visit called off by the California mania.

We left Eimeo on the evening of the 27th August, and were off Huahine next morning ; but having to warp into the harbour, we were not in our berths until the afternoon. I saw Mr. Barff, the very respectable missionary, and arranged an interview with Teriitaria, the Queen, for the next morning. We accordingly went, Mr. Barff acting as interpreter. I had been ordered to offer such advice to the chiefs of the Society Islands as might tend to their happiness and the preservation of their independence, &c. There were present the Queen, three or four chiefs of districts (one of whom, Ariimate, the prime minister, was very intelligent, though quite a youth) ; the public orator (who had governed the island for many years, whilst Teriitaria was governing Tahiti under Queen Pomare) ; the Queen's husband, a fat, good-for-nothing fellow ; and ourselves.

I asked Mr. Barff to say that : The Queen and Government of Great Britain taking a great interest in the welfare



and independence of the Society Islands, I had been sent there by Admiral Hornby, the Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's forces in the Pacific, to wait upon the Queen of Huahine. That the known energy of character of Queen Teriitaria made it unnecessary to recommend that no step should ever be taken that could in any way tend to compromise the independence of her country. That should foreigners settle on her island and obey the laws, they should be courteously treated; but should any infringe the laws, they should be fairly treated by the established tribunal and the sentence executed upon them. But no person should on any account be punished without a trial according to the established laws of the island; and I recommended very particular attention to this point with regard to foreigners, as to act in a contrary manner would occasion trouble.

Whilst this line of conduct was observed, no attention should be paid to the threats foreigners might make to call in the force of their country to assist them in defying their (your) laws. For no nation had any right to force them to act contrary to their own laws towards persons residing on their island. I suggested that the port regulations and the laws relating to commerce should be most impartially executed with regard to foreigners of all nations. And considering the pernicious effect of drunkenness upon the moral character of the country, I recommended the 'greatest strictness in enforcing that part of these laws which related to the non-importation of spirits. I recommended a courteous demeanour towards the people of all nations who might visit her islands. In conclusion, I asked if any English on the island had given trouble, or if the Queen had any representation to make respecting Englishmen.

The public orator said: That they were very thankful to the Queen and Government of Great Britain for still having them in remembrance: that all they had came from England: more particularly the knowledge of the true God and His holy book, and also the art of making equitable laws, instead of putting men to death for every offence, as had been their previous custom. These they endeavoured to adopt as rules of conduct towards God and man; and they trusted that the former would lead to their eternal

happiness hereafter, the latter to their temporal peace and welfare. They hoped that the Queen of England would continue from time to time to send a ship of war to visit them; because it tended to keep alive the feeling of friendship they felt towards the English, and also would have a beneficial effect in preventing any evil-disposed person from giving out amongst the people that the English had forgotten them and did not care for them: it would be pouring oil on the lamp of friendship, and keep the flame burning brightly.

I replied that I should not fail to mention what he had said to the Commander-in-Chief. In conclusion, I earnestly recommended as a great means of ensuring the future happiness and prosperity of their country that the greatest care be taken in the education of the young, that they might be brought up in the principles and practice of true religion and virtue. And I begged permission, on my own account, to express my sincere wishes that peace, prosperity, and independence might continue with them.

Ariimate (who is the grandson of the public orator) said that he was the youngest of his (the royal) family present, and therefore it might be thought that he should not come forward to speak; but as he was charged with the superintendence of the administration of the laws, he wished to say that they were thankful for the prudent advice given, &c. &c. That there had been some English on the island; but when the French attacked it they joined them against the inhabitants, and had therefore been sent out of the island. But they or any other English might return, and they would be received and treated with every courtesy whilst they lived amongst them peaceably according to the laws. The advice which was given them, never to punish any one except according to law, was very good; he was sensible that sometimes their feelings at the moment had taken the place of law. At first regular laws were new to them, and they had not understood them; but they had now learnt to distinguish between right and wrong. He asked if I would send a paper containing what I had said (as far as regarded the English) on the subject of foreign residents being liable to be tried and punished by their law, in case they should act contrary to

it, in order to justify their court of law in dealing with English culprits.

I replied, certainly; and added, Let the laws be made in accordance with justice, and impartially administered to all, and, by the blessing of God, peace and prosperity will prevail in your island. We then broke up the meeting and I invited the Queen to visit the ship next day, when I delivered to her a letter to this effect:—

#### TO THE QUEEN TERIITARIA.

MADAM,—The Chief Ariimate having requested me to deliver in writing the statement I made to you to-day in order to justify you in executing any sentence that may be legally given by your court of law against any Englishman residing on your island, I have great pleasure in doing so. It was to this effect. That I recommended the existing laws of the island should be firmly and fearlessly enforced in the case of any Englishman who may have infringed them; and that whilst, on the one hand, no one should be punished without a fair trial, before the established tribunal; on the other hand, should any Englishman use threats of calling in the naval force of his country to prevent his being punished according to fair and legal sentence pronounced against him by your court of law, for any offence committed whilst residing amongst you, I stated that no countenance would be given to him by Her Majesty's forces on such an occasion.

That the blessing of God may attend and prosper you is the sincere wish of your true friend,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

After the conference Mr. Barff set off on an expedition round the larger of the two islands which compose Huahine. We entered the straits at their west end, where they form a fine bay with the narrows at the head of it, and a few houses scattered on both sides near the sea. We saw the hills on Huahine-iti or Little Huahine, which enclose the family property of Puni, the ancestor of some of the Pitcairn Islanders. We had some trouble in passing the narrows owing to the shallowness, and afterwards entered another deep bay forming the eastern end of the straits; this is easily accessible

to vessels, there being a good opening in the reef opposite to it; but the trade wind blows directly into it. There is in it a good-looking village on Huahine-iti.

On arriving at the eastern end of the straits we turned to the left, inside the reef, which soon becomes detached 'motus' or coral islands, covered with cocoa nuts and 'itos' (Casuarinas); it afterwards becomes a continuous strip of land covered with these trees, and still further on it closes up the passage between the reefs by uniting to the mainland. The enclosed water in this neighbourhood is called the Lake, and is now memorable as the scene of the defeat of the French. Soon after we had turned out of the straits we passed an opening in the reef between two of the islands, which is the entrance of a snug harbour; here were two small vessels: one of which was an English cutter of certainly not more than 30 tons on her way from New Zealand to California!

We soon after came to the place where the French landed to attack Teriitaria and her forces. Here we landed and sent the boat round by the opening in the reef to the ship. The country is a thick guava jungle, with the mountains on one side and the lake on the other; and wherever the spurs from the former, or a morass from the latter had narrowed the low ground, the natives had constructed a breastwork of either wood or stone. During the first day's fighting the French succeeded in driving them back from two or three of these by threatening their flank towards the mountains; but on the second day they had fallen back to their strongest post in front of a village on the border of the lake. The French were in three divisions, one of which was ordered to scale a high mountain to their left and descend in the rear of the natives; the second was to pass over the shoulder of the mountain and take them in flank; whilst the third or main body was to endeavour to storm the post in front. But the natives soon detected the move of the two divisions towards the mountains, and sent counter parties to meet them. In this guerilla work the natives had the advantage and soon drove back the French, which tended much to encourage those defending the post. This was fortified by a double breastwork; and the natives kept



advancing in sections to the outer one, pouring in a well-directed fire, and giving place to another section whilst the first retired behind the second breastwork to load. Teriitaria herself was present; sometimes superintending the women and children, making cartridges in the rear, and sometimes advancing to the front to encourage her warriors.

The French had a howitzer, which was brought up to within (I think) about fifty paces of the breastwork by the artillery officer, who was for some time a conspicuous mark for the natives, and though severely wounded refused to retire, and was killed at his post. At length, notwithstanding their reckless attacks, the French were obliged to give way, having suffered great loss. The natives lost no one on this occasion, and only two on the first day; with so little loss did they punish as unjustifiable and wanton an aggression as perhaps has ever been perpetrated against an unoffending people. . . .

The circumstances which led up to this attack are thus described in the Journal:—

The French, on their jockeying Pomare out of her dominions, [Tahiti] endeavoured to pounce also on the three independent territories of the Society Islands by setting up a claim to them on the part of Pomare. Sir George Seymour, however, arranged with Governor Bruat that they should remain *in statu quo* pending a reference to the English and French Governments.

In spite, however, of this agreement, Governor Bruat, having scraped together whatever exaggerated or fictitious accounts he could collect of grievances of French subjects, embodied them in a letter to Queen Teriitaria, commencing: ‘Madam, The King, my Master, justly irritated, &c. &c.,’ and ending with a demand for a sum of money utterly beyond the means of the Queen, that she should allow a disreputable foreigner of low origin to be named ‘Governor’ of Huahine, and some other conditions throwing the island into the hands of the French. Teriitaria replied that she should sign nothing. Pomare had signed their papers and look what had become of her! But if any French subject had been injured, they might send in their complaint and

she would consider it. She and her subjects then retired from the settlement. 'Hostilities,' therefore, in due time commenced—that is to say, M. Bonard, commander of the French frigate, landed the troops he had brought, and they proceeded to burn the houses and cut down the bread-fruit trees of the defenceless inhabitants. Having done so, he sent another letter to Teriitaria commencing: 'Madam, I have burnt your houses and cut down your bread-fruit trees, and now wish to know what terms you have to propose.'

The letter was sent by Mr. Barff, junior, who had come over to look after his father's property during his absence. This gentleman found a reinforcement of Raiateans in the Queen's camp, they having come over the night before in whale-boats and canoes. On his return M. Bonard questioned him closely as to what he had seen, but he did not think proper to give any information (as indeed it would have been very improper for him to do). Soon after M. Bonard received intimation of the arrival of the Raiateans. He then wrote a violent letter to Mr. Barff, which the latter did not answer. A day or two afterwards M. Bonard marched up to the house with a party of men, threatened Mr. Barff that he would burn the house down and shoot him, and then marched his men into the garden, and cut down all the best of the bread-fruit trees, killed his horse, and marched on board again.

When Mr. Barff delivered the letter to Teriitaria, he asked what answer he should take. 'Say that when he takes away his soldiers and his frigate there will be peace.' 'But will you not write an answer?' 'No, Pomare wrote, and the consequence is she has got a chest full of letters; but what good have they done her?' M. Bonard then made his attack, and was defeated, as above mentioned. He was so chagrined that M. Bruat could not get him back until at last he was obliged to send a senior officer, who took the command. The best commentary upon this attack upon Huahine is that the moment the proofs of the independence of the Society Islands were sent to France and England, they were found incontrovertible, and it was guaranteed by these two Powers.

On the 30th August the Queen, her husband, and some

of the chiefs came on board. We manned yards and saluted, &c. They had luncheon, and then went ashore again, after waiting for some time for the Queen's husband, who was negotiating with the midshipmen for a bottle of brandy. He came up at last with the bottle half out of his coat pocket and his hands full of biscuits. . . .

The Queen was a very dignified person, conscious of her position, and fully appreciating the situation when—the pinnace being manned for her departure, the officers on deck, the men ready to man yards—a pause ensued while her husband could not be found. As he was a very fat man, dressed in a tight frock coat, the effect was sufficiently ludicrous when he hurried up on deck with the brandy bottle sticking out of one pocket and his hands full of biscuits, which he was cramming into another. The fact that all spirits were forbidden by the laws of his country made his proceedings the more egregious, and the Queen haughtily ordered him into the boat.

*Journal resumed.*

We then sailed for Raiatea, which harbour we reached the same evening at six o'clock. I landed and saw Messrs. Platt, Chartres, and Johnston, missionaries. Mr. Platt arranged my interview with Tamatoa for the next morning, and we went accordingly. He is a younger brother of Teriitaria, but has not her energy of character. He used to be a great drunkard, but I was told that he had reformed. I said much the same to him as to Teriitaria, barring compliments. He was in his own house, very small and furnished like a European lodging—bedroom, sitting-room, &c., all in one. No chiefs were present, except a drunken-looking cousin, who is a sort of hanger-on, but is too disreputable to be allowed to hold any office. I invited them on board, and as next day was their Sunday and the day after ours, he came the same day, accompanied by the cousin, who was altogether disgusting in his manners, and got drunk. Mr. Platt acted as interpreter, and the other two missionaries dined with me afterwards. In the evening a stroll through the village.

Next day I went with Farmer and Holmes to see Captain

Hunter, an old merchant-skipper who has established himself about six miles from the village at the harbour which Cook used, and whose entrance is now the usual exit through the reefs. We found himself, plump wife, and six comely daughters. He turns his hand to anything which promises well, and had recently been cultivating and making sugar. He had lately left off, and his land was overrun with guava. (He is an acquaintance of Henry Martin's, as are most of the people in these parts.) He took us up one of the hills in the neighbourhood, whence we had a fine view of the reefs, &c. We were reconnoitred by a very fine young black bull, which was one of his stock.

Having taken leave of these good people, we went over to Tahaa, where we found a German missionary, but belonging to the London society. He is a very energetic little fellow, and I should think did a great deal of good. The village, as well as the general appearance of the island, is very pretty, and looks much better kept than Raiatea. I suspect Mr. Crowther, the German, is more active than his English fellow-labourer over the water. He walked with us about the village, and showed us his church, school-house, &c. There was a very good-looking field of young bananas which he told us he had persuaded a native to enclose and cultivate. 'What is the use of my doing so, when the chiefs will take all the produce?' asked the man. 'I do not think they will do that, so just try,' says the missionary. 'Very well, as you wish it I will do so; but it will not be of any use to me.' In due time the missionary, in passing, saw a magnificent pile of bananas gathered. 'Well, what a fine heap of bananas you have got there! are not you glad you cultivated your field now?' 'They don't belong to me.' 'How do you mean don't belong to you?' 'Queen Pomare has had a child, and Tapoa, seeing this field of ripe bananas, has ordered his people in to cut them all down to send for the feast.' This is an instance of the way in which the chiefs grind down the inferiors.

Finding that Mr. Crowther talked of visiting Borabora, I invited him to take a passage in the ship. Next day (Sunday) we had the whole Hunter family on board to church.



*Letter to J.*

September 2nd, Raiatea.

. . . To-morrow we go to Borabora, the fine double peak of which island is in sight from this anchorage : indeed we can see from the ship the four principal islands of this group—viz., Huahine on one side, Borabora on the other in the distance, and Raiatea and Tahaa close at hand. They have all fine bold outlines, but not equal to Eimeo, except perhaps Borabora, which I have not yet seen near. The villages are all much alike : fringing the water-side amongst cocoanut and bread-fruit trees, with thick underwood of guava behind them, and reaching to the mountains. This plant was introduced by the missionaries, and has overrun all the good land on these islands ; it is now difficult to get rid of it from any spot of ground ; however, during the season that it is ripe the pigs are said to become enormously fat ; the natives also eat a great deal of it.

The principal difficulty with which the missionaries have to contend is the arbitrary conduct and immoral practices of the chiefs and higher orders. I hear that the old Queen of Huahine, though sixty, does not at all shake off the malpractices of her younger days. However, I have no doubt that the missionaries are gradually doing great good amongst them, by teaching the young. Children of Queen Pomare of Tahiti are adopted at all these leeward islands as successors, and they are generally under the eyes of the missionaries. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

At half-past 9 on Monday morning we sailed for Borabora with the German missionary on board, but the wind becoming baffling, we anchored for some hours in Cook's harbour. We got out in the afternoon, but too late to reach Borabora that night. We were, however, repaid by a slant of wind which enabled us to enter the harbour the next morning without beating or warping. This island is very remarkable from its bold abrupt peak. Tapoa, the sovereign

chief, was absent at Tahiti (where I saw him), but I had a gathering of the chiefs in the afternoon with my German as interpreter. I harangued them to the same effect as at the other islands, but laid greater stress on drunkenness, which these people are said to be more addicted to than the others.

After much delay Tapoa's deputy, or, in their figurative language, 'the man who steers the royal canoe,' said they were all much obliged and pleased by the good words, &c. &c. That they endeavoured to administer their laws impartially to all foreigners as well as natives. That there was a man, a Frenchman, living upon their island. He had got into a riotous scuffle with a native, and the case had been fairly tried before the proper tribunal, and the Frenchman had been sentenced to a fine of 8 dollars, which he paid. But when the Governor of Tahiti heard of it, he obliged them to refund it, and they wished to know what they were to do in such a case.

I said that if they made their laws with justice and enforced them with impartiality, no foreigner ought to complain. As it did not concern an Englishman, I could not interfere, but I recommended them to lay the case before the captain of any French man-of-war that might come, and then, if there had been any misapprehension, he would have the opportunity of rectifying it.

Another chief (in opposition, he having displeased Tapoa by speaking his mind too freely) then got up and said he had got a little thought. That what the captain had said about drunkenness had given great pleasure. That they quite agreed with it and hoped they should not now go on in the disgraceful manner they had lately done; and that he hoped that, if I should come back to them, or when I should next hear of them, I should find that they had continued to act according to my words.

I replied that I hoped they would strictly enforce the penalty upon all—high or low—whoever the offenders might be, and that it would give great pleasure not only to me, but to the Queen and Government of Great Britain, to hear that they were thus becoming a greater, a more prosperous, and a happier people.

Another chief again brought forward the affair of the Frenchman's fine: to which I replied as above.

Tapoa's deputy then said there was another little affair. An American living on the island had been robbed. They had honestly and diligently endeavoured to discover the thief, but as yet they had not succeeded. Suppose they could not find him, would the American Government oblige them to refund the amount of loss sustained?

I replied that they ought to continue their efforts most diligently to find the thief: that it was their duty both to themselves and to the injured American to do so. But if unfortunately they should not be able to succeed, they could do no more: and I did not think that a respectable country like America would endeavour to force them to do more by making the innocent pay for the guilty. But that it was necessary they should use their utmost endeavours to discover the thief.

He then said that their measures for measuring cocoanut oil, &c., wanted correcting; and asked if I could help them. I replied yes: that we had on board correct measures, which I would send for them to correct theirs by, which seemed to give great satisfaction. We then broke up the assembly.

The 'Steerer of the Royal Canoe' having heard that I intended going round the island in my gig, was very urgent to go too. I therefore said I would take him if he could get up early enough. Accordingly next morning at half-past 5 he and Mr. Crowther came on board to breakfast, and we, with Risk, set out about 6. We went first round the south point, where the passage is shoal and intricate: but it becomes deep on the east side, where the reef consists of motus. In standing to the northward we had some fine views of the peak. We here met the chief of a neighbouring district in a fine canoe under sail on his way to the settlement. Tapoa's deputy hailed to tell him to land and walk back, as we were going to visit him at his village. He accordingly did so, and met us on our landing. Our object was to walk up to a native fortress or pah which is at some distance up the hill. We accordingly declined a feast which was pressed upon us, much to the disappointment of the deputy, whose main

object in coming was, I suspect, that he foresaw the expedition might lead to baked pig and taro. We procured a guide, and after a steep pull for a mile and a half through a forest of guava, hibiscus, and 'Tahitian chestnut,' we reached the pah, a ruin partly stone, partly stockade, and overgrown with guava. We had a good view of the different shades of colour of the sea inside and outside the reefs. On descending, the doctor was taken to visit a patient, a woman suffering from an inflammation brought on by going into the sea immediately after child-birth, a common practice with these islanders. We then had cocoanuts brought, and after this refreshment embarked, and endeavoured to console the deputy for the loss of the feast with some sandwiches and claret.

On leaving the village we were offered a present. There were two heaps, each consisting of two stalks of bananas, two strings of cocoanuts, and a fowl. One heap was for me and one for the missionary. Knowing that these presents from chiefs are generally levied upon the poor, I was for declining, but it was thought better to take a small part to avoid giving offence. We got back to the settlement at noon, and after correcting their gallon measure I went on board. Mr. Crowther came on board to dinner at 3, and we sailed out of the harbour at half-past 5.

The pilot had no sooner left us than it was discovered that a good-for-nothing youth, a midshipman from the *Asia*, Mr. B——, had got out of the ship; we therefore sent a boat in with Mansell to catch him if possible. He got to the settlement at 8 P.M., and with the assistance of Mr. Crowther he had the bell ringing and the town crier raising the hue and cry by 10. No certain intelligence was obtained till next morning, when an old woman reported that she had been up in the mountain gathering herbs for medicine and had seen a European, and had immediately called some men to go in chase. He was at last taken towards the other side of the island, the natives having been assisted in the chase by a shower of rain, which enabled them to trace his footsteps. He was marched into Tapoa's house by the fortunate captors, who received



the 8 dollars reward in the presence of the whole inhabitants of the settlement, who were collected on this important occasion. As soon as the boat returned, we made sail for Apia Bay, Upolu, at 12.30, September 6th. In the evening we passed Maupiti, or Marua, a small island, moderately high, with an outer reef and motus, a dependency of Borabora.

The great curse of these islands appears to be the debauchery and tyranny of some of the chiefs. Foremost amongst them is Pomare's husband, who had lately been a tour of this island, setting at defiance their laws, particularly that relating to drunkenness, and inducing the other chiefs to follow his example. At Borabora he had persuaded them to repeal their law against spirits altogether. I hope that the next generation will be an improvement. The three governments of the Society Islands (as well as Tahiti) will then be under Pomare's children, one of whom is adopted by each sovereign chief as a successor. These children will have been more or less educated by the missionaries, which may in some degree counteract the influence of bad example and of the overfondness of their adopted parents. The poorer classes are cheerful and easily managed, lazy and indolent, as might be expected from a people to whom Nature performs so completely the office of purveyor, and who consider it as a matter of course that, if they take any trouble with their land, the chiefs will without fail pounce upon the produce as soon as it is available. My friend the German expects to have these islands to himself soon, which will, I think, be a very good thing for them. He seems better adapted for the work than the others (except Mr. Barff, who gets old). Native deacons now do the ordinary services, and in that case he would have a good whale-boat and visit them frequently for the Sacrament, christenings, &c. . . .

### *Letter to J.*

. . . Borabora is a singularly formed island; it is moderately high, except in the middle, where there rises an abrupt rock to about 2,500 feet. This in some parts is covered with trees. . . .

I am quite well, and this climate is so fine that I hope to continue so. We now have hot weather, thermometer ranging from  $81^{\circ}$  to  $85^{\circ}$ , and for the next two or three months we shall have it still hotter. We then go to lat.  $40^{\circ}$  S. to look for a westerly wind to take us back to Valparaiso, and shall then have the moderate temperature of summer weather in that latitude. . . .

## CHAPTER X

'DAPHNE,' SOUTH SEAS—SAMOAN (OR NAVIGATORS') AND  
FIJI ISLANDS

*Journal resumed.*

WE reached Apia Bay on the 13th September, having passed Marua, Ofu, and Olosenga the night before. Upolu is much more luxuriantly wooded than the Society Islands, and is extremely beautiful. Whilst running along the north shore we were struck with the number of villages and good appearance of the houses, and these latter maintained their character on a nearer inspection. The village of Apia is better kept and has an air of greater comfort than any I saw in the Society Islands. The inhabitants have a wilder look, chiefly from their strange manner of frizzling out their hair; they also wear, when working, &c., a girdle of leaves of the 'ti' plant, instead of cloth or tapa. Mr. Pritchard came on board soon after we anchored, a mild, unassuming gentleman about sixty; and the very reverse of what one would expect to see in the person who had wellnigh set Europe in a blaze. . . .

Mr. Pritchard had originally been sent out as a missionary to Tahiti, and had converted its natives to Christianity. Later he was made by the British Government its vice-consul there. When the French sent their agents to make some cause of quarrel with the natives, with a view to annexing the islands, Pritchard stood out against them and encouraged the natives. As a Protestant missionary he was naturally averse to his people being converted into Roman Catholics, and as English consul he viewed the French encroachments with extreme dislike, while their treatment of the natives roused his indignation. He, there-

fore, opposed the French as far as possible, and incurred their suspicion and dislike. They called him 'Le perfide Pritchard,' and used every possible means of getting rid of him, which they eventually succeeded in doing, and the home government then appointed him consul at the Samoan Islands, with authority to visit the Tongas and Fijis.

*Journal resumed.*

On our arrival here we find the war languishing, and expected soon to die a natural death. The 'war party' still occupy the point and village of Molinuu, the place where they were a year and a half ago, when Captain Worth made their chief, Malietoa, pay for some depredations they had committed upon European property. Malietoa has evaded all propositions of Captains Worth and (latterly) Erskine to mediate; I therefore mean to make no such offer, but merely to warn him that he will be held responsible for any damage done by his people to European property. This party is said to be dwindling away, many of them getting tired of being shut up in the village doing nothing. They have been a great nuisance to the neutral village of Apia, whose taro patches have been ravaged nightly by their stragglers and mauvais sujets; this has brought great poverty, and indeed lack of food, upon the people of Apia, and also stopped the visits of whalers and trading vessels, who cannot now get supplies on moderate terms. Mr. Pritchard had to send round to the neighbouring villages to get taro for us. The beef, however, is excellent, though dear.

The day after we arrived I rode over to the 'fort' or village of the war party. It is a projecting point with a rude line of stockade on the land side. The village is large and well kept, and there are several good specimens of canoes hauled up under the cocoanut trees. These are most carefully covered with cocoanut leaves, and their outriggers propped up with sticks to prevent them from warping.

On the 17th September I had arranged to meet the chiefs of the war party at Molinuu, those of the neutral party of Apia at Apia. I therefore rode with Mr. Pritchard





APIA BAY, UPOLU; SAMOAN OR NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS

(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)



to the fort in the forenoon. Malietoa himself was gone to Savaii, but we found the principal chiefs assembled. I told them that in consequence of the great interest taken by the British Government in the welfare and prosperity of Samoa, I had been sent by the Admiral to pay the islands a friendly visit. That the British Government would learn with great regret that the war which had so long and so uselessly ravaged their islands was still in continuance. That it would have been a sincere gratification to me to have contributed to the welfare of Samoa by mediating between the hostile parties, and thus to have been instrumental in establishing peace upon a basis of justice and equality. But that as their chief Malietoa had repeatedly rejected similar offers, frankly made by the Queen of England's officers, in the spirit of friendship to Samoa, which actuated the British Government, it did not become me to repeat them. That if their chief should become so far alive to the true interests of their country and to his own true dignity of character, as to wish to terminate a useless and discreditable war by an honourable peace, and should express such sentiments to me, he would find me ready to co-operate in bringing about an event so much desired by all friends of justice and humanity.

Meantime, that as an officer of the Queen of England I had one imperative duty to perform with reference to the present unhappy state of affairs. It was to repeat to him the warning before given that, as the chief of the aggressive party in the war, he was held responsible for all the damage that it might cause to British subjects in person or property. That in connection with the latter subject I had to inform him that Arthur Young, an Englishman, residing in the neighbourhood, had represented to the British consul that his property had been injured by some of their party. That I was going to be absent for about six weeks, but that I took the earliest opportunity of mentioning the subject in order that Malietoa and the chiefs might take steps to arrange the business in case it should prove that any of their party were implicated in it; and that I trusted that it would be unnecessary for me on my return to take any measures to clear up this affair.

This I also wrote to Malietoa, adding as a conclusion 'That your country may soon exchange its present unhappy condition for a state of peace and prosperity, in which, instead of one party being in mean subjection to another, all yield an honourable obedience to just and wise laws, is the sincere wish of its true friend, E. G. F.'

This was to be translated by Mr. Williams and delivered to Malietoa on his return from Savaii.

We then rode to the village of Vailele, three miles east of Apia, to see the place and Mr. Williams's house, and on our return had our interview with old Pra and the other chiefs of the neutral party in the neighbourhood of Apia. I made the same commencement as to the war people, then hoped that the prudent and moderate counsels of the neutral party would soon prevail, &c., and concluded with recommending that after that was the case the chiefs should take an early opportunity of consulting for the purpose of establishing a strong and united government and a code of laws based upon justice and impartiality, &c. In the afternoon it poured with rain, and I had the two ladies, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Williams, &c., to dinner, when they were nearly stewed in my cabin. . . .

### *Letter to J.*

Going from Navigators to Fijis, Sunday evening, September 23rd.

. . . We have had a pleasant visit to Samoa (or the Navigators), and are now on a six weeks' cruise to the Fiji and Tonga Islands. The *Havannah*, from New Zealand, has lately been in these parts, and I understand that all these islands are placed under Captain Erskine as senior officer, and, with Sydney, form a detached station from the East Indies. In that case no other ship will come from the Pacific station, and we may be considered as fortunate in having had the opportunity of a run through them.

The Samoan group is replete with all the richest beauties of the tropics, but it is now devastated by a foolish war between different parties, which keeps the finest district in a state of ruin. But in the neutral or distant villages there



is a neatness and cleanliness which is very pleasing, and the useful tropical trees, bread-fruit, cocoanut, and banana, grow around them in the greatest profusion. It is curious that by far the most prolific and best-flavoured banana in these islands came from England, having been brought by the celebrated missionary, Mr. Williams, from the Duke of Devonshire's gardens. It is originally from China. Mr. Pritchard, who is on board with me, has brought several plants for us to plant at the Fijis, and they will probably soon overrun those islands.

I am much interested in the doings of the missionaries. There are three societies—the Church Missionary, the London Missionary, and the Wesleyan Missionary. Only the two latter have stations in the South Seas; the London Missionary Society has Tahiti and the Society Islands, the Hervey group, the Samoan group, and is endeavouring to establish a footing in the New Hebrides. The Wesleyans have the Fijis and Friendly, or Tonga, Islands. The early proceedings of the London society are described in Williams's 'Missionary Enterprises;' you will see there how earnestly he worked and with what success, especially in the Hervey group; also how he set his face to go to the west to Samoa and the New Hebrides. He succeeded well at the former, but was murdered by the natives on attempting to land at Erromango, an island in the latter. At Samoa it is seventeen years since the first native teachers were sent as pioneers, and fourteen since the first English missionary went to reside. Now nine-tenths of the whole population *profess* Christianity; of these only a small part are admitted as Church members or communicants, as the missionaries admit none but those who prove themselves sincere and hearty Christians. Of these latter there are 4,500 out of a total population of 40,000; and, if we consider the small proportion out of a large congregation who remain for the Sacrament in an English church, this will not seem a very small proportion for a Christian community only seventeen years old. The missionaries appear to be respected and kindly treated by the chiefs, but I do not find that they unduly interfere in political and civil affairs, which is a common accusation against them. In fact, when one

considers the multitudes—whole communities—reclaimed from the grossest idolatry, obscenity, child murder, human sacrifices, cannibalism, &c., and taught in a few years to read and write, have the Bible put into their hands in their own language—that language having been previously analysed and reduced to a written form from a mere oral language by missionary labour—one must give these men great credit for perseverance and earnestness of purpose. . . .

My passenger, Mr. Pritchard, is about the last person in the whole world that one would have suspected of setting Europe in a blaze. He is remarkably quiet and unassuming, and gives no trouble to anyone. On the contrary, he is always at hand to interpret with native pilots or anyone else that I may have occasion to speak with. We went into an unfrequented anchorage the other day, on the north side of the island of Savaii, and he was perched on the bowsprit-end all the time with a native we had picked up to tell us where the coral patches were. As he accompanied Captain Worth to the Fijis last year, I expect to find him of great use. . . .

### *Journal resumed.*

On the 19th September, having taken on board Mr. Pritchard, who was to be my companion to the Fijis and Tonga Islands, and also Messrs. Williams and Mills for a passage for Sapapale, we weighed and ran over to the latter place, arriving there in time to land at 2 o'clock, leaving the ship outside. This is, like most of the native villages, a very pretty spot, and was the scene of the commencement of Mr. Williams's efforts for the conversion of the Samoans. It was here that he met with the old Malietoa and his younger brother, both of whom were well disposed to encourage his labours. The elder brother has been dead some years, and the present Malietoa is that other brother described by Williams. He, as head of the war party, does not now appear in so amiable a light as then. He was at Sapapale at the time of my visit, performing the opposite duties of rejoicing with one of his relations who was being married, and condoling with another who was ill. The public rejoicings and ceremonies were in progress when we

arrived, and I had an opportunity of seeing a part of them, which is the same or nearly so whenever there is a 'Fono' or grand public meeting. These meetings are held in an open space in the village called the 'Malai;' the people, collected from all parts, sit round, and the men and women in separate processions bring food, which is placed in the centre. Afterwards the 'orators' of the different districts make their appearance, each leaning upon his staff, and some time is consumed in deciding upon the question of who is to speak first. This settled, the others retire and the orator begins his harangue. These 'orators' generally belong to one of the first families of their district; their office is hereditary, and they require a careful education to enable them to perform their part with credit, it being necessary that they should have a thorough command of the best language, and also a full acquaintance with all the classical names and traditions connected with the history of the country generally and with the different districts in particular.

When we arrived the procession of women was just proceeding towards the Malai with 'food'—i.e. each with a fish or a root of taro. The best dressed and most conspicuous among them was Emma Malietoa, of whom there is an engraving in Wilkes's book; since that time she has increased very much in bulk. She has been married but separated from her husband. Her mat petticoat and train were pointed out as being exquisitely fine, and, instead of a common fish or root of taro, she carried a very elegant little pink fish suspended at the end of a stick.

I called on Malietoa, whom I found in a small house with his sick relation; a fine dark little daughter was his companion. I then, with Messrs. Pritchard and Williams, took up a position to watch the proceedings. The women were marching in one by one depositing their food, which was collected into a heap by an old woman. The baskets containing the food brought by the men were deposited in the centre of the area. Presently the orators began to make their appearance and to discuss who should speak. Meantime a son of old Malietoa came forward in a common dress of the leaves of the 'ti' tree, and sat opposite

to the inhabitants of a particular village, upon which one from amongst the latter also advanced and sat opposite. They then proceeded as expeditiously as possible to change dresses. This is considered as a compliment, and was occasionally repeated by others whilst waiting for the speakers. When the public orator who had obtained the privilege of speaking first commenced his harangue we departed; and after tea, pig and taro, with the missionary (Mr. Macdonald), Mr. Pritchard and I took leave of Sapapale, and having obtained a native pilot, went some distance to the northward inside the reef and emerged by a small boat-opening opposite to which the ship was hove to. We got on board about 8 o'clock.

Next morning we anchored in Mataatu roads and landed. The missionary (Mr. Pratt) was at Sapapale, endeavouring to collect missionaries enough to form a committee of revision upon his Samoan translation of Leviticus—their plan of translating the Bible being to allot a book to each competent member of their body, and his work when finished is scrutinised by a committee before going to the press. Having walked about the village, which resembles all the others, we returned on board and in the evening sailed. Next morning, September 21st, we were off Felialupo, a village and missionary station at the western extremity of Savaii. Here we landed with some difficulty amongst the rocks. The missionary was absent, so we made a civil speech to the chiefs, and having walked about for an hour under the guidance of the native teacher, we returned on board and made sail for the Fijis. Savaii, though the largest and loftiest island in the group, is not equal to Upolu in population nor political importance. It has the appearance from the sea of having much available land for agricultural purposes, as its slopes are very gentle on all sides. Like all the islands of the group, it is richly covered with verdure. . . .

The women and girls of these islands had the custom of entwining their hair with flowers in a manner very graceful and pretty. Unluckily, this habit was closely interwoven with their heathen beliefs and practices; so



that the missionaries felt it necessary to forbid the wearing of flowers and prescribe bonnets to those who became Christians. So they made their fine native plaits of vegetable fibre, and carefully copied the missionaries' wives in their headgear. Bonnets, when these ladies left home, were of the coalscuttle shape and of extra large size; while no change of fashion reached to Samoa. The type accordingly endured, and the pattern was scrupulously copied. The bonnets were reserved for Sundays and state occasions, when the native ladies also wore extra draperies, consisting of an oblong piece of coloured cloth hanging down from the shoulders in front, and another behind, in the manner of a sandwich-man's boards. The effect was striking, if not altogether artistic and graceful.

*Journal resumed.*

In entering the Fijis I went first to Turtle Island, in order to ascertain its longitude, Captain Wilkes, of the U.S. exploring expedition, having placed it on his chart thirty miles different from all other authorities. These latter, however, proved to be right, as we found by observations taken on shore on the N.W. side—the same spot where Captain Cook's master landed. The village is about three miles further south. The island is of moderate height, level, and covered with trees. It is surrounded by extensive reefs, and is accurately described by Captain Cook; as is also a very extensive and dangerous detached reef to the southward of it, though the *Calypso*, depending upon Wilkes (who does not mention it), was nearly running on it.

We next proceeded to Ovolau—the central and most convenient harbour of the Fijis—where we arrived on the morning of the 28th of September. I was surprised, on approaching the island, to see a small schooner and cutter beating about at the entrance of the harbour. These I found belonged to a colony of English and Americans, who, having left the village of Livuka (Ovolau) some time before, in consequence of a war between its inhabitants and the mountaineers of the island, had migrated to Sialevu, on the large island of Vanua Levu, whence they had lately returned, and, finding Livuka destroyed, had established themselves in a neighbouring village, where the chief of Livuka (Tui Livuka)

resides. The war still continues, and must do so until Tui Livuka has an opportunity of killing the mountain chief in revenge for the murder of his father. Meantime, like most native wars, it languishes; and the foreigners appeared to consider themselves in safety. There are about thirty of them, each with a native wife, and amongst them about a hundred children. They are under the patriarchal sway of David Whippy, an American much spoken of by Wilkes, and they have the character and appearance of being a respectable community. One of the European-rigged boats came alongside, and contained Charles Pickering—commonly called 'Charley'—who had been engaged as pilot in the *Calypso*, and was a candidate for the same office in the *Daphne*. Knowing that Captain Worth had found him competent, I immediately engaged him; and I found him admirable in that capacity, though his character in some other respects is rather equivocal.

Next day we went to Viwa, where we arrived about noon. This is a small island in the Bay of Ambau—or Mbou, as it is pronounced—and is the headquarters of the Fiji Mission. Its inhabitants are nearly all Christians, including its two chiefs, Mosomalua and Varanni—names once terrible throughout the group, but now, changed to Elijah and Hezekiah, they are harmless and inoffensive. Mosomalua is not a 'church member,' and is not thought very sincere. In a revolt which happened several years ago against Tanoa, the Vuni-valo (root of war), or sovereign chief of all this part of Fiji, in which he was obliged to fly from Ambau, Mosomalua, one of the chief rebels, was deputed to pursue and kill him. Tanoa arrived at Goro, and the same night Mosomalua landed at another part of that island. He, considering that Tanoa's party might ultimately gain the ascendancy, thought it prudent, instead of executing his commission, to send a message to Tanoa, recommending him to get out of the way. Tanoa accordingly went on to Somusomu, whither he was followed, after an interval of some hours, by Mosomalua. By this delay Tanoa escaped, and Mosomalua returned to his party with many expressions of regret that he had missed his prey. He was, however, right in his conjectures; for another year

saw Tanoa re-established in his authority at Ambau. Then, according to Fiji fashion, came the clubbing, baking, and feasting on the rebels; and then Tanoa repaid to Mosomalua his delicate attention at Goro. This chief, however, found that his various intrigues and treacheries had made him so many enemies that his best chance of escaping the club was to 'lotu,' which is their expression for professing Christianity.

Varanni, the younger of the two Viwa chiefs, is a very different character. With him there was no double treachery to save himself; but towards his enemies that calm patient perfidy which cares for no delay so that the vengeance, when the time comes, be sure and terrible. He and Thakambau (principal chief of Ambau) were engaged in deadly war with a neighbouring island in the Gulf of Ambau. They agreed that Varanni should feign some disgust at Thakambau, and offer to unite with the enemy. This was accepted, and Varanni proposed to his new allies that they should join his forces in Viwa, fortify themselves there and thence harass the Ambau people (the small island of Ambau being about three miles from Viwa). This was done, and sundry mock skirmishes took place between Thakambau's canoes and those of Varanni. At last when Varanni had enticed as many of his new allies as possible to Viwa, he sent to tell Thakambau the night and the hour that he was to come—before morning the massacre was complete, and 200 bodies furnished the cannibal feast of the conquerors. Such was the man whom I found a few years afterwards offering with every appearance of the greatest devotion a public prayer in the chapel on being called upon to do so by the officiating minister according to Wesleyan custom; he being then a candidate for and about to be installed in the office of native teacher!

We found at anchor the missionary vessel *John Wesley*, a fine brig built by White, of Cowes. In the afternoon I landed with Mr. Pritchard. We found the missionaries of the group assembled to transact business on account of the arrival of their vessel from New Zealand. Four were present, one absent at Lakemba, his wife being dangerously ill. Mr. (or Dr.) Lythe is now the head of this mission

since the death of Mr. Hunt, who appears to have been a very superior man. Their present stations are as follows: Viwa and Ambau, but to reside at Ambau, Mr. Calvert; Naudi, Mr. Hazlewood; Bua (Sandalwood Bay), Mr. Williams (these two last are on the island of Vanua Levu); and Lakemba, Mr. Lythe (to replace the one now there who takes his sick wife to New Zealand in the *John Wesley*).

We were very civilly received by the missionaries and escorted about the town by Mosomalua, who took care to show us the level ground where the heathen temple had been, and where doubtless he had assisted at many a human sacrifice. He told us that his son had taken the posts, which are very large and of valuable wood, for his new house. He is a tall ungainly-looking personage, with a good deal of cunning in his countenance, which was not improved by a very shabby straw hat, which he had, I suppose, adopted as a mark of civilisation. Although this is a Christian town, everything betokened a more savage people than any we had seen. The houses, or rather huts, looked close and dirty, and the paths were ill kept. The missionaries also seem much more in the rough than those at the more advanced islands.

I requested the missionaries to send a message to Seru, Thakambau, or Tui Viti,<sup>1</sup> the principal chief at Ambau (his father Tanoa before mentioned is actually the principal chief, but is much too old and infirm to do any business), informing him of my arrival to pay a friendly visit and inviting him on board on our Sunday (the next day being the missionaries' Sunday I could not have one of them for interpreter on that day); and proposing to visit him at Ambau on Monday. I then returned on board.

The next day being Sunday on shore, I landed early to attend the native service. The chapel was quite full, and the congregation appeared serious and attentive. Amongst the heads were some of the newly converted, still dressed in Fiji fashion—that is, frizzled out on all sides, dyed light red or yellow, and made to look quite smooth and globular.

<sup>1</sup> This chief was called indifferently by any one of his three names, but it has been thought best to preserve the name Thakambau throughout the Journal.





THAKAMBAU (SERU, OR TUI VITI), KING OF FIJI

*(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849.)*



Some were pointed out as Ambau chiefs lately converted, which, as Ambau contains the very essence of the heathen aristocracy, and as its chiefs are the most powerful in Fiji as heathens, must have been a great sacrifice. In conversing with the missionaries about the state of the country, I found that for several years the Rewa territory had been torn and devastated by the wars of Ngaraningiou and Thokonauto (*alias* Mr. Philips), brothers of the royal family, the latter of whom is now king, and the former has a party in the mountains. Thakambau or Tui Viti had taken part in the war as ally to Thokonauto, but was tired of it and would gladly negotiate a peace. I said that if he liked to go there I would take him and invite the two brothers on board, when they could negotiate without fear of treachery.

Mr. Calvert, who is much the most intimate with Thakambau, volunteered to come on board with him as interpreter. On Sunday, between 11 and 12 o'clock, Thakambau, having called at Viwa for Mr. Calvert, came on board with five or six attendants.

On reaching the deck he stood dumb and motionless for some time, a proceeding which I did not comprehend until Mr. Calvert explained to me that he was in an attitude of the greatest humility, his hands being joined together and his head held down. This was not mere compliment, but actual fear, for he had not been able to conceal his emotions when approaching the ship, saying to Mr. Calvert, 'They won't kill me, I hope,' &c. This was the more surprising, as he had lately passed nearly two days on board the *Havannah*; and, though he had been alarmed on first hearing of our arrival, supposing us to be an American ship of war come to avenge the death of a U.S. citizen who had been killed some time before, yet my message to him had quite reassured him on that head. His own explanation to Mr. Calvert is, I think, the true one. He said that when he met a double canoe full of Tonga men he knew no fear: if they molested him he knew what to do with them; but with these ships of war he felt himself quite powerless, and therefore he was afraid. It is, in truth, a novel situation for a savage chief to find himself completely in the power of any one; by sea or land he never sees anybody who has, or

at least who necessarily has, any advantage over him; he has his club or axe, and is ready for peace or war, as the case may be. With us the case is different, for we are constantly dependent for our safety upon railway engineers, coachmen, or others, in situations where we ourselves are quite helpless; and therefore we have not the same tendency to be alarmed at finding ourselves in the hands of others. Add to this the suspicion, or rather the expectation, of treachery which is inherent in every Fiji man, and I think the alarm of my friend Thakambau may be accounted for without much detraction from his character as a great warrior.

After squatting down silently for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour between two guns, during which time Mr. Calvert recommended me to let him alone, he began to look about him, and I then invited him into the cabin. I then, observing that he was nearly recovered, said to him that, in consequence of the interest taken by the British Government in the welfare and prosperity of Fiji, I had been sent by the Admiral to visit those islands. That the British Government would learn with much satisfaction that he treated the missionaries and other British subjects with courtesy and respect; and I thanked him in the name of the Government for his kindness to the missionaries. Though the Queen of England desired that her subjects should be treated with respect whilst they were well behaved, she did not wish that any should remain whose presence was incompatible with the peace and quietness of the country. I therefore was prepared to hear any representations he had to make connected with any British subject.

I heard with regret that there was still war in Rewa; and I understood that he had taken a part in it. It must be apparent to so intelligent a person as himself that his country could not advance in civilisation and prosperity whilst these wars were continued: wars accompanied by practices so abominable as to shock all men of honour and humanity. I would appeal to him as a brave man whether the cowardly and disgusting practice of kidnapping poor women and children for the purpose of murdering and feasting on them could be tolerated by any who had a spark



of manliness or true bravery. No country every did or ever could advance in prosperity where such acts of treachery and cowardice were perpetrated; acting therefore in the spirit of friendship felt by the British Government, I should be very glad to be instrumental in endeavouring to effect a reconciliation between the two brothers.

The British Government had no wish nor intention to interfere in their wars; but I proposed to go to Rewa to mediate between the parties if they were willing; considering, however, that a chief so powerful as he was would very materially assist in producing this desirable end, I suggested that he should accompany me in the ship. On arriving at Rewa roads I proposed to invite the brothers on board, and I hoped that with his assistance a reconciliation might be brought about. In conclusion, I hoped that he would take what I had said in the spirit of friendship which had actuated me in saying it.

He said that what I had said was very good, and 'may Fiji be blessed.' He was very much obliged for the friendly 'report' I had given him of the British Government. He was well aware that they could never advance nor be prosperous whilst these wars continued, and he was most anxious that they should cease; the more so as he had nothing to do with the quarrel, though the whole burden fell upon him. He wished me to know the whole state of the case; it was this: A war broke out in Rewa between the brothers, and he was asked by one party to assist them. He therefore did so; he killed the king and gave them all the assistance he could; by which means he had lost some of his best friends and borne the principal burden of the war. There was now a cessation of hostilities, but he did not know how long it would last. He should therefore be very glad to go to Rewa on board the ship as I proposed, and he thought if I did as I said that the war would be stopped. He would therefore go and consult his father, which it was necessary for him to do, and would let me know when I visited him next day.

I afterwards showed him round the ship and gave him some luncheon, after which he took his departure. He is a remarkably fine-looking man, quite the beau-ideal of a

savage chief. Like many of the other chiefs, he is more than six feet high, but I saw none with so much dignity of deportment and carriage. His hair was frizzled out and covered with a napkin of thin native cloth (as is customary with chiefs), which gives it the appearance of a full white turban. He had a large fold of native cloth round his waist, consisting partly of his two trains wound round for convenience; these trains are long strips of cloth, one from before and one from behind, both of which trail a long way in the rear and denote a high chief. A little lamp-black about his face completed his costume.

The next day I went with many of the officers to Ambau. This is a small island, not more than three miles in circumference, but it is the residence of the most powerful chiefs in the Fijis and the scene of some of the most horrible atrocities. Not many weeks before my visit some visitors from a distance were at Ambau, and it was necessary in order to entertain them with due honour that there should be a cannibal feast. The 'Chief of the fishermen,' or in our language the Admiral of the fleet, is the person upon whom devolves the duty of procuring victims. He therefore addressed his men to the effect that their department was very much behindhand in its duty. There had been strangers of distinction for several days at Ambau and no bodies brought in; some must be procured immediately to retrieve their credit. They covered the prows of some of their canoes with green boughs and lurked amongst the mangrove bushes in the neighbourhood of a village hostile to them on account of the Rewa war. At the usual time the women came out on the reef to fish; the canoes darted out and seized fourteen of them and the body of one man killed in the affray. It happened that word was brought to Viwa that some victims had been carried to Ambau; the missionaries were absent, but the wives of two of them, Mrs. Lythe and Mrs. Calvert, immediately with great courage proceeded in a canoe to Ambau to endeavour to save some, if haply any were yet alive. The populace were in high excitement, as is usual on these occasions, and the ladies on landing could hear the shrieks of the victims who were already falling beneath the axe. They went

immediately to old Tanoa, whose word is law, though he is past all work, and made their request, obtaining for answer : 'Those that are dead are dead ; those that are alive may live.' Word was instantly sent to stop the massacre. Ten were already dead, but five were saved, one of whom had received five or six blows from an axe on the head and shoulder, but Tanoa's order stayed the blow that would have completed the work.

Some circumstances connected with this massacre seemed to shadow forth the approach of better times. First, the English ladies were not the only intercessors ; the wives of the two most powerful chiefs came forward each to beg off one victim, an unheard-of presumption in any woman according to all orthodox Fiji custom and opinion. These were the principal wives of Thakambau and of Navindi, the chief of the fishermen who had planned and ordered the seizure. Secondly, these savages were so far softened and improved that they actually complied with this audacious request (though there was some doubt whether they would have kept their promise had not Tanoa's order arrived). Thirdly, Thakambau himself showed his disapprobation by absenting himself and sailing about all day in his canoe ; and fourthly, their tolerating the interference of the Christian ladies at the very moment of their savage excitement and in the act of slaying their victims, which in former times would certainly have been scouted.

Such are the scenes which pass on all available occasions at Ambau. At the time of my visit pieces of the cannibal feast were still, according to custom, hanging on the trees ; however, all was quiet. We landed close to Tanoa's house, and were first greeted by one of his younger sons, a remarkably fine young savage, with his face and body streaming with a red dye with which he had been soaking his bushy hair preparatory to its being dressed Fiji fashion. (I saw him some days afterwards, and his hair, which projected about four inches on all sides, had as smooth and globular a surface as if carved in wood ; it was all red except a sort of moulding round the front which was jet black.)

We first went into Tanoa's house and saw some of his wives and relatives. The interior is one large room sup-

ported by two or three enormous wooden posts. Overhead are large shelves or lofts where the property is kept, and there are two square pits about eight feet square and sunk about a foot, where the cooking is performed in large earthenware jars of native manufacture. The thatch of this and other principal houses is very remarkable; it is very close and thick, increasing in thickness towards the eaves, where I should think it was four or five feet. It seems to be very old, for I observed some good-sized shrubs growing out of the mould caused by its decay.

Tanoa himself inhabits a miserable little hovel close by, into which when we had crawled we found ourselves in the presence of the miserable remains of this once powerful and much-dreaded chieftain, surrounded by some of the elders of Ambau, amongst whom one was the governor, one of whose duties it is to arrange the marriages of the principal chiefs so as to avoid the danger of a *mésalliance*. 'Ah,' said Tanoa with a smile, 'yes, there they are, these Papalangi' (white foreigners). 'And there he is,' said one of the old chiefs; 'other men die, and die, and die; but he lives, and lives, and lives.' I made him a complimentary speech and presented him with a fathom of good cloth; after which we took our leave. He received us with great cordiality; but no Frenchman is more polite or less sincere than a Fijian.

We then visited the grand temple: outside we were shown two flat stones, one horizontal and one, at its end, perpendicular. Here the human sacrifices are presented; they have usually met their fate by club or axe and thrown violently down upon the horizontal stone with their heads against the upright one, which was still stained with the blood of the last victim. A large spreading tree overhangs this spot, some of the lower twigs of which had been broken off to make room for the heap of bodies in a recent offering, though the foliage was over our heads as we stood upon the stone; so high had been the pile. The temple is built on a platform of stone about twelve feet high, which is ascended by sloping planks. Inside there is nothing but the spears, clubs, and various other articles that have been presented by the devout. One of these offerings consisted of a roll of 'sennit,' or plait of the fibres of the cocoanut; it was eight



feet high and twelve in circumference ! This is very valuable property in Fiji, where nails are unknown and sennit lashings are their substitute universally.

Though the Fijians have many gods they have no idols ; nor did I see in any 'mbure' (temple) an image, although Wilkes says there are some. The priests profess to consult the deities and to receive their answers. I believe they are generally tools of the chiefs and their engines for managing the people. Thakambau openly derides them and has lately talked a good deal of becoming a Christian. Not that he is likely to be very devout, but he sees the folly of their own superstition and the advantages of civilisation—at least he sees that this latter produces ships of war and 32-pounders, which are a great improvement upon canoes and bows and arrows. Should he turn Christian it would be a heavy blow to heathenism. He is very much attached to Mr. Calvert, the missionary at Viwa : and has promised to build for him a house at Ambau where he is to reside under his protection. This will be a great step for the missionaries, who have never before obtained a firm footing at Ambau.

Leaving the great 'mbure' we walked through the town surrounded by a crowd of curious spectators—chiefly boys and women, some of whom brought specimens of their pottery, &c. for barter. The commoner houses are huddled closely together and the pathways that wind amongst them are narrow and filthy. Here and there there is a more open space in the neighbourhood of the chief's house.

We visited Navindi, chief of the fishermen, whose house was clean and light. His wife received us and he came in soon afterwards. He is a fine active fellow, but not so intelligent as Thakambau. We witnessed the ceremony of his drinking kava. He sat alone in the middle of the house and his retainers (forty or fifty) together near the door. Whilst the beverage was being stirred up these latter chanted verses in honour of their chief. When the kava was ready the bearer carried some to the chief, which he sent back ; another cup was brought to him, which he drank amid the acclamations of his followers, and on his finishing there was a universal clapping of hands. The cup was carried back by the cup-bearer, who maintained throughout

a crouching position, and on retreating always kept his face towards the great man. Some was then offered to me, which I declined, as did all our party; the manner of brewing it being sufficient to quench the thirst of most 'papalangis;' the root being first chewed by women and then placed in the kava bowl where water is poured on the masticated fibres and the whole well stirred. This is not peculiar to Fiji, but is universal throughout Polynesia.

Having made Navindi a small present and received a spear in return, we went on to Thakambau's house. This was a temporary one, pending the erection of a stone mansion (the first in Ambau), which having risen to its lower window sills under the auspices of an English mason, this functionary struck work, was flogged, and retired from Ambau. Thakambau took great credit to himself for having dealt with the delinquent 'English fashion,' by a good thrashing, instead of 'Fiji fashion,' by club or axe. We found the great chief arranging his beard with comb and looking-glass and his principal wife lying beside him. She is a handsome lady, and stout withal. Her hair was dyed stone colour, and so smoothly trimmed and globular that it looked like a piece of sculpture. Thakambau announced that his father was propitious to his accompanying us to Rewa; it was therefore arranged to sail next morning. We paid a short visit and then continued our stroll.

The largest building in Ambau is that for the entertainment of strangers. It is a mere shed, but a fair specimen of plain Fiji architecture. Close behind this building, in an open space under the hills, are the ovens for cannibal cooking. They are exactly like all South Sea ovens, only larger—that is, a round hole in the ground, with a good supply of loose stones; a fire is lighted in it and kept burning till the stones are thoroughly heated; the fire is then removed and the food placed in, covered with bread-fruit or other leaves; the whole is then filled up with earth, and in due time the process of baking is completed. We thence walked over the hill at the back of the town, whence there is a good view of the bay. We were shown a spot marked by some upright poles, which is the burial-place of the chiefs. It was in contemplation to replace these by stone

pillars, and the inhabitants had actually, with great labour, hewn the stones and dragged them up the hill; but when they were about to erect them the priests represented that the gods would take great offence at their giving their dead chiefs stone pillars when none had been presented to the deities; the stones were, therefore, brought down the hill again with all haste, and I afterwards noticed one of them close to the great 'mbure.'

During our visit to Navindi I had invited him to dinner; and whilst we were on the hill a messenger from him arrived to ask permission for his wife to come too. Finding that I was to have a ladies' party I went back to Thakambau and invited his wife to accompany Mrs. Navindi. 'Oh,' said Thakambau, 'go, and I'll send and order the canoes.' The lady did not want much pressing, and I returned on board, having first taken leave of old Tanoa and received a present of a large baked pig, which two hours before I had seen rushing through the streets on its way to the oven, being pursued by about twenty Fijians, with their small hand clubs.

In due time Navindi and the two ladies arrived on board. The latter, after recovering their first shyness, were very happy and quizzed Navindi at his being put at the bottom of the table, whilst they were at the top and helped first. In fact this in itself indicates a change in Fiji fashions, for when these two ladies were on board the *Calypso* last year they did not venture to come to the table at all, but squatted amongst the tag, rag, and bobtail in the background. There also appears a good deal of affection between these ladies and their husbands, which is also quite a new-fangled notion in Fiji. I complimented them on having come forward to save the lives of the women at the cannibal feast. Poor things—should they survive their husbands, they will inevitably be strangled, unless public opinion in Fiji progress still further towards civilisation in the meantime. . . .

When the two ladies first came on board they squatted down on the deck; Mrs. Thakambau was fat and Mrs. Navindi thin, so upon the subsequent cleaning of decks the oily patches to be removed varied in circumference proportionally.

Some of the Fijian war canoes were very fine ; one which met the *Daphne* outside the islands actually sailed round her, though the ship was at the time under full sail, with studding sails set. This was a large double canoe, with a high platform built across, connecting the two boats.

The most valued present in Fiji was a good length of the fine native tapa-cloth. Any messenger coming to a chief was always provided with this. He carried it round the body, and while giving his message kept unwinding it. On receiving it, the chief proceeded, while making his answer, to wind it round and round himself, so that a chief's momentary wealth can be gauged by the depth or slinness of his waist-roll.

*Journal resumed.*

Thakambau came on board about 8 o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Calvert as interpreter and two chiefs as aides-de-camp. One of these was his old friend Varanni, whom he had selected in preference to the chief who has more particular charge of Rewa affairs. His attachment to and respect for Varanni are said to be very great : he describes him as a man with one mind, who, when he sees a thing is right, persists in doing it without wavering. Thakambau at first could not bear to be left without Mr. Calvert, whom he followed like a spaniel ; but he soon regained confidence, and during the day found his way to all parts of the ship, the main-top included. He was very lively and agreeable, and made himself a general favourite. At dinner he admonished his friend, Varanni, to say grace properly, and seemed to take a great interest in all the proceedings of the steward, whose manœuvres excited in him the greatest surprise. He stood alone for a long time contemplating a 32-pounder, and at length was heard to say, with a sigh : ' Ah, England is a full-grown nation.' [He also remarked : ' Christianity and 32-pounders are better than swords and spears and heathenism. '] He was very much interested in my picture of the Queen and also in those of my father and mother, taking care that they were duly pointed out and explained to the other chiefs. He asked me about my brothers, and could not understand their being soldiers or warriors who did not belong to ships of war. [ ' Not manage their own canoes ? ' said he. ' They must be very inferior





H.M.S. 'DAPHNE' AND DOUBLE CANOE, OFF THE FIJI ISLANDS

*(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1849).*



chiefs.'] I showed him Jane's miniature, which he contemplated attentively for several minutes; at last he said: 'It has one fault: it cannot speak.' [When Mrs. Thakambau had seen it, she looked scornful and put it away, saying nothing.]

We arrived at Rewa roads next morning, and after consulting with Thakambau I despatched the first lieutenant with our pilot Pickering (who knew the country well and had sided with the mountaineers in the early part of the war) to bring Ngaraningiou on board; and the third lieutenant to Thokonauto's village to invite him. Lacy landed by Pickering's advice, and after a short walk arrived at a house, whence they sent for Ngaraningiou, who appeared some hours afterwards and reached the ship by sunset.

Mansell found Thokonauto (or Mr. Philips, who is the present King of Rewa), just returned from a shooting excursion, and delivered him my message inviting him on board to meet his brother and Thakambau in order to try and settle their differences. He made rather a saucy reply in vulgar English which he has picked up from American traders, in one of which he made a voyage to Tahiti. He wanted to know whether if England and America were at war they would want Fiji man to come and make peace, &c., and concluded by saying that he should come on board by and bye to see Thakambau, as he was on board. Meantime he sent a deputy or spy to see what was going on.

Whilst the boats were away I landed on Nukalau, a small island close to us belonging to Mr. Williams,<sup>1</sup> the American consul at New Zealand and the Fijis, but residing here, where he leads a rather discreditable life for a government functionary, being as sharp a trader in *bêche-de-mer* and sundries as any of the run-away whites who frequent these islands. He had a feud with our pilot and brought sundry vague charges against him which could not be proved, but which gave 'Charley' an opportunity of producing some documents rather damaging to the United States consul. His house was burnt down on the glorious 4th July, having been set on fire by some fireworks which were let off in

<sup>1</sup> Not the same person as the missionary in the Fijis, or the American Consul at Samoa, both of the same name.

commemoration of that anniversary. We found him in a miserable hut in front of which lay the ashes of most of his property.

Returning on board towards sunset, we saw the fleet of double canoes coming down before the wind which contained Thokonauto's ambassador and 'food' (a customary mark of respect to a superior) for Thakambau. Soon after I got on board, the boat came with Ngaraningiou, a savage of six feet three, with a very scanty 'maro' or waist cloth, an immense head of hair decorated with flowers and a plentiful coating of lamp black on his face. Thakambau had got out of the way on his arrival, and two hours elapsed before he could overcome the shyness he felt to meet in a friendly manner the man who had been his deadly enemy for six years, during which time they could never have met and both lived. At last he edged into the cabin (Ngaraningiou being at the other end of it squatting behind the mizen mast), and squatted down close to the door. Some time now elapsed before they could look at each other and much more before they could speak to one another; indeed I do not know how long the 'embarras' would have continued had I not (through Mr. Calvert) said a few words explaining why I had come, and expressing my earnest hope that peace might be restored, &c. However when they had once mustered courage to address one another they were soon (apparently) the best of friends, discussing the events of the war and handling the absent Thokonauto rather roughly, though his emissary was seated amongst the inferior chiefs.

About 9 o'clock, it appearing unlikely that Thokonauto would make his appearance till next morning, I said that I should now man a boat and land the emissary on the island—that it was his master that I had wished to see and had invited on board: and I desired him to tell his master that I regretted he had not come on board, but that I still hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him, &c. Thakambau said I was right in doing so, but he entreated me, as a favour to himself, that I would not let him go in that manner, as it would certainly prevent Thokonauto from coming. He therefore proposed to send the emissary back himself with a message from him, which was done. The two chiefs con-



tinued their animated conversation till near midnight, when I was rejoiced to see them on the move. Thakambau used all his eloquence with the chief and also with his attendants to induce them to make peace if possible ; but nothing could be done till the arrival of the other party concerned.

Thokonauto came soon after midnight and saw Thakambau. He then landed till next morning, when, on his coming on board, I received him with some strictures upon his insolence to my officer. The two brothers were soon, in outward appearance, on very good terms. They had, during the day, long conferences in which Thakambau was unremitting in his endeavours to reconcile their differences. They each had many petty complaints against the other. ' Ah ! ' said Thakambau, ' when men quarrel it is like a great river. There are many small and insignificant streams, but when they unite they are irresistible.' He did not know that a wiser man had once said that the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water. Towards evening, I had got rid of all my guests, they having at least for a time adjusted their differences. How long peace will last will depend, I should think, a good deal upon Thakambau. This chief had ordered his canoe to come and meet him at Rewa, so he departed in her, carrying Mr. Calvert with him.

We could not get out that night, but sailed next morning, beating through a passage that no ship ever beat through before, and I think few will again, and reached Ovolau about 4 o'clock. Here the ship watered ; and Mr. Pritchard and I took boat and went to Viwa, where having slept we went on next day to pay a parting visit to Thakambau, but he had gone off on some excursion. Navindi also was absent, but we saw the ladies and old Tanoa. We then landed at Sendi, a small village on the ' large land ' opposite to Ambau and distant about half a mile.

My object in going there was curiosity to see the Queen Dowager of Rewa, who is spoken of and has her picture in Wilkes. Her husband, the late king, was brother to Ngaraningiou and half-brother to Thokonauto, which latter with Thakambau's assistance made war upon him and seized the kingdom. Though it was decided to kill the

king, yet there was a difficulty about who was to do it, as he was so high a chief; so Thakambau performed that service himself, clubbing him in a canoe, with his wife (Thakambau's cousin) by his side interceding for him. We found the lady at home employed in making small bouquets of flowers to hang round the neck. She did not look quite so handsome as her portrait, her face being thickly coated with lamp-black. We saw here a fine specimen of a double canoe. It was nearly a hundred feet long, and its depth of hold five feet six inches. It had been sent as a ransom for his life to Tanoa by one of his sons who had been too familiar with one of the old gentleman's wives. The lady was sitting with the Queen of Rewa. Here also we saw the woman who had so narrowly escaped at the last cannibal feast. Her head was deeply furrowed with the blows of the axe, and it must have been very providential that the brain was not touched. The wounds were barely healed. After an early dinner at Viwa (pig and taro as usual), I embarked with two missionaries who were going in the ship to Naudi and Bua (Messrs. Hazlewood and Williams), and after a rough sail reached the ship in the evening.

Next morning we sailed with a fine trade wind and reached Naudi at 11 A.M. In the afternoon I landed with Mr. Hazlewood. It is a pretty place, standing high on the side of a hill, but is said to be unhealthy. Here and also at Bua (whither we proceeded next day) the missionary has a small Christian village collected round him. They are subject to be occasionally robbed by their heathen neighbours, who take advantage of their more peaceable dispositions, but are not otherwise molested. Bua is about two miles up a river which runs into Sandalwood Bay, a fine bay formerly resorted to by English ships for sandalwood, the supply of which is now nearly exhausted. We sailed next morning, anchored for the night at Naudi. Next afternoon we landed our very excellent pilot, Charley Pickering, at Ovolau, and proceeded towards Lakemba.

Having failed in seeing Thakambau at Ambau I wrote to him the substance of what I had proposed to say to him, because I thought that as we had been on business together, and he seemed altogether well pleased with his sojourn on

board, I might have some slight influence over him. I told him that :

‘Being now about to leave the Fiji Islands, I am led by an earnest desire for their welfare and also by a sincere esteem for yourself to address a few words to you in the language of friendship. These beautiful islands have been until now the scene of the grossest impostures and the most degrading superstition that have ever disgraced mankind ; leading in their results to practices in which treachery and murder are stepping-stones to the gratification of the vilest passions and appetites. No people ever did nor ever will become great or honourable whilst sunk in so profound a depth of ignorance and crime ; and it is because I know you to be far too intelligent to be deceived by the flimsy superstitions which surround you, that I would entreat you for the good of your country to use your powerful influence in stopping those abominable cruelties which disgrace it, and which cannot be thought of without disgust by any enlightened mind. I am confident that you cannot contemplate the kidnapping of unoffending women and children to supply a cannibal feast, nor the murder of a wife on the death of her husband, without shame for the cowardice of the former, and for the folly of the latter, as well as for the cruelty of both. Depend upon it, such practices cannot last ; and great will be the honour acquired by that chief who has the courage to oppose them. There is one man, and only one man, who can effectually do this, and that man is yourself. I would say to you, therefore, do not leave for another the opportunity which has fallen to your lot of conferring so great a blessing upon your country. Let it be seen that cowardice and cruelty are no longer to be forced upon your people by a gross and ridiculous superstition. They are an industrious and intelligent people ; let them be protected and encouraged, and they will become great and prosperous : how much greater will be the ruler of such a people !

‘These few words have been written in the spirit of friendship : they are intended to promote the real welfare of your country and your own true dignity and honour. I, therefore, trust that you will give them your serious attention.

I will conclude with a request, which I make because I think it will in a very great degree forward those objects. We must expect that in a short time your father will be numbered with the dead; according to a horrible practice, to which I have alluded, many women of his household would be murdered in cold blood on this melancholy occasion. Let me ask, as a personal favour, that you will interpose your authority to save these poor women from becoming the victims of such atrocious superstition. I beg their lives at your hands, and I earnestly hope that your compliance with my request will be one step towards the happiness of Fiji. That Fiji may be blessed, and that you may be truly great, is the sincere wish of your true friend, E. G. F.'<sup>1</sup>

Having despatched this epistle, with a note to Mr. Calvert, by the pilot, we proceeded to Lakemba, off which island we arrived on the night of the 12th October. At daylight I left the ship with Mr. Pritchard, and paid a visit to the missionaries, Messrs. Lythe and —. Having breakfasted with them, we paid a visit to Tui Neau, the King of Lakemba, who takes his title from a neighbouring island. A party were disposed to shake off the yoke of Ambau, but the king said that the tribute they paid was just, and he should not go to war. This island was one of the first of the group which received missionaries, and even in Wilkes's time, ten years ago, was entirely Christian. The French have lately established a Roman Catholic mission there, and have a congregation principally of Tongese, of whom there are many on this island. They come over frequently to build their large double canoes, for which purpose the timber on Neau and some other islands in the vicinity is well adapted.

We returned on board before 10, in time for church, and left the Fiji group by the Lakemba channel, October 13th.

The Fijians are much more divided into classes than the Samoans, and the chiefs appear to have very despotic power;

<sup>1</sup> E.'s request was not acted on. When the old chief died, not long after, custom was still too strong for Thakambau to spare the lives of his father's wives. Report said, too, that these ladies themselves were indignant at such an idea, and considered it *infra dig.* to be deprived of the distinction due to their rank. In any case, they were duly strangled, according to precedent.



they are not only looked upon with awe by their own clansmen, but wherever they go they receive great marks of respect. I have mentioned the instance of no one presuming to kill the King of Rewa, even when at war with him, so that Thakambau had to do it himself.

Like all savages, they look upon war as their main business in life, and their manner of prosecuting it exceeds that of most other savages in treachery and barbarity. I have mentioned a case of kidnapping women for a cannibal feast, which happened a few weeks before our visit. There was another massacre at Mbau, a large village and district on the east side of Viti Levu, which happened even later than that. This district is level and extremely fertile, and its inhabitants are chiefly occupied in agriculture. Being on the sea coast, there is in its neighbourhood a small island on the reef, called Tabua, whose inhabitants are fishermen. These two communities have had a bitter feud between them, but latterly they had by tacit consent fallen into habits of intercourse and apparent friendship.

Some parties of these people having casually met together, it was proposed that they should have a feast, in which the agriculturists and the fishermen should provide the produce of their respective labour; and a day was named on which they should meet halfway from their respective villages and hold their banquet, twenty-three of each village being the number to be present. They met accordingly, and all was friendship and sociality, when on a sudden the remainder of the Mbau people, who had been in ambush, rushed upon the unsuspecting islanders, who were immediately butchered. So great was their savage excitement that they cut pieces from the bodies on the spot and fried them at the fires, and devoured them before they carried their prey into their village.

With such people the missionary life is no sinecure; they are, however, gradually progressing, having increased their number of converts from three to four thousand since the *Calypso* was here, rather more than a year before us; and, from some faint appearances of a growing disregard for their old heathenish rites, they are at present very hopeful for the future, and they seem to look forward with some

confidence to a plentiful harvest after their eleven years' toil. One half of the four thousand nominal Christians are 'Church members,' or are considered sufficiently sincere and instructed to join in the communion—a large proportion, as might be expected where Christianity is in so small a minority as one to seventy-five, for the population of the Fijis is estimated at 300,000. Though there is now no active persecution, yet no man can become a Christian without considerable personal inconvenience and loss of worldly consideration.

In the Samoan group of 40,000 inhabitants, nine-tenths (36,000) are nominally Christians: yet here there are only found 1,200 who are worthy to be Church members. I cannot resist feeling in some degree sanguine in hoping that these worthy and hard-working labourers at Fiji may shortly be rewarded by an abundant increase. Thakambau *talks* of 'lotu-ing' at some future time. He is never likely to be so zealous as his friend 'Elijah' Varanni; but yet should he become nominally a Christian he will probably be followed by large numbers all over the group, and though these may not be more than merely professing Christians, yet that profession will prevent their becoming actors in scenes such as I have described, which will be a great step gained.<sup>1</sup> One great obstacle with the missionaries in these early stages of their labours is the heathenish practice of polygamy. I understand that many who would otherwise become Christians yield to this embarrassment. Pensioning off all these ladies, except the favourite, is a serious consideration and will generally induce a savage who has no strong motive either of conviction, as with Varanni, or of policy, as with Mosomalua, to remain as he is rather than effect such a revolution in his household. . . .

<sup>1</sup> In 1882 A. E. J. F., when staying with A. D. F. in Cornwall, went to see the fine grounds of Miss Fox at Penjerrick. Unexpectedly they found a missionary meeting in progress, and were asked to come in. The subject proved to be Fiji, and as the old missionary proceeded with his tale and mentioned various incidents familiar to them, it became evident that he could be none other than Mr. Calvert who had accompanied Thakambau on his cruise in the *Daphne*; so indeed it proved, and warm interest was felt on both sides in a mutual greeting after he had finished the account of his intercourse with Thakambau and of the chief's eventual conversion to Christianity.

It is strange to find that Thakambau, whose portrait E.'s family knew as, in those days, a fine-looking savage, clothed only in a light handkerchief over his hair and a strip of white cloth round the loins, should have lived to be thus described, and thus illustrated by the newspapers:—'King Kakebau (*sic*) wore a black evening suit with a white waistcoat and a briguet gold chain' (!) This was on the occasion when, in 1874, Sir Hercules Robinson came across in a British man-of-war from New South Wales to take over the sovereignty of the islands for Queen Victoria. For some years the native chief had been in difficulties owing to the requirements of civilised governments and the troubles caused by unscrupulous whites. He had previously offered the sovereignty of his islands to England and the offer had then been refused, but now a treaty had been concluded for their cession and the occasion was one of great state and ceremony.

Twelve years after the annexation, when the Colonial and Indian Exhibition took place at South Kensington, a small court was set apart for Fiji. One entered and saw:—bags and cases of civilised tropical produce! In the background, no doubt, were a few specimens of Fiji clubs and spears and tapa-cloth, but what caught the eye and filled nearly the whole space were samples of cotton and sugar and such-like trade commodities. Truly a marvellous change for islands where, at the time of E.'s visit, the bulk of the natives were still cannibals and naked savages, only just being reclaimed from customs of the most revolting cruelty.

### *Journal resumed.*

On the 16th October (my father's birthday) I was taken ill (or rather an ailment that had for some days been threatening forced itself into notice) and had a tolerably severe attack of dysentery which kept me in my cot during the whole time of our visit to the Tonga Islands.

These are low and flat, except Vavao, which is rather high table-land. The whole are covered with luxuriant vegetation, and a good deal under cultivation. 'King George,' who governs these islands, lives at Lifuka in the Hapai group. He is generally considered to be one of the most intelligent and statesmanlike of the South Sea chiefs. Lacy called upon him and made my excuses, and he dined on board with the officers, bringing with him his son, a

prodigy of three years old, whom Captain Grey, Governor of New Zealand, has offered to receive into his family for his education. I did not learn whether the offer was accepted.

The ship, having called at Tongataboo, Lifuka, and Vavao, and communicated with the missionaries at those places (Wesleyans), returned to Apia Bay on November 2nd, and next day I left my cot and took possession of an unoccupied house, where, notwithstanding the unceasing attacks of the mosquitoes, I rapidly recovered my strength. I stayed here a week and then went to spend two days at Vailele, three miles from Apia, with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, the American consul and son of the celebrated missionary. . .

This was a very critical illness. At the crisis of it when E. was lying unconscious of all except a dim nightmare of mosquito-misery, the doctor bled him as a last resource: good results followed, and from that time he improved.

While the *Daphne* had been away on her three weeks' cruise, a shipwrecked party had arrived in sad plight at Apia, and had been taken care of. They were mariner-people, bound from Sydney to California, in a schooner. Near Hawaii their ship upset and went to the bottom. Her crew, thirteen people in all, saved a punt and a dingy, picked up all the spars and floating wood they could find, and fastened the two boats together, making a double boat with a space between, and they rigged up a mast with a blanket for a sail. They collected all the floating goods from the wreck which might be useful—not much, unluckily, in the way of provisions, but there was a keg of water and one of lime juice, and a box of candles which were valuable food. They then set off with the S.E. trade wind to sail for some one of the South Sea Islands, hundreds of miles away. They suffered terribly from hunger, but were helped by catching a shark which luckily got entangled between the two boats. In twenty-six days they reached Manoa (a small island of the Samoan group), where the natives, though not cannibals, were still uncivilised, and robbed them of the very few things they possessed. Managing to get away again, they finally reached Apia in a terrible state of exhaustion, many suffering from scurvy and boils. One of the party happened to be young Barff, the missionary's son, who had taken a passage in the schooner. The rest were all sailors, and E. gave them a passage in the *Daphne* to



Valparaiso as distressed British subjects. One entered on board the *Daphne* as a seaman, the others were landed and made over to the British consul.

### *Letter to J.*

November 22nd. Lat. 24° 59' S. Long. 159° 56' W.

Going from Apia Bay to Valparaiso.

. . . On my passage from the Fijis to Tongataboo I was attacked with dysentery, from which I am now quite recovered, and am daily recovering my former strength. This event took place on the 16th of October, and was occasioned probably by the standard South Sea diet of pig, taro, and bread-fruit; partly by being away in boats, and occasionally wet; and partly by being up at night while navigating in the Fijis (which swarm with coral reefs). At least I know no other cause. However this may be, the attack was rather sharp and obstinate, but was repulsed by dint of all the treatment and disagreeables of the medical art. It left me, as you may suppose, very lean and weak; but on my arrival at Apia Bay I took possession of an unoccupied house, belonging to Mr. Pritchard, to which I was carried in a chair; but in a week I could walk a couple of miles. We stayed at Apia from the 2nd to the 12th of November, the last two days of which I passed at the house of the American consul, Mr. Williams, son of the celebrated missionary. It is very well situated on an eminence overlooking the sea, about three miles from Apia. On the 12th, about 10 o'clock, we saw the *Daphne's* jib appear beyond the cocoanut trees, on her way through the passage in the coral reefs: so, as Mr. Clark was in attendance with my gig, I immediately packed up my carpet-bag and went out to meet her—my first appearance on board since the 3rd, when I landed in a very different plight. I was now able to resume duty (which is not very heavy to a captain in the middle of the Pacific). I am quite cured, and this long sea voyage in fine cool weather will quite set me up again.

This chapter upon my illness you must take instead of any account of the Friendly Islands; for, though I went to Tongataboo, Hapai, and Vavao, I never saw either of them,

having been in my cot all the time, from the first day's illness until I landed at Apia—not very long, after all—from October 17th until November 3rd. I was sorry to miss seeing 'King George,' the king of the Friendly Islands, who is one of the most intelligent and most statesmanlike of the South Sea potentates. . . . Tongataboo and Hapai—King George's place of residence—are perfectly flat, but covered with cultivation. Vavao is rather high tableland, covered with verdure and very beautiful. The harbour is quite landlocked, and reminded Mr. Risk of the Lakes of Killarney and Mr. Blewett of Trincomalee! Mr. Risk recommended me to stay with him here whilst the ship went to Apia, and that she should call for us on her way to Valparaiso; but I did not think it right to do so, particularly as there might be some business for me to do at Apia, and it turned out very well as it was. . . .

December 16th, 1849 : 1,100 miles from Valparaiso.

. . . I hope you will have seen Mr. Ashe, as I asked him to call and make his report of me and my ship, and sent whatever I had in the way of sketches. I have now some more, and my cabin is decorated with a profusion of Fiji clubs and spears, which, however, I do not think I shall inflict upon '39'; for they are of no value to me, and would be of some inconvenience to the housemaid. . . . I am now hastening [towards the mail] at the rate of ten miles an hour. I read my books, draw, walk the deck, and enjoy the leisure of six weeks out of sight of land! and so the time flies away. . . .

### *Journal resumed.*

On December 12th the ship, having completed watering, repairs, &c., in very wet, disagreeable weather, stood outside the reefs, and, having sent my boat for me, I was soon on board—a very different being from that which I was on leaving her nine days before. We then sailed for Valparaiso.

## CHAPTER XI

‘DAPHNE,’ PANAMA—MEXICO AND CHILI

*Journal continued.*

A PASSAGE of forty days brought us to Valparaiso (December 22nd). I found orders waiting for me to remain about a month, and then to go to Callao as senior officer on that station, which was very well liked on board. . . .

*Letter to J.*

Valparaiso, December 24th, 1849.

. . . The future movements of ships of war are so uncertain that it is impossible to foresee them; but the freight-carrying here gives something of regularity to the times of vessels sailing for England. . . .

. . . I found here my orders for the future. They are : To stay here a month; then to go with five months' provisions to Callao, there to remain in communication with the Minister at Lima. This is in every respect the best thing that could happen to us: the ship will be benefited by a rest in harbour after so much sea-time, and I shall receive and send my letters regularly, which will be a great comfort to us both. An English mail is due to-night, which will not, I trust, bring any counter-orders from the Admiral at Callao. . . .

. . . I am living at the Admiral's house whilst my cabin is being painted. I have a horse here which I ride daily—sometimes with Mr. Holmes, sometimes with the doctor of the hospital, which is close at hand. He is a good guide amongst these mountains. The *Dædalus* has, we hear, gone to the Plate, after all; so I fear we shall miss her. How-

ever, my box can easily be sent to Callao. Captain Hope, of the *Raleigh*, writes to me that Mrs. H. is to call upon you when she gets to London; and the captain himself will do so when he gets home. I think they are very nice people. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

I heard that the *Mæander* had been ordered over to this station to take a freight, which, I much fear, will occasion a delay in the time of my longed-for return of eight months—from November 1851 to July 1852. *Nous verrons*. The *Inconstant* came in, but only remained a few days. I had thus an opportunity of making acquaintance with Captain Shepherd, whom I found very agreeable, though now, as always, over-rigid with his subordinates—at least *they* think so. For the first fortnight I lived at the Admiral's house (he with his family being absent at Callao, and intending to proceed thence to the Sandwich Islands) whilst my cabin was painting. I rode nearly every day, and found some pleasant rides under the pilotage chiefly of Doctor Aneran, surgeon of the English hospital. Of the people I saw but little; few, native or foreign, called; and I was not anxious to form a large circle of acquaintance. The country people (Huasos) are drunkards, but, when sober, generally civil.

I went for two or three days to Quillota, forty miles from Valparaiso, where there is a good inn. This town stands in a very fine plain, well watered and surrounded by mountains, except towards the sea. There are some very fine estates (*haciendas*) in it. The land is principally divided into 'portreros,' or large grazing-grounds for cattle and horses, who graze on the rich level plains, except for two or three of the winter months, when they are sent to the mountains. There are corn-fields here and there on the sides of the hills, and vineyards generally in the neighbourhood of the houses. A wretched kind of wine called 'mosto' is made and drunk in large doses by the Huasos. Of fruits, we saw oranges, water-melons, grapes, figs, plums, peaches, pears, and one tree (the famous fruit of Peru), whose fruit we were told were worth a dollar apiece. The oranges were in Mr. Waddington's garden, and were very good. He is the pro-



prietor of a fine estate. Quillota itself is a straggling place, extending, they say, for nine miles. The roads are straight, level, and dusty, and very hot, except when leading to a 'hacienda,' in which case they are closely planted with poplars on both sides for about a mile. Quillota stands too completely in the plain to be picturesque, but, on mounting a few feet above it, the view is always fine. On returning to Valparaiso I found the *Dædalus*, Captain Wellesley, an old messmate. We had some pleasant rides together. . . .

Riding was, of course, the order of the day in Chili, and for any one going on an expedition, or wanting a horse for a short time, it was a matter of course to buy one, say for 5*l.* or so, and sell him again when done with. The South Americans are born riders, and the horses hardy and capable of going long distances, not highly fed and artificially kept as in England. It was an ordinary matter for a horse to be ridden in one day from Valparaiso to Santiago—a distance of 94 miles—and a horse which had been ridden 60 miles one day was thought merely to have done average work. E.'s friend, Admiral Shirreff, who had commanded a ship on this station some years before, had, however, made a name as a horseman, even among South American gauchos. He, in company with some young Santiago merchants, had established relays of horses for fast travelling between the capital and Valparaiso, and the story was still told of Captain Shirreff leaving Santiago early one Sunday morning and riding the 94 miles to Valparaiso in time to go on board his ship, change into uniform, and have 'divisions' and morning service as usual.

The gauchos, however, were not willing to acknowledge superior horsemanship in any foreigner for whom special arrangements had been made. E. met at Valparaiso a merchant lately come from Buenos Ayres, and asked whether he had there met Sir Francis Head, who had lately written a book on his ride across the pampas. 'Did I not meet him?' was the answer; 'he was consigned to me, and I did all I could for him when he wanted to ride across to Mendoza: I spoke to the postmaster, who had special arrangements made for his comfort and speed—horses everywhere ready, men looking out to help him. Then he went home and wrote a book boasting that he—a stranger—could ride better and get over the ground quicker than the gauchos born in the country, almost born riding: the men

who carry the mails and have to keep regular time in all weathers, and do not have picked horses and special arrangements made for extra hurry. When the book came out the postmaster was very indignant, and I was in a great scrape with him for recommending this Englishman.'

The South American horses were treated as companions by their masters, and were not accustomed to unsympathetic English ways. A young blue-jacket who had been in stables at home, and whom E. employed to look after his horse, had a narrow escape of being killed in the stall when roughly approaching to saddle the animal. While E. used the Admiral's house, Captain Shepherd commanded a ship in the harbour and carried on any ordinary duties there. E. was amused at a story of young Burgoyne (afterwards lost at sea when in command of the *Captain*). A store-ship having come in, bringing among other things a cutter for the fleet, Captain Shepherd thought he would observe how his midshipman managed to hoist the boat out. He found the job done sooner than he expected, and asked Burgoyne how he had managed it. 'I thought it best, sir,' answered Burgoyne, 'to consult John Hamilton Moore' (an authority on such subjects). 'Well,' said Jack Shepherd, pleased at his mid.'s intelligence, 'and what does John Hamilton Moore recommend?' 'Well, sir, in any case of doubt about practical things, John Hamilton Moore's advice is, "Ask the boatswain,"' so I followed his advice and got the boat out all right.'

### *Letter to his Mother.*

H.M.S. 'Daphne,' Valparaiso, January 24th, 1850.

. . . I have been very busy riding myself into good condition after my attack, which made me for the time woefully thin; however, I am now in excellent case. We are in hourly expectation of the arrival of the packet, after which we go to Callao, calling on our way at Arica. I shall not be sorry to leave this place, which has not many attractions for a stranger; indeed I have made but very few acquaintances.

January 25th.

. . . I have a note from Bob Stopford, in which he says that the Admiral has some orders from England, which prevent him going to the islands, which will be a disappointment to the ladies. We shall sail to-day most likely for Arica and Callao. . . . I fear I shall not see you all again so

soon as I had expected, owing to the *Mæander* being sent over here to take a freight home. I expect this will postpone our arrival in England from November 1851 to July 1852; at least if the freight system continues, which to many seems doubtful. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

On the 25th January, having received another budget of good accounts from all most dear to me, I was glad to be under sail again for Arica and Callao.

The whole of this coast is of the utmost barrenness, except here and there some stunted and dusty foliage in the vicinity of the rivers. I called off the small seaport of Iquique, which is surrounded by mountains but not a blade of grass to be seen. Saltpetre is the chief article of trade, for which we found two English and one French barque lying there. There is no water nearer than forty miles except what is distilled by an apparatus erected for the purpose. One hundred miles to the northward of Arica is the seaport of Tacna, distant forty-two miles. Here there is a small river, and therefore a fertile valley; all else as barren as Iquique. This is the shipping port for most of the Bolivian produce; its own port, Cobija, being less conveniently situated. Bark and alpaca wool are the chief exports. Here I made an excursion up the valley with the English and American consuls (Nugent and Dr. Ringgold). We had a pleasant ride through some fine olive groves, maize plantations, &c., occasionally emerging upon a scorching desert. The contact of the desert with the verdure reminded me of the neighbourhood of Cairo. Hence we crept slowly with very light winds to Callao, where we arrived on the evening of the 11th February. Here I found orders to proceed immediately to Panama, and therefore our expected lounge for two or three months dwindled to twenty hours, when we sailed for Panama.

[This closes the *Daphne* Journal.]

It was at Arica, on the edge of this desert, that the Incas of old Peru were buried. The extreme saltiness of the soil acted as a preservative, and the remains of several of these

old Peruvian rulers were dug up from time to time—the bodies being found in a sitting posture on chairs, according to the custom of their people. E. did not himself see one of the Incas, but the people he met at Arica spoke of the excavation of one of them as a fairly frequent occurrence. The *Daphne* had a slow passage up the coast, and after arrival at Panama E. wrote to his brother-in-law, E. Cardwell, the following letter:—

H.M.S. 'Daphne,' Island of Taboga, in the Bay of Panama,  
March 21st, 1850.

MY DEAR CARDWELL,—I have to thank you for your letter of the 14th November from Gourock, where you were enjoying yourself much in spite of rain and snow; I hope this will not find you overworking yourself, for which I think Jane suspects you of a tendency. I sailed from Valparaiso towards the end of January with the full expectation of remaining two or three months at Callao; but finding on my arrival there orders to proceed to Panama, I reached this latter place after a tedious passage on the 7th inst. It is a pretty little walled town on a small peninsula, and, as it is not subject to earthquakes, the original buildings have been constructed with a view to durability, and are still standing. Many are churches and convents which are now ruinous or falling into decay; among them is the cathedral, which is said to be the oldest in these parts.

The inhabitants, who afford a good specimen of the Spanish-American character in its laziest development, are now inundated and cowed by 1,500 keen Yankees, who are nominally en route for California. They take their passage in the States for Chagres, and also receive a ticket for a passage from Panama to California, by a steamer or other vessel which has been despatched round the Horn, and which (they are told) will be waiting their arrival at Panama. When they come here the vessel has not arrived, but there is a stationary corps of about two hundred of their countrymen who keep gambling-houses for the purpose of fleecing them, which, as they have with them the little capital they have scraped together for the purpose of establishing themselves, or paying their way to the diggings, is a tolerably lucrative business. I am strongly recommended to put on a



shooting jacket, and make a progress through these dens, as affording a curious and wonderful spectacle ; but I have not found myself 'fast' enough for this peregrination. These men, baulked of their steamer and fleeced of their property, and without occupation, are liable, as you may suppose, to break out into extravagances, the more so as there is no police ; but except breaking open the gaol and serenading in a rather rude strain the agents for the tardy steamers, I do not understand that their eccentricities have been very mischievous except to a few of themselves, two or three of whom have been shot in scuffles ; but as they all carry revolvers, this may, perhaps, be considered moderate. This state of things occasions a general feeling of insecurity, and the prophets prophesy an impending pillage ; but, I think, these people will gradually find their way to California, without any such calamity, if not irritated by an indiscreet coercion without a sufficient force.

This island is the watering place for the ships, and is about eight miles from Panama. It is fertile and supplies Panama with fruit. A few years ago it was a favourite resort for those who wanted quiet and seclusion : now it is a den of lawless deserters from English and American ships, of whom there is a gang of about forty armed, who hold together and defy all attempts to capture them. They are now generally in the 'bush' on account of our presence, but they are destroying the fruit trees and crops of the natives, out of sheer wantonness, besides the robberies and forced sales of provisions by which they subsist. There is an Alcalde, but he has been letting his house to the marauders until this morning, when he turned their goods out, in consequence, I believe, of some hints I gave him yesterday evening. One of my men is with them, who if caught will be made an example of, in a manner very distasteful to Exeter Hall. These men look forward to going to California in the passenger vessels which sail from hence. On arriving there they go on shore and the vessel is navigated back by those who have had enough of it, and are glad to get out of the country on the terms of working their passage instead of paying for it. On their departure the vessel gets re-manned from the stock of deserters : there is one large English ship here,

with only two men on board, the rest being with the gang in the bush. If I have sufficient information to attempt to capture these ruffians, I mean to send an armed force, for which breach of the law I suppose I may be annihilated, but I don't see that I can with prudence do otherwise.

An American company is endeavouring to commence the railway from Panama to the neighbourhood of Chagres, but they cannot get labourers, though they have sent to Cartagena, Popayan, and Santa Fé. From the former place they expected some who had been employed upon a dyke, but I understand that the men will not travel. I do not believe that the New-Granadians enter very warmly into these plans of foreigners to make a high road through their country—they seem a poor slow race. The bustle at Panama has had a great effect upon prices. Our consul has paid 50 dollars a month for his house, but after May, when his lease expires, he will have to pay 180, or about £400 a year for an unfurnished house. Coals vary from £7 to £10 a ton. Our purser was asked £7 for coals which had cost 7s. when put on board. An upholsterer expects 5 dollars, or nearly £1 per day for making up your own materials.

We do not hear many particulars from California, but the accounts seem generally prosperous. The Americans say that property is very secure there under the powerful protection of Lynch-law, by which, 'if a man steals but a bit of gold dust, they slice his ears off right straight, or else they hang him,' as a Yankee told me the other day. The consul tells me that the average value of the gold exported is about £2,000,000, most of which is shipped about this time, as the dry (or working) season is drawing to a close. The American papers that I see here speak of a separation of the Southern States as imminent; I suppose the proceedings in Congress will excite considerable attention in England. We have also a report here via Louisiana, that Napoleon is Emperor. These reports will soon be confirmed or contradicted by the arrival of the mail, and we shall then begin to raise a fresh stock for next month.

I am going immediately on the arrival of the English packet [due the 25th inst.] to Realejo, [in Central America], where I hope to meet the Admiral. I am rather afraid of

being kept on this part of the station, where the California fever rages with almost as much detriment to a man-of-war as the yellow fever at Jamaica; there is no security for keeping the men from running, except treating them like prisoners. We hear of an insurrection at Guayaquil, the soldiers being against the Government.

Very affectionate remembrances to your wife,

Ever yours,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

*To his Mother.*

H.M.S. 'Daphne,' Panama : March 3rd and March 24th, 1850.

. . . Since beginning my letter I have been between Panama and Taboga, which latter . . . is now a den of robbers, who have their own way, as there is no police. The Governor intends to-day to apply to me for assistance, and we mean to try and capture some. The success of this is however doubtful, as the island, though small, is mountainous, with plenty of cover.

March 25th.

We have, however, taken nine. . . . I shall be heartily glad to get clear of the Californian mob, with its gamblers, deserters, and vagabonds. . . . I suppose all this will find its level here some time hence, and that Panama will become a very important and populous place. It is a very picturesque place, with plenty of ruined churches, ruined convents, and decaying fortifications, with some cocoanut and other trees interspersed. About three miles to the eastward is a fine old tower amongst thick jungle which marks the site of the original Panama, sacked and burnt by Morgan the buccaneer. . . .<sup>1</sup>

The steps taken about the ruffianism at 'Taboga were as follows:—the English consul at Panama, Mr. Perry, told E.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Morgan, the celebrated leader of the buccaneers, was a Welshman, and carried on for years a successful irregular warfare upon the Spaniards in the New World. It was in 1671 that he captured and destroyed Panama, and some years afterwards the buccaneer fleet in the Bay of Panama was able successfully to defy the power of the Spaniards. Morgan was afterwards knighted by Charles II. and made Deputy-Governor of Jamaica. The modern town of Panama was begun a couple of years after Morgan's raid, at a few miles' distance from the old site.

that he had been applied to by the Governor of the town to ask whether, as he himself had no man-of-war available, the English man-of-war would not help him to put down the scoundrelism at Taboga. E. replied that he was in no way authorised by his instructions to do so, but, if the Governor as head of the government applied to him through the English consul, representing the matter as urgent, and if the Governor himself or his representative accompanied the ship and appealed for an armed force sufficient to take up and make over to him any individuals he might point out, then he, E., would consent to give the help so appealed for. This was done, and one evening after dark, while all was quiet and no one suspected an expedition, E. sent off the *Daphne's* boats with an armed force under Lieutenant Lacy and other officers, to pull the six or eight miles to Taboga, land and take possession of the village and grog-shop; part of the force was then to scour the woods and country (an agent of the Governor's being with them), and take up all the ruffians indicated by the civil power. Meanwhile the *Daphne* weighed and followed the boats, and E. and the Governor landed to hear the reports of the force. At the time there were only three or four ships at Taboga, so ruffianism was rather slack, and only nine men were arrested. They were nearly all Yankees and were made over to the American consul to be dealt with—the one or two English being similarly given in charge to Perry.

On the arrival of the English mail E. left Panama for Realejo, where he expected to find the flagship. The Admiral, however, was gone further north, and E. followed along the coast to the Republic of San Salvador, getting fine views as he passed of the volcanos El Viejo and Monotomba. Finally, running up the Gulf of Fonseca at night, he came in view of the expected beacon, the *Asia's* top-light, and ranging up to her answered her hail. It was a sad mail for Sir Phipps Hornby, as it brought news of the death of his eldest son. His flag-lieutenant and second son, Geoffrey, therefore, became his heir and eventually inherited his property. The *Daphne* returned to Panama with the homeward-bound mails, and sailed thence for Valparaiso on April 27th. She reached Valparaiso on May 29th, so that much time was spent in long sailing passages along the coast. Official letters show that she was still at Valparaiso on June 20th, and on July 17th at Callao. E. left Callao July 18th, reaching San Blas August 6th. The art of sailing interested him greatly, he carefully studied local



conditions of winds and currents, and took keen pleasure in making a good passage or getting successfully into a difficult harbour such as Panama. Ships whose captains had no such local knowledge were apt to be long delayed, but this seldom was the case with the *Daphne*.

The *Daphne* and flagship left Central America at or about the same time, the former having to put into Panama and wait there some days for mails. As she arrived off Valparaiso a large ship was sighted, also making the port, and proved to be the *Asia*. The Admiral had his ladies on board, having left Valparaiso with the intention of taking them a cruise round the station—up the coast, then to Hawaii, the South Sea Islands, and back to headquarters. A political complication in Central America obliged him to give up this pleasant plan and go there instead, summoning E. from Callao to join him; while Wellesley, who had been intended to remain as senior officer at Valparaiso, was ordered up to Callao in E.'s place. The *Asia* had a long passage back to Valparaiso, having been at sea fifty-six days; and the Admiral's excellent steward, clever as he was, had latterly been much put to it to provide due variety for the table. When the Admiral questioned him towards the end of the voyage: 'Yes, sir,' he would say, 'I can manage to-day, and I *think* I can manage for to-morrow.' 'Well, but if we don't get in to-morrow?' Finally he was driven to bay: 'Then, sir, in that case—if we don't get in to-morrow—I'm afraid—we shall have to trust to Providence!' (i.e. to ship's provisions). The Admiral had taken a house at Valparaiso on the hill above the town, and he and Lady Hornby made it very pleasant to naval officers. E. was one of the captains who were asked to dine there every night when his ship was in harbour. Wellesley too had the same invitation, and Bob Stopford, the flag-captain, dined every night with his Admiral. E. therefore saw much of these two intimate friends of his; whenever at Valparaiso, when the Admiral was there, he walked up to Admiralty House every night with Bob Stopford, and Wellesley when there accompanied them.

When the *Daphne* was at Callao E. saw the English Minister at Lima, Mr. Adams, and his wife, who were expecting Mrs. Adams's sister, Miss Lukin, to stay with them. Captain Wellesley, who succeeded E. as senior officer at Callao, was much at the Minister's, and afterwards married Miss Lukin. Later, after her husband's death, Mrs. Adams married Colonel Warre, commanding the 57th Regiment,

and the sisters were afterwards well known to many friends as Lady Warre and Lady Wellesley.

When the *Daphne* entered Callao harbour, an American and a French ship lay there, and E. paid official visits to their respective captains. To each in turn he put the obvious question—what he thought of Lima? 'Détestable,' answered the Frenchman, with a shrug, and mournfully detailed the dulness of place and people. 'Sweet city, that, sir,' responded the Yankee captain, cocking his eye, and expatiating with much relish on its varied charms. E. had a long talk with this French captain, who had been at Buenos Ayres at the same time as Richard Stopford. He had seen something of Rosas, who, in the disturbed state of the country, happened at that time to have made himself President of the Argentine Republic. Rosas used to entertain these captains, and the Frenchman, amongst others, used to come to his house in the evening, and knew his young daughter, who was gentle and sweet, and used to please the guests with her music. The country then was in a perpetual state of unrest and disturbance. One evening the captains, on coming in to the President's drawing-room, found on his young daughter's piano a pair of *human ears*, cut off by one of Rosas's generals from some captive, and sent to the chief. The French captain related this story with horror and disgust, and, seeing E. look incredulous, referred him to Richard Stopford for confirmation of the tale; and it was absolutely confirmed by him, when E., later, had the opportunity of enquiring.

From August to November of this year E. was employed in collecting freight on the Mexican coast; a very dreary time he found it, as the places visited were of no special interest, social intercourse scant, and the service itself distasteful to him.

The carrying of freight by men-of-war began in times of war and disturbance, when bullion could not be safely conveyed in any other way; as it was important that silver required in England should be duly received at the Bank, ships of the Royal Navy were employed to convey it. The cause for this special method of conveying silver now no longer existed, as the merchants who obtained it from the Mexican mines could send it with perfect safety by merchant vessels in the ordinary way. As, however, the duty on exported silver was very high, 10 per cent., the merchants found it to their interest to get it on board a man-of-war, paying certain fees for its conveyance. The receipt of these

fees no doubt often acted as an inducement to naval officers, stimulating their endeavours to obtain freight; and the system was still allowed and encouraged, ships being sent to the Mexican coast under orders to receive and convey the silver. The whole system at this time had become subject to abuse, and much smuggling and corruption prevailed.

Shortly before E. was in Mexico the Government had tried the experiment of appointing an honest chief of the customs, who got the authorities to reduce the duty on exported silver from 10 per cent. to 5 per cent. The result was that smuggling ceased, and the revenue was duly and honestly collected. The local merchants and interested dealers were not, however, going to stand this, and sent in such strong complaints, backed by people of importance, that this chief was recalled, and under his successor the 10 per cent. duty was revived, and smuggling and corruption of all kinds again flourished. The fee given for receiving freight 'on deposit' on board a man-of-war was 1 per cent. and for carrying freight 2 per cent. Of this latter amount 1 per cent. went to the captain,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to the admiral, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to Greenwich Hospital. There was a regular tariff, too, of the fees to the boats' crews who brought off the silver from ashore, and to their officer, and 4 dollars per 1,000 dollars was allowed to those who counted the money when brought on board. The silver came in bags or packages, the bills of lading merely specifying them as 'said to contain' so much, the counting being left entirely in the hands of the ship's officers. It was easier to get silver out of the country coined than in bulk, so each mine had a rough mint for coining dollars; the stamping was very coarsely done, leaving the edges rough and jagged, and those appointed by the captain 'to count' earned their fee under penalty of sore fingers. E.'s small freight of 600,000 dollars took four officers four days to count. A big freight might consist of five or six million dollars. Ships going to Mexico for freight prepared by getting at Valparaiso a stock of suitable plank for cases, and the ship's carpenters made these boxes of the orthodox size to hold a specified number of dollars. In case of scruples as to smuggling on the part of any captain sent on this service, a Custom House 'permit' was presented with each consignment, and E. always required one, but this had become a mere form, as the merchants bought permits at 1s. a piece from the corrupt officials. The chief ports for shipping freight were Mazatlan and San Blas (the harbour of Tepic). The principal silver merchants were—



at the former place, Torre; and at Tepic, Barron & Forbes, and they were persons of considerable importance.

E. experienced one instance of the secrecy observed in getting freight off from the coast. He had called on the consul at Guaymas and had been introduced to the chief local people, some of whom he invited to dine. They arrived on board, and he received them on deck, but observed that they seemed restless and uncomfortable, and could not make out the reason. His excellent steward, Packman, who had been with Henry Martin and knew the ways of the station, came to the rescue, suggesting: 'I think the gentlemen wish to go into your dressing cabin, sir.' Accordingly they each disappeared for a minute and all became cheery and pleasant. When the evening was over and they had gone, Packman came to E. saying, 'I have put away all the parcels the gentlemen brought, sir; they are quite safe.' 'What parcels?' inquired E. mystified, and found that a *depôt* had been made in his cabin of gold-dust brought in little boxes and sausage rolls. He saw some of these merchants again before leaving, but they made no allusion to the matter, and only when the ship was sailing, a week or so after, the invoices arrived on board with the parcels correctly specified.

It was a curious sight when the freight was despatched from Panama; E. made it over to Mr. Perry, the consul and freight-agent, who took it in charge for transit across the isthmus to Colon for shipment on board the West India mail steamer. When the arrangements were made and all was ready, the freight was brought out and piled in the streets while the mules were lading. The silver was in cases each containing a due number of dollars, and of a size adapted to mule-loads: or else it was cast in ingots of suitable weight to hang on each side of a mule pack. So the precious metal lay about in various forms, packed and unpacked, the string of mules waiting at hand; muleteers busy fixing and arranging the loads, and the military escort assembled looking on—a lively scene.

While at Mazatlan E. had met Prince Paul of Würtemberg, who was on his travels, being apparently estranged from his family and in rather poor circumstances; he was, however, a pleasant and gentlemanly man, and E. liked him and had a good deal of talk with him; so that when Prince Paul was leaving Mexico for Panama, E. wrote to the consul there, Mr. Perry, telling what he knew of him and commending him to the consul's good offices. Mr. Perry did



what he could, and finding that Prince Paul wished to cross the Isthmus to Colon, arranged his journey, a twenty-five mile ride to the head-waters of the Chagres, then a rest at the house of a merchant to whom travellers generally gave a fee for their lodging, and on by water to Colon. When E. afterwards saw Mr. Perry he was shown a letter received by him from the merchant at the halfway house, saying many pleasant things of the Prince's civility and charm of manner, but ending, 'Me ha dado muchas palabras, pero dinero—nada'! (He gave me much talk, but no money).

It used to be an amusing sight at Guaymas to watch the pelicans fishing, each attended by a sharp little robber bird, a kind of gull. The pelican catches his fish crossways in his beak, and before he can swallow is obliged to lift up his head so as to turn the prey lengthways and stow him in the bag under his bill. The little gulls keenly watch for this favourable moment of getting their share, while the pelican pauses with his bill under water, turning from side to side, looking out for a quiet chance of housing his game, and eventually tossing his head up and trying how quickly he can scuffle it home. But the little gulls are watchful and sharp too; they lie low till the moment arrives—then dart in, and generally get a good bite off the fish before his captor can stow him away.

The *Daphne* lay at San Blas from August 6th to August 13th, and at Mazatlan August 15th to October 9th. Here her paymaster, Mr. Blewett, died and was buried. The last date in Mexico given by E.'s sketches is San Blas, October 11th, and an official letter is dated 'Panama, November 5th.' He was there no doubt to deliver his freight before going on to Valparaiso, and sailed for that port on November 19th. Here he spent the winter in company with the Admiral, and in the enjoyment of much pleasant intercourse with him and his family and with Bob Stopford.

One of the *Daphne's* midshipmen was Lord Ockham, who had been sent out from England to join her. He was the son of Lord and Lady Lovelace, his mother being the daughter of Lord Byron. Ockham was a very clever but wild young fellow, whose bringing up had given him no fair chance of starting well in life. During his time in the *Daphne* he was eccentric, but fairly well behaved; later he had to leave the navy, and, after various adventures, including a spell of serving before the mast in a merchant schooner, he

settled down as a working shipwright in Scott-Russell's yard. Here he seemed in his element and worked well, living among the workmen, who knew him as Mr. Ockham, and liked him; and while so employed he died. In his *Daphne* days E. did anything he could for him, and Sir Phipps Hornby used to ask him often up to Admiralty House at Valparaiso. Some of the midshipmen were often asked to spend Sunday there, and Ockham at one time employed them diligently upon damming up a stream which he found could by a little ingenuity be diverted on to an unfortunate landholder's garden. One Sunday the Admiral inquired if the mids. had had a good walk, and how they had employed themselves, and Ockham naïvely explained that this plan upon which he had been steadily working had just been carried out with complete success. Sir Phipps, thinking he might hear more of this feat, inquired if the owner wasn't very angry. 'Oh!' answered Ockham, 'he said it was "muy malo,"' and no more was heard on the subject. On one occasion at Mazatlan, when a grand ball was to be given in the theatre, Ockham's messmates had been urging him to go, and E. represented to him that he would regret it if he went away without seeing something of the people and places he went to. Ockham, who hated society, consented to go if he could sit up in one of the boxes; which he did, and stayed there all the evening, while a pretty curly-headed little fellow-mid. was taken by the ladies for Lord Byron's grandson, and fêted and danced with accordingly, to the mutual satisfaction of himself and Ockham.

A young son of Bishop Wilberforce was for a short time on board the *Daphne* as midshipman, and took a passage home in her. E. showed him some kindness, which his father bore strongly in mind. The boy soon afterwards died, and years after, when the Bishop met E. at Chatham, he recognised warmly the encouragement given to his son.

During this autumn E. received a letter from his brother-in-law, Edward Cardwell, dated July 16th, written in acute distress at the death of Sir Robert Peel. E. Cardwell was the devoted follower and friend of the great statesman, and, being his next-door neighbour, was in close daily intercourse with him.

While at Valparaiso E. was strongly recommended by Bob Stopford to go for a riding tour and see something of the Andes, following a route which he himself had taken with the Admiral. He described the scenery as magnificent,





ACONCAGUA AND THE ANDES, FROM NEAR SANTA ROSA

*(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1851.)*



and E. determined to see something of it, and started early in January 1851 with Mr. Holmes, the *Daphne's* naval instructor, as a companion, following pretty nearly the track of the Admiral's party. This trip afforded them fresh proof of the endurance of South American horses. On starting they wished to see a special view between Valparaiso and Santiago; so stopped a night on the way, riding 60 miles the first day and the remaining 35 miles to Santiago on the next. The following morning they asked their landlord to provide fresh horses for an excursion. He seemed quite surprised, saying, 'Why, your horses didn't come the whole way from Valparaiso yesterday; there is no need for fresh ones, your own will easily take you.' E. describes this Andes trip in a letter to J. The method of travelling in the excursion there mentioned to Lake Acoleo was characteristic of the country. They went in a light carriage drawn by three horses, and accompanied by four or five others driven loose alongside by a boy; whenever a horse in harness seemed tired the driver exchanged him for one of these loose animals, letting him 'rest' by trotting alongside. They started from Santiago after lunch, and went 45 miles to their sleeping quarters; next morning five miles to the lake, and back to breakfast; then the return journey of 45 miles to Santiago—i.e. 100 miles in two days—quite as a matter of course and as ordinary work for the horses. E. made beautiful sketches of the magnificent scenery passed through on this trip, the headings of which give some dates and particulars as follows:

'Plain of Santiago from the Cuesta del Prado, January 7th, 1851.'

'Suspension Bridge of hide-thongs (but repaired with chain) over the [river] Maypu, 5 leagues south of Santiago, Chili, January 11th, 1851.'

'Lake of Acoleo, Chili, January 11th, 1851.'

'Callina, 15 miles north of Santiago, January 13th, 1851.'

'The Cuesta de Chacabuco, looking towards San Felipe de Aconcagua, January 14th, 1851.'

'Two leagues from Santa Rosa, January 14th, 1851. The volcano of Aconcagua, which is the most distant peak in the sketch, is about 21,400 feet above the plain, the volcano being 23,200 feet and the plain 1,800 feet above the sea. It is distant 35 miles.'

'Between San Felipe de Aconcagua and Quillota, Chili, January 16th, 1851.'

E.'s letter to J. describing his Andes excursion is as follows :—

H.M.S. 'Daphne,' Valparaiso, January 19th, 1851.

. . . . I came back on Friday evening (17th) from a twelve days' riding tour in the country, which I enjoyed. . . . Mr. Holmes, the naval instructor, was my companion, and we were fortunate in weather for seeing the mountains, &c. We left Valparaiso on Monday morning (6th) early for Santiago, having sent a baggage mule and native on before. We spent some hours at Casa Blanca, a small town on the road, where we met some Valparaiso acquaintances, and slept at another called Curacavi. Thence the next morning we proceed over the Cuesta del Prado, a pass in a range of mountains, running parallel to the main chain of the Andes, and about forty miles distant, the space between being the plain of Santiago. From this pass is one of the finest views in the Andes. We reached the capital in the afternoon of Tuesday and stayed there till the following Monday, except an excursion in a 'birlocho,' or cab of the country, to Lake Acoleo, distant fifty miles from Santiago to the southwards. (This, as well as many others of these places, is marked on Arrowsmith's map.) It is very beautiful, and is covered with swans, geese, ducks, and other wild fowl. In Santiago itself there is little of interest; there is a high rock in the middle of the town commanding a magnificent view of it, its plain, and the mountains. Here the American Government have an observatory in charge of some naval officers, who are employed chiefly in ascertaining and mapping down the position of the stars visible from thence—much the same occupation as that of Sir J. Herschel at the Cape; they have very good instruments, and I had a very good view of Saturn and his belt and satellites. We rode one morning to a country house about four leagues distant at the foot of a spur of the Andes. It is a fine situation, and the proprietor has availed himself of the running stream to make some pretty cascades, fountains, &c., but all was overgrown with weeds and in disorder. In returning (very hungry) we were unjustly

arrested for galloping in the streets, and after being passed from one mounted policeman to another through the town till we reached a police station, and there from one official to another, until we reached one of the rank of a gentleman, we were dismissed without paying the fine, and went to breakfast with a very lively sense of the blessings of republican liberty. Leaving Santiago on Monday the 13th, we halted at a very pretty village called Colina, near which are hot springs, and slept at Chacabuco, fifteen miles further on.

Next morning we crossed the Cuesta de Chacabuco—very magnificent; and instead of going direct to San Felipe, which is the usual course of tourists, we turned to the right and went to Santa Rosa, the prettiest town we saw, and with the best view of the Andes. Arriving there early in the day, we got fresh horses and galloped fifteen miles along the Mendoza road, so as to get as close up to the mountains as we could; following the course of a foaming torrent (the Aconcagua) we then returned to our inn at Santa Rosa, dined, and rode our own horses to San Felipe in the cool of the evening. In this dull town we passed the next day, and before 3 A.M. on the 16th were crossing its square on our journey to Quillota and Valparaiso. This journey cost me about £10, and my horse about £5, for which I shall sell him again as soon as his back, which is chafed, gets well. I have a few sketches, but they will give you a very poor idea of the grandeur of these scenes. . . .

E.'s intercourse with the Hornbys was drawing to a close, for Sir Phipps's term of command was up, and his successor now due. The new admiral was Admiral (afterwards Sir Fairfax) Moresby, the flag-captain Prevost, and the flagship the *Portland*, 50-gun frigate. E.'s further prospects and movements are given in the following letters.

### *To his Mother.*

'Daphne,' Valparaiso, January 25th, 1851.

. . . . The squadron is collected here to meet the new Admiral, and we dine at the Admiral's every day, which is very pleasant; we shall all miss the Hornbys very much. . . .

*To J.*

Valparaiso, January 25th, 1851.

. . . . Our squadron is collected here, viz. *Asia*, *Dædalus*, *Daphne*, *Swift*, and *Driver*. The *Gorgon* is in Central America, where there is still a difference between our Chargé d'Affaires and him of the States. . . .

We were inspected yesterday by the Admiral, who expressed himself pleased and satisfied, &c. . . . As it is, we shall probably, according to custom, be sent to Mexico next October, as being the next ship sailing for England, and leave that coast in February 1852; but if any orders come out from England (for us to go home) before we go to Mexico, we shall then go home at once. They are right in telling you that technically the orders for ships going home are not regulated by the freight; but it has been the custom for the Admiral to arrange, so that the ship longest in commission should be in readiness to take the next freight—so that, unless some unusual circumstances should occur, I cannot reasonably expect to return before July 1852. . . . You tell me that our poor friend Admiral Bouverie is dead, and I know and feel that we have lost a dear friend. . . .







ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR, VANCOUVER ISLAND

(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1851.)

## CHAPTER XII

‘ DAPHNE,’ VANCOUVER—SAN FRANCISCO—HOME

*To his Mother.*

‘ Daphne,’ between Valparaiso and Callao, March 3rd, 1851.

. . . The Admiral means us to go to Mexico the beginning of November, and leave Valparaiso for England the latter part of April, 1852. I should gratefully thank their Lordships at the Admiralty if they would order me home without this freight cruise. . . . I am going to San Salvador, Central America, but am not without hope that the Admiral, who proposes to make the grand tour of the station, San Francisco, Sandwich Isles, &c., may take the ship with him, in which case we should get away from that miserable republic in May. . . .

The *Daphne* evidently left Valparaiso about the end of February. On March 9 she was at Callao, and on April 6th at Port La Union in San Salvador; she sailed from La Union and Fonseca Bay on May 8th, sailing north in company with the Admiral, E.’s instructions being to go direct to Vancouver, as the Admiral would determine according to wind, &c., whether he himself would go there at once or first visit the Sandwich Islands. He seemed to have decided on the latter course, and E. reached Esquimaux Harbour, Vancouver, before him, and went to stay with Mr. Blanchard, the Governor. The next day, however, the flagship arrived, but only remained a few days. E. reached Esquimaux on June 26th, and on July 3rd sailed for Port Rupert in Beaver Harbour, at the extreme north of the island, where he went to punish an Indian tribe for the murder of an Englishman. A force was landed, under Lieutenant Lacy, who sighted the Indians and probably inflicted some loss, but could not get to close quarters, as they had taken

refuge in inaccessible country. The ship lay in Beaver Harbour from July 10th to the 30th, and on August 3rd was back at Victoria settlement,<sup>1</sup> in the creek next to Esquimault Harbour.

On leaving Beaver Harbour the ship entered a very narrow deep channel, 30 miles long, between Vancouver and some small islands; there were no rocks or shoals, but the passage was very narrow. As they entered it, the wind came foul, a very light breeze, with the water glassy calm. They went on, making incredibly short and constant tacks, such as only a 'Symonite,' perhaps, could have made, tacking each time quite close to the land. When well involved in the channel, E. caught sight of a suspicious cloud bank just visible over a headland, and almost immediately they ran into a dense fog, in which they remained fifteen hours. This was in the middle of the night, at 1 o'clock; there was no anchoring-ground, nothing for it but to push on. Steadily and persistently they sailed on hour after hour, feeling their way, making short tacks almost blindfold. A boat was sent to keep on the lee bow and shout notice when they were close to land, and on one occasion E. was warned to tack by the scream of some wild animal close by on the shore. They went on thus till 4 o'clock the next afternoon, when E. felt sure from the charts that they *must* be beyond the islands forming the channel. Accordingly he stood out direct on his course, still with a boat on the bow, carefully watching. By-and-by it became evident they must be in open sea, and the boat was hoisted. Not very long afterwards the fog lifted and they found themselves some miles from land.

While at Vancouver, E. heard a good deal about the Hudson's Bay Company, and was in constant intercourse with its officials. The affairs of the company were at this time in a transition state. The period of its monopoly in trading was drawing towards a close, and arrangements had been made with the company by the Home Government that a governor should be appointed independent of the company and that independent settlers should be encouraged, the company being bound to maintain a market for them. The company had not, at the time of E.'s visit, done much to carry out this engagement; for one of the few settlers, who had come out confiding in it, had just

<sup>1</sup> Now a large town, the capital of Vancouver. A road across country, only three miles long, leads to the dockyard and naval establishment on Esquimault Harbour.



reaped his first crop with dinner knives in default of any other implement. All that E. saw and heard led him to the belief that the company's policy had been, and continued to be, adverse to progress and civilisation in the country dominated by them. It was in the interest of their fur trade to keep the country wild and the natives ignorant and savage, and other considerations did not appear to have influenced them. An incident occurred while the *Daphne* was at Fort Rupert, in the north of Vancouver, which painfully illustrated this state of things. A party of Indians living under the very shadow of the fort went off on what they considered a war expedition and returned full of savage pride in the feat performed. They had waylaid an unsuspecting fishing canoe of a harmless neighbouring tribe with whom they had a feud, and killed every person on board, several men and two or three women and children, brought their heads home in triumph, and waved the bloody scalps insolently in the faces of some of the *Daphne* officers who happened to walk through their village. This kind of thing was allowed close to a Hudson's Bay settlement which had been for years established among these Indians.

The settlement at Victoria at this time was a stockaded fort, containing the 'factory' or fur-store, and half a mile off was the Government House. When E. first arrived this was occupied by Mr. Blanchard, the newly appointed Governor. What occurred during E.'s short absence at the north of the island he never exactly knew, but local influences had proved too strong for the new Governor, who resigned and sailed away in the *Daphne*. The chief factor of the company, Mr. Douglas, obtained the vacant post of Governor, and the interests of all present or prospective settlers seemed hopelessly sacrificed to the company's absolute sway. Douglas was the company's head man in the whole western country, and his headquarters had been until lately in Oregon. On the cession of Oregon to the United States, and the rearrangements consequent upon this, Douglas had removed to Victoria, where he supplanted the former chief, Mr. Finlay, who, after having founded the settlement, and having been for many years in responsible charge of the district, now found himself under the orders of a higher functionary.

E. was much struck with the autocratic and domineering methods of the company's officials, and met with rather a ludicrous instance of it one day. He was with Douglas

and Finlay in the fur-store, looking at beautiful and most valuable skins of sea-otter, &c., and remarked to Finlay that he had not seen much of him lately, and would be so glad if he would come off to dine with him on board the *Daphne* one day soon. Finlay, an elderly man, in high position, looked rather perturbed. 'Oh!' said he, 'I should enjoy it immensely; but, you see, *he*' (pointing to Douglas) 'mightn't like it, you know (!)'. The same tone naturally prevailed towards junior officials. E. dined once with the 'factor,' and sat as guest at the chief table, while the clerks and juniors had seats at a lower one. To his surprise he found that these juniors were not allowed to stay and have wine after dinner, but as soon as their meal was finished they were expected to respectfully retire and leave the field to their seniors and betters. The chief and head centre of all the company's greatness was Sir John Pelly, to whom all employés looked up as a demi-god, their feeling being expressed in the remark: 'You are going to England—then you will see Sir John Pelly!' England representing in dim vision some halo of glory, where sat enthroned their great chief. The company's servants led an adventurous life, undergoing much hardship and exposure in their long journeys through the (then) wild districts of the Saskatchewan, &c., hunting and trapping, obtaining themselves, or through Indians, valuable furs for the company. The cold was often intense, and the indispensable wrap was a long robe of buffalo-skin, beautifully dressed by the Indians, so that it fell soft in pliable folds. Much of Vancouver itself was unexplored country, no white man having ever crossed the island.

Mr. Douglas, the chief factor, had married a squaw, who in social matters had to be kept in the background. A niece, however, had come out in the Hudson's Bay Company's annual supply ship, and she also lived with him. During the few days Admiral Moresby remained at Vancouver the *Daphne's* officers gave him a picnic, and invited the chief residents. Mr. Douglas arrived without his young lady, and, a petition being raised that she might be sent for, the Admiral's secretary, Mr. Young, was deputed to bring her. He improved the acquaintance thus begun, and, having left the navy and become colonial secretary of the province under its new *régime*, married the young lady. His colonial career was successful, and many years after, when E. was Commander-in-Chief on the West India station, Sir — and Lady Young were well known as prominent people among the colonial officials of the islands.



VICTORIA SETTLEMENT, VANCOUVER ISLAND

(From a sketch by E. G. F., 1851.)





Various kinds of people drifted to a new country, such as Vancouver was then. E. made acquaintance there with a Captain C——, who was trying to set up in business. He had been a cavalry officer, and had then served in the Austrian army—a fine, honourable man, much liked by all, ready and willing to turn his hand to anything, and naïvely generous, but utterly impracticable and unbusinesslike in all his ideas. Having come to an end of his resources, he thought he would try a career in Vancouver, and arrived there with an outfit containing fine revolvers and rifles and a complete set of four-in-hand harness. As the island could boast barely one mile of road and possessed no horse but the Governor's, the harness was not much in request, but Mr. Douglas purchased a quarter of it to equip his one-horse shay. On his way out from England Captain C—— had stopped at San Francisco, and, being keen to start business, seized the opportunity and contracted to supply a given quantity of plank by a certain date. The time came, and the San Francisco ships arrived for their cargo, but Captain C——'s sawmill was not even erected. Luckily for him a stock of plank had been collected for building a Protestant chapel. He managed to obtain it, and so saved the situation at the expense of delay in church-building. The captain was nothing if not generous, rewarding with a dollar-fee the astonished Indian whom he had employed for a small job, and presenting a handsome revolver to any Hudson Bay clerk who might have done him some slight service. Such ideas did not tend towards money-making, and eventually he became destitute, and was roughly fitted out by his many well-wishers to make a new start in Oregon.

The *Daphne* left Victoria on September 1st, and, after visiting Soake Bay, sailed for San Francisco, which she reached on September 10th, Mr. Blanchard being a passenger on board. The following letters give E.'s impressions of Vancouver and California :

*To J.*

‘*Daphne*,’ Victoria, Vancouver Island, August 22nd, 1851.

. . . I am *very* well, and going to-morrow with Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Langford to shoot ducks and geese out of a canoe on a lake near the latter's farm. Mr. Blanchard goes with us to San Francisco on his way to England, where he will arrive about November. I shall send by him some sketches—a few, and some worthless ; but I don't tear them up, as they may show the sort of country. . . .

*August 27th.*— . . . We have had a mail, and I see by the May papers that my mother and Fanny were at the Drawing Room, which I accept as evidence that at that time they had no unusual cares and anxieties. We look forward to sailing on September 1st, and staying for a day at Soake, distant 25 miles. It is the property of Captain Grant, cousin to the Cummings of Altyre. He came out two years ago to settle, but I believe has not thriven. He has let his property, and I believe means to go back to England. The Governors, past and future, have been dining here; the former will take up his abode on board to-morrow. . . .

San Francisco, Sept. 15th, 1851.

We arrived here on the 10th, having called at Soake on the way. It is the most promising land we saw on Vancouver, and is chiefly in the hands of a steady Scotch family from Ayr.

This is, as you may suppose, a bustling place, and has recovered wonderfully from the two great fires of May and June. The people are more thoroughly demoralised than any I have met with, and their government and judicial officers the most of all. All the resident foreigners agree in this. The other evening the French consul, a lawyer (the correspondent of the *Times*), and Rothschild's agent (a banker) seemed to vie with each other in expressions of horror at the experience they were acquiring of republican institutions misapplied. Order is now, in some degree, maintained by a committee of residents, who have formed themselves into a Court, and assumed an illegal authority, and try and hang offenders, which they do without any delay when they catch them. The coroner's jury have left off verdicts of murder against them on these occasions, and now bring in 'Hanged by order of an assemblage calling itself the Vigilance Committee.' How the town will get rid of this committee, if it should perchance get a governor strong enough and judges honest enough to do their own duties, I do not know.

I was very much grieved, though not surprised, to hear of my Aunt Margaret's death. . . . [wife of Admiral Arthur F.]

*To his Mother.*

San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1851.

. . . I was at Vancouver Island two months; partly at the principal fort or station of the Hudson's Bay Co., named Victoria, and partly at Fort Rupert, in the north part of the island. It has never been explored; but the parts about Victoria are tolerably clear of forest, and I believe good soil. The crop, though with *very* indifferent farming, seemed good. There are hardly half a dozen settlers independent of the Hudson's Bay Co. . . . One singular feature of this town (San Francisco) is the difficulty of telling where the sea ends and the land begins. On leaving the ship, I passed through a dense crowd of ships, which, as I went on, began to look as if they were in a transition state from ships to houses; then I got involved in a labyrinth of pile framework; after passing through which there were some wooden steps, where I disembarked, and thought I was on terra firma. But I found, after walking towards the land a little way on the plank road, that there was more water, and ship-houses, and piles, so that it was some time before I could pronounce myself to be in an undeniable street, although surrounded by carts, waggons, and shops, the latter chiefly auctioneers and 'drinks of all sorts.' . . . The market here is very well supplied with good articles. The vegetables are remarkably fine; they are cultivated in the neighbouring valleys. But immediately about San Francisco all is barren sandhills, which the Yankees are carting off and throwing into the sea to build upon. The population here is about 30,000, of whom, next to Americans, the French are said to be the most numerous; then Germans; then English. Of the latter many are Sydney men, and some runaway convicts, amongst whom is 'Mr. T. B. McManus, the Irish rebel,' as he announced himself to the consul. He was greeted here with a grand public dinner, and now keeps a small store of 'Marine notions.' It is said that he is plotting an expedition to rescue Smith O'Brien. . . .

*To his Brother-in-law, E. Cardwell, M.P.*

'Daphne,' San Francisco, Sept. 13th, 1851.

MY DEAR CARDWELL,—I am in your debt at least one letter besides the postscript to Jane's of May 1st, telling me of your communications with Admiral Dundas. Unless otherwise ordered from the Admiralty, it appears to be now very probable that I shall reach England about the latter part of July; for by my present orders I am to reach Valparaiso from Mexico and Panama about April 20th or 25th, and it depended (when I saw the Admiral) upon the *Gorgon's* having previously sailed for England or not whether we or she took the freight brought by the *Daphne* to England. I now hear from the Admiral's secretary that *Gorgon* is going at once; so that obstacle is removed. However, should any orders from England cause me to sail for England sooner, I shall hail them with unmixed satisfaction, and shall in any case be very thankful to you for your affectionate interest in my behalf. . . .


I arrived here on the 10th inst., and find the town recovering quickly in appearance from the great June fire. I understand that though the inhabitants rallied very cheerfully after the May fire, that of June has disheartened them, and that there is not so much buoyancy of enterprise as before. It was generally supposed to be the work of incendiaries, and there being the greatest corruption and incompetency in the judges, and the Governor having given great dissatisfaction by pardoning some of the more atrocious criminals after their conviction, about five hundred of the most influential inhabitants formed themselves immediately after the fire into a 'Vigilance Committee' and have taken the law into their own hands. They have already tried and hanged several—I believe five—of the more notorious rogues; the last two having been taken up by the regular authorities, and there being a suspicion that they would be pardoned, were taken forcibly out of jail during church service the Sunday before last, and were tried and hanged in seventeen minutes, by these self-constituted judges in the presence of a huge multitude of admiring citizens. You may judge




of the worthlessness of the government when these illegal proceedings tend, as they evidently do, to restore order and confidence.

The town is of course a constant scene of bustle and activity; its plan is tolerably regular, but as every man puts up his own domicile in the style and of the material that best suits his present means, we have a great mixture of board, plate-iron, and bricks; the latter gain ground after each fire; what struck me as the greatest peculiarity is that it is difficult to distinguish the separating line between land and water. Ships and houses, wharves and streets, they seem to merge into each other imperceptibly. The reason of this is that a great part of San Francisco was the sea; and, being the sea, was let out in building lots, between which the main streets are continued first as wharves running out seaward, and then as streets where the holders of the lots have appropriated them to their intended purpose, either by driving piles and filling in with sand, or by grounding old ships and building wooden houses over them; whilst the serviceable ships are alongside of the part which yet retains the character of a wharf. On all sides you may get

 Drinks of all sorts.

 Oysters in all styles.

 Meals at all hours.

There are now about 30,000 inhabitants, and I should think that the number would not much increase, as several 'cities' are springing up in the neighbourhood of the diggings. There are perhaps 250 or 300 sea-going ships in the port, of which about 70 or 80 are English. Some of the American merchant ships are the finest specimens of naval architecture I ever saw, and their speed far exceeds anything ever heard of before. These ships come with general cargo from the States, and then go to China or Calcutta for return freights for London or New York; which, by the bye, the 'Navigation law' men here complain of, because they say that whilst these vessels may carry goods from Calcutta to London, our ships cannot sail from England with cargoes to New York and thence carry cargoes to San Francisco, and so on to China, &c. However, if they could, we must im-

prove our style of shipbuilding before we can cope with ships that sail 15 and 16 knots an hour, and run 375 miles in 24 hours, as one of these appears from her log, and also from the captain's observations on two successive days, to have done, and she certainly came here from New York in 89 days. I am going to-morrow to the diggings in 'Nevada country;' the journey is performed by steam on the Sacramento to the 'city' of that name, and thence by stage to 'Grass Valley' in the neighbourhood of the diggings; I think also of riding over to Santa Clara (an old Spanish mission), before I leave, in order to see some of the country which is cultivated to supply this place with vegetables, which are *magnificent*; they are supplied to the ship at 4*d.* a pound, and very good beef 6*d.* Labour of all sorts is very dear; seamen's wages £12 to £14 a month. An American corvette close by us is sixty men short, ten have deserted in the last three or four weeks. I am in hopes we shall keep ours, but there is no means of being secure.

Affectionate remembrances to your wife,

Ever yours,

E. G. FANSHAWE.

The risk of losing men by desertion was very great for any ship lying at San Francisco, where such high wages prevailed, and where in addition there was the allurements of gold mines. Letters from ashore were constantly coming off to the *Daphne's* men, containing no doubt inducements and invitations to them to enter some lucrative service. The question arose whether such missives should be delivered, but E. decided not to detain them, and ordered no threatening precautions, such as loaded muskets for the guard; he took every precaution however, and a careful watch was necessary; the men of course could be granted no leave, and whenever a boat landed officers, it was backed-in so that only the stern touched the shore. Men who might have bolted if they found they could step straight ashore, never ventured to dash past their officers, and during the month of the *Daphne's* stay she lost only two men by desertion. The fact that the ship had been long at sea, and a good sum was therefore owing in pay to the men, no doubt was a helpful circumstance. The *Daphne* at any rate scarcely suffered at all from the prevailing unrest, but carried on drills and routine as if she had been in Malta Harbour.

When she arrived the American ship had been intending to leave, but seeing an English man-of-war enter the port she remained to keep watchful, but friendly, company. It was unfortunate for her efficiency, however, for sixty of her men deserted, and the ship lay idle, unable to carry on exercises or drills. Once during this time a dingy deserted from her with men and was fired on, but effected her escape.

The 'Vigilance Committee' alluded to by E. in his letters, consisted of 500 men under a president. The latter was said to have been thus accosted by the chief instigator and captain-general of the rogues: 'I hear you mean to lay hold on me, but look out for yourself; I've got 500 men too, and you'll not get me without a fight.' The customs of the place might be gauged by the illustrated letter-paper sold to strangers; instead of the usual views of town and country, the headings consisted chiefly of pictures of hangings accomplished by the 'Vigilance Committee,' with particulars printed below of the crimes of the victim. One of these commemorated a case where two murderers were 'rescued from the authorities,' and were, according to a local informant, 'tried, condemned, sentenced, and executed in seventeen minutes and a half.'

The buildings at San Francisco were mainly of wood, and constant fires were taking place, the work, it was strongly suspected, of incendiaries. Considerable loss of life resulted, and the consul told E. he once saw a man rush out from a burning building, blazing all over, and fall dying. On one occasion the proprietor of the hotel was roused at night with the information that the building was on fire. He got up and had a look at the flames, which he saw were beyond control; then saddled his fastest horse and galloped off forty miles to San José. Here he called on the contractor who had built the hotel, stated that business was brisk and he was doing a fine trade, so much so that he wanted to plan with the contractor a large addition to the hotel very similar to the original, in fact a duplicate addition would do very well. Knowing that news of his loss would raise the price of a contract, he went into all particulars minutely but with apparent nonchalance, and got the contract signed for the lowest possible price; then, turning while mounting his horse to say good bye, added: 'It'll be well if you make haste over that building, for when I left the old one was in a rare blaze, and I guess there isn't much left of it now.'

E. thus wrote to J., describing his visit to the diggings :

San Francisco, September, 1851.

. . . Mr. Blanchard (who remains with me until the 1st October) was my companion. We got a very good plan of operations and also some useful letters of introduction from Sir Henry Huntly, a commander in the navy, who is agent for some mining company here, and armed with these we embarked at 4 P.M. on the 15th on board the *Senator* steamer bound to 'Sacramento City,' distant about 120 miles, and I soon became convinced that, however agreeable individual Americans may be, it is not so to be penned up with a herd of them in the saloon of a steamer.

The country here is so barren that, though the bay is a magnificent sheet of water, yet there is no beauty in the scenery except what it owes to that circumstance. We reached Benicia, near the entrance of the Sacramento, at dusk ; and soon afterwards, after a severe rush and scuffle, managed to get a tough beef-steak supper. Our voyage up the river was performed in the night ; but on returning down the river I saw that the valley of the Sacramento was a dead flat of great extent, the courses of the river and its tributaries being marked by lines of trees. All the rest is arid desert or parched grass at this season ; but I am told by Mr. Butler King, who made a report on this country to the U.S Government some time ago, that, with artificial irrigation, for which it is well adapted, it might be cultivated throughout. Here and there on the banks of the Sacramento are the wooden tenement, cabbage garden, punt, and mule of a squatter ; towards Sacramento City these increase in number, so as to give a cheerful appearance to the river's banks. We had each taken a 'state room,' to which we retired at an early hour, and were unconscious of the time of our arrival.

In the morning we hastened to take places in the 'Nevada stage,' our object being to make our head-quarters at 'Grass Valley,' a very retired spot two years ago, but now one of the principal mining stations, with seven steam engines at work crushing the quartz, which is dug out of the surrounding hills. It has also an hotel, kept by an Englishman, to whose favourable notice we bore a recommendation from



Sir H. Huntly. The stage and the opposition were full ; and we had therefore to spend a day at Sacramento, which we had been informed would be a very tedious affair. However, having deposited our carpet bags at the ' Orleans Hotel,' we delivered our letters of introduction to Colonel Grant, agent of the ' California True Delta,' who attached himself to us for the day, and, being one of the oracles of the city and extremely good-natured, we found him a very good cicerone. The town is about half a mile square, but the streets may be prolonged over the level country to any extent that may be required. It is built, like all towns here, principally of wood, and has plenty of well-filled shops, which give it a business-like appearance ; there are also three or four stage coaches arriving and departing in the course of the day and several steamers. There is an embankment about eight miles long which has been thrown up to protect the ' city' from the overflowing of the river, the site having been laid under water the winter before last, when as yet the few inhabitants lived chiefly in tents.

About a mile and a half from the city, or rather adjoining it, as it appears upon paper, is Captain Sutter's Fort, the classic spot of California. A Swiss by birth, and once in the Swiss Guards of Charles X., he afterwards served in the U.S. army, and finally, having crossed the Rocky Mountains, he obtained from the Mexican Government the grant of a large tract of land between the Sacramento and the Nevada range of mountains to the eastward. Having gained the confidence of the Indians, he with their assistance built this fort about 1839, and he appears to have lived a wild sort of life as a farmer and grazier until, in constructing a dam at one of his mills, about forty miles east of the fort, the gold was discovered, and Sutter, from being a sort of monarch ruling over the whole country, is now content to turn farmer on a small scale in another part of the country more to the north. He then, and not till then (I am sorry to say for the credit of my hero), thought of sending for his Swiss wife, whom he had not seen for twenty years. The fort is built of ' adobes '—anglicé sunburnt bricks—the huts of the Indians (whom Captain Sutter taught all the mechanical arts necessary for the community) are round the insides of the walls, and in the

middle is the captain's house. The place is now deserted ; an attempt to make the captain's house a house of drinks having failed, because the citizens of Sacramento can get 'drinks' at nearly every alternate house in the city, and they do not want to see Sutter's Fort, and therefore they will not walk three miles to so little purpose. . . .

It was hot weather when E.'s party lionised Sacramento, and on return from any walk or excursion it was considered necessary to stop in the shade and settle what drink the strangers would like, because for a brandy-smash you went to one bar specially noted for it, while a different one must be visited for a sherry negus, and a third was the proper place for a cocktail. When they went to engage places on the stage-coach for Grass Valley they were told all were taken for the next two days. 'Oh,' said their local friend, 'I'll see to that,' had a short talk with the agent, and told them their seats were secured. It was convenient, no doubt, but in this country of revolvers and bowie knives the summary ejection of other people from their rightful places might conceivably have had unpleasant results.

Their cicerone enlightened them about the condition of law and order in Sacramento, which 'city,' as well as San Francisco, had its Vigilance Committee, and he related a case which had just occurred. A Sydney man and an American having together committed a murder of which the evidence was clear and indisputable, the Australian was hanged, while the American, who had money, was detained in gaol. The Vigilance Committee, suspecting he would get off by bribery, took his case in hand themselves and forcibly removed him from prison. E.'s informant related with pride that all legal forms were most carefully adhered to and every consideration shown to the prisoner. He was conveyed to the place of execution in exactly the legal manner. On the way he asked leave to have a little brandy and water, 'which was accorded him, sir.' When he arrived at the place of execution, 'priests of all persuasions were in attendance ; he was a Church of England man he was, sir, and he had his own minister, and when the rope was adjusted just before he was turned off, then, sir, he appeared to realise his fix.' The proper legal form of the burial was duly described and the narrator wound up, 'He was worse than the Sydney man, he was, for he was an American, sir, and ought to have known better.'

*Letter resumed.*

Close to Sacramento is the junction of the America river, forming a tongue of land thickly covered with brushwood, which is, however, on paper, a 'city.' On the 17th September at 7 o'clock we entered the stage, which is a tolerably easy conveyance and good horses. The passengers are closely packed, there being nine inside in three rows, three passengers go outside. In this country where no one will lift his arm under a dollar, no traveller carries with him more luggage than he can transport himself from place to place, and, therefore, the stage when full is much lighter than our coaches used to be. We crossed the dusty plain for forty miles in a north-easterly direction, crossed the Bear Creek at Johnson's Ranch, and stopped to dine at a wooden farmhouse (called here a 'ranch' from Spanish 'rancho') named Round Tent, and presided over (at least the dinner was) by an Englishwoman. Here we changed our stage for a waggon, a more appropriate vehicle for the country we were about to enter; for we soon encountered the undulating country whose steep but low hills contain the quartz which contains the gold, and the road is such as to try occasionally the passengers' nerves. It is wonderful, however, that there should be daily stages travelling through a country where two years ago civilisation had not appeared. On approaching the hilly regions the plain is dotted over with oaks, but these gradually disappear among the hills and are replaced by firs, which congregate mostly near the tops; there are also some thin grass and a few shrubs (chiefly a handsome plant called the Manzanilla) scattered upon the hills. The soil is reddish and appears gravelly, though it certainly produces when much travelled over an uncommon amount of dust.

These hills in the neighbourhood of Grass Valley and Nevada have been carefully 'prospected,' or dug into here and there in likely spots, in search of a vein of quartz, or 'pay dirt,' which is decomposed quartz, and therefore more valuable, being more easily worked than the solid. The holes of these prospectors occur in all directions, as we

afterwards observed in a ride of some miles across the country. When a man finds a remunerative spot, he stakes off his 'claim,' which is about 50 feet by 20 (I believe he, as finder, is allowed two); and then anyone else may go and stake off one claim on ground not previously occupied. No one can hold more than one except by purchase; but I believe that the quartz-mining is usually now done by companies purchasing or by adjoining claims clubbing together. As soon as a few claims are taken, they proceed to choose a recorder, who records the proprietors and their claims, and I understand that that record is their title. These and many other laws the miners have made amongst themselves, and I suppose they vary in different places and circumstances.

Between these hills are ravines, with streams; some perennial, and some only in the winter rains. Here are deposited the washings from the hills; and these are the true 'diggings.' As we were there in the dry season, we did not see these in full work; but yet those that had water were tolerably busy. All that have been found lucrative are burrowed up through their whole length in irregular little piles of earth, with deep holes between, and where the diggers are at work all sorts of ingenious, but rude, contrivances are to be seen for leading the water, washing the earth, &c. The labour is said to be of the heaviest description—more so than that of our navvies, though I do not see why it should be so. A man so working earns on an average but little more than 'wages'—that is to say, about five or six dollars a day, which is the price (20s. to 24s.) of daily labour here, and if he falls sick he is done for. Besides these dry diggings on the tops of the hills and wet diggings in the ravines, the surface earth of the hills is in some places carted off to be washed in the streams, and the water in other places is led off by aqueducts to wash earth that has no natural stream handy. At this dry season the 'river-bar washing' is the principal occupation of these diggers. This is done by partially draining the bed of a river where a sudden bend makes it easy to do so, and then working away at the exposed part in the same way as in the ravines. Here also



a lucky digger now and then finds a 'pocket,' or little hole in the rock (where the bottom is rocky), which has been gradually filled with gold as the auriferous earth was washed past and the heavier particles deposited in the pocket.

The dry or hill mining is carried on either by sinking a shaft upon the stratum of quartz from the top or tunnelling laterally. There is a third sort called 'coyote-digging,' from a burrowing animal of these parts, in appearance between a wolf and a fox. This is only burrowing near the surface for 'pay dirt,' or auriferous earth, without undertaking the more solid quartz. I suppose that of all these the quartz-mining will be the most permanent and valuable. From its nature it has to be worked by companies or individuals with capital, and the gold is not picked out in dribbles, as in the diggings, but steam machinery must be at hand to crush the quartz to powder, or rather paste, from which the gold is obtained by amalgamation with quicksilver; so that the whole affair requires more steady management than that of an individual digger with his 'pick, pan, and shovel.'

We passed through in the stage a newly located village, appropriately called 'Rough and Ready,' where the little stream, with its diggings, meanders through the street, and appears to do so with much more ease than the stage-waggon. This stream has been artificially brought several miles, and is, like all others, of a deep-red colour from the earth that has been washed in it. We reached Grass Valley about sunset. It is rather a pretty valley with a stream (and its diggings) winding through it, and now also a straggling wooden village. Half a mile beyond are the 'Gold Hill' and 'Massachusetts Hill,' where the mines are, and the steam 'stampers' are on the rivulet abreast of them. These machines are now very imperfect, but will doubtless be soon improved. The 'tailings,' or refuse mud after the application of the quicksilver, contains 90 dollars' worth of gold per ton—which is a very favourable proportion for the original quartz to have—so that a ton of tailings is as valuable as a ton of quartz, owing to the imperfection of the machinery. All the tailings are, however, kept to be worked over again. These things we saw in the morning, being accompanied by the Rev. Dr. —, who is preparing

a work on the mines, and to whom we had a letter. In the afternoon we rode over by a circuitous route amongst the hills to Nevada. We were joined in this part of our operations by a young Maconochie, son of the captain R.N. of that name who was Governor of Norfolk Island. He is a sort of retainer of Sir Henry Huntly, or rather of his company.

At Nevada we saw very extensive diggings on 'Gold Flat' and 'Gold Run,' also coyota diggings, but these at this season deserted; and the 'Golden Tunnel,' which is said to be in the richest stratum of quartz that has been found. We could see particles here and there in the stratum as we walked along with lights. Here are two tunnels parallel to each other and connected by a transverse one which is at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ ; the entrance from the outer world is in the upper one; the lower one has a shaft from above only at present. The company who own this rich mine have their own stamping machine, which is very unequal to the work. I believe they are getting another sent out. In most cases the owners of the stamping mills are not miners themselves, but either purchase the quartz or agree with a mining company to extract their gold and go shares.

'Nevada City' is a large village scattered on the sides of one or two steep hills. It is like 'Rough and Ready' on a large scale; but the shops are well supplied, and everything looks clean and new. No doubt like all these places it swarms with fleas, and will only be clean as long as it is new. We were only just in time to secure the last places in the stage to return to Sacramento on the following day, 19th, and returned to a late dinner at Grass Valley, whence we were carried off by the Nevada stage the following morning at 8 A.M., and, reversing our former order of sailing, reached San Francisco late on the 20th, very glad to have seen something of the diggings, and very glad to take refuge on board from Yankee coarseness and vulgarity.

*September 29th.*—You will be as glad to get to the end of my history as I was to get to the end of my journey, are you not? However, you must know that there is another infliction in store, for I am going on Thursday next by stage to Barron and Forbes's Cinnabar or quicksilver mines, or

rather to Santa Clara or San José, there sleep, go over to the mines Friday, and back Saturday. An account of which expedition you will receive by the next mail.

*To J.*

San Francisco, early in October, 1851.

. . . On the 2nd October at half-past 8, Mr. Aikin (the consul), two officers of the ship, and myself, having hired a light vehicle called here a waggon, left San Francisco for Santa Clara, an old Mission of the Spaniards, distant about forty-seven miles, and from which an excursion can easily be made in a day to the Cinnabar Mine. The road passes through the old Mission 'de Los Dolores' or of San Francisco, about two miles from the present town; it is now a village of public-houses, and has a bull-ring where every *Sunday* these free and enlightened citizens flock to witness fights between grizzly bears and bulls. It is prettily situated, but at this season the country is very parched. Vancouver, who rode to Santa Clara in 1792, described the country very accurately; but he, having gone in November after the first rains, found it much more verdant than we did. The road is sandy and hilly for the first twenty-four miles to a place called 'Las Pulgas'—Anglicé, 'The Fleas.' It now, however, does not merit that appellation, a new house having been built by an Englishman about a year ago. He says that he has received 3,000 dollars or 600*l.* a month since he opened it, and that the receipts are now increasing. . . .

While E.'s party sat lunching at a little table in the window the coach came up, and the passengers, a number of them, and a most rowdy, rough-looking lot, rushed in and sat down at the big table to a hasty meal. When the horses were put to and they were called back to the coach (and only then), a few coloured men, who were also passengers, were allowed in to swallow what they could of the scraps in the few moments left. The white rowdies would not tolerate them at the same table; but these coloured men were a respectable-looking set, the only ones of the lot, E. thought, with whom he would have cared to sit down.

Further on, near San José, E. passed a cart containing a grizzly bear. He was spread-eagled in it with each paw

tied to one of its corners, and across the back of the cart, level with his mouth, was lashed a young fir-pole, which he was gnawing and biting in his distress; he was no doubt intended to afford a Sunday afternoon's sport at a fight between him and a bull. Such a spectacle would be advertised in the papers thus: 'That enterprising citizen, Major —, has procured another fine grizzly bear for the public entertainment, and the spectacle will take place on Sunday afternoon,' &c.

*Letter resumed.*

Having baited and dined here, we drove on through a very parklike country with a range of mountains at no great distance on the right covered with 'red wood,' a sort of cedar much used here for house building; to the left, a low swampy country reaching to the southern branch of the bay, and beyond another range of mountains. These two ranges draw more together beyond the extremity of the bay, and form the valley of the Guadalupe, which is described as of the very greatest fertility, yielding from 120 to 200 bushels of grain to an acre, which, I am told, is more than twice as much as is usual in England. However, though this may be exaggerated, I have no doubt it is in the highest degree fertile. Very little is as yet brought under cultivation; there are some few vegetable gardens and some pumpkin and melon fields, but most of the valley (that we saw) was like a park, grass or wild oats (very burnt), with good-sized oaks here and there, and occasionally a patch of brushwood. It was dark when we reached the 'Santa Clara House,' kept by 'Captain Appleton,' where we stayed two nights, the intermediate day being occupied in our visit to the 'New Almaden' mine. Santa Clara is an old Spanish mission, the buildings of which (as also at the San Francisco mission) are standing, and look quite picturesque amongst the pert wooden buildings by which they are now surrounded. It is four or five miles distant from San José, a well laid-out town which is to be the seat of government of the State. These two places are about eight miles inland from the end of the south arm of the Bay of San Francisco, and at the commencement of the Guadalupe Valley, which stretches seventy miles to the southward.



Thirteen miles up the valley from San José are the mine and smelting works of New Almaden. The mine is at the top of a hill in the range to the right of the valley and about 1,200 feet above it. At the foot of the hill are the works, and a pretty little village about them. This is separated from the main valley by a ridge of low barren hills, and it must have been a very sequestered spot until 1845 when somebody, having observed that the red paint with which the Indians adorned themselves was vermilion, asked them where they got it; they conducted him to the top of this hill, and so was discovered what is said here to be the richest quicksilver mine in the world. The means of obtaining it from the ore are very simple; it is put just as it comes out of the mine into a chamber over the furnace, and the quicksilver passes off in vapour and is condensed on the sides of adjoining chambers, whence it runs first into troughs at the sides, thence through pipes into vessels placed to receive it. The larger furnaces require eight days to complete the evaporation, and the quantity obtained from each is about 120 bottles of 9,000 lbs. These furnaces do not last more than a few weeks, as the vapour forces its way out through the masonry; but the people make their own bricks on the spot, and not much time is lost. Having seen these furnaces, we mounted the hill and found at the top a village (composed chiefly of tents) of miners, and near it the entrance of the mine. This is not a perpendicular shaft but a very steep descent, with sometimes a perpendicular part with a ladder made of the trunk of a small pine cut in notches. There are several different chambers where the miners work, occasionally blasting with gunpowder where the rock is hard. The lowest is between two and three hundred feet below the entrance, and all the ore is carried up on the backs of the miners; but a tunnel is being made laterally to meet the lower part, which will be a great saving of labour. A carriage road is also nearly finished to the furnaces, so that the ore will be carried down in carts, instead of on mules as heretofore.

Having escaped from the mine, we rejoined the administrator at his office in the valley, and were refreshed with

natural soda water from a spring close by. He told me that the house of Barron & Forbes of Tepic own one-third of the mine, and that Jaca & Torre of Mazatlan, and Gibbs & Crawley of Lima, have sufficiently large shares to give to the three combined a controlling power. The miners are chiefly Mexicans and receive on an average 5 dollars (or £1) a day, which is the usual price of unskilled labour here. On our return we stopped at San José to bait and dine, and proceeded by moonlight to Santa Clara. Next morning we got away at half-past 6 and reached San Francisco in time to go on board at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, very well pleased with our journey. There is a daily stage each way between San José and San Francisco, and a railway is to be begun immediately, the ground being already staked off. . . .

On October 9th the *Daphne* left San Francisco, under orders for Mexico, where she was to spend some months in collecting freight for conveyance to England. She reached Mazatlan on October 27th, and what befell her there is described in the following letters :—

*To J.*

'Daphne,' 70 miles from Mazatlan, October 25th, 1851.

. . . I do not know what my Mexican plans will be; perhaps to go to Guaymas at once and return by the 20th November, to meet a ship which is to come about that time with our provisions and stores, perhaps to go across to San José or La Paz, on the Californian peninsula, for water. . . .

Sunday, November 2nd.

. . . Since I wrote the above we have had a great catastrophe, for at 5 in the morning of the 28th we were entirely dismasted in a hurricane whilst at anchor outside of Mazatlan. The weather, which had been rainy with a fresh wind all night, became threatening soon after 4, and an hour afterwards the bowsprit, which was very defective, broke, and was followed by all three masts instantly. The whole ship's company were on deck, getting ready to slip the cable, but it providentially happened that only three

were dangerously hurt, one since dead. For my own part I occasioned some sensation from not being forthcoming after the crash, being so completely buried under the ruins of the mainmast that it was some time before I was extricated. All our boats, except a cutter and little dingy, are destroyed ; much of the various fittings on deck, on which a good deal of care had been bestowed, shivered to atoms ; nearly every spar that was aloft broken ; and also nearly the whole apparatus of tops, crosstrees, &c., involving a great amount of carpenter's work. On the 31st we had the foremast and mainmast up again, though very much reduced in height ; and on the 1st we sailed in to the inner anchorage. We have had a Sunday's rest, and to-morrow are to begin a hard week's work ; so has vanished the pride and glory of the *Daphne*, in about five seconds. . . . It seemed that we had been so singularly fortunate in having no fatal or serious accident, since the little boy in the Medway and Paddy Ashe at Madeira. . . . He who is gone was one of the best seamen in the service, and physically the finest man in the ship, and will be a great loss. How this accident will affect our future movements I do not know. The Admiral cannot send an answer much before February, when we are to leave the coast ; I shall tell him that we are quite prepared for this or any other service, with the sole drawback of our courses, or lower sails, being reduced about half ; and I shall continue to carry out my present orders.

About freight—I am beginning to collect ; I have sent a schooner to San Blas for (they say) 100,000 dollars, and to-morrow am to send another to Altata, to the northward, for 80,000 ; and I hear of more at those places and at Guaymas, whither I now propose to proceed in January, having gone first to San Blas ; but these arrangements are liable to alterations. There is more smuggling and chicanery than ever. . . . I have been dining with my friends the Kelleys, whom I knew last year, and who are the only civilised people here, I mean of ladies ; for the greatest merchant's house is a bachelor establishment (Messrs. Jaca & Torre), with whom I have much business. I am to breakfast there to-morrow at 10, so you see I am quite gay in the midst of my misfortunes. We are getting on very well with our

herculean task, for so it is at a place like this, where there are no resources except a few trifles at exorbitant prices. I have been able to profit by the misfortune of others so far as to buy for our mizenmast and foreyard the masts of a very fine schooner which was wrecked in the gale. The town of Mazatlan has but few houses uninjured; 21 people were killed by the fall of their houses, three of them prisoners in the gaol; two or three were drowned in the wrecks of the small craft in the inner harbour. . . .

November 8th.

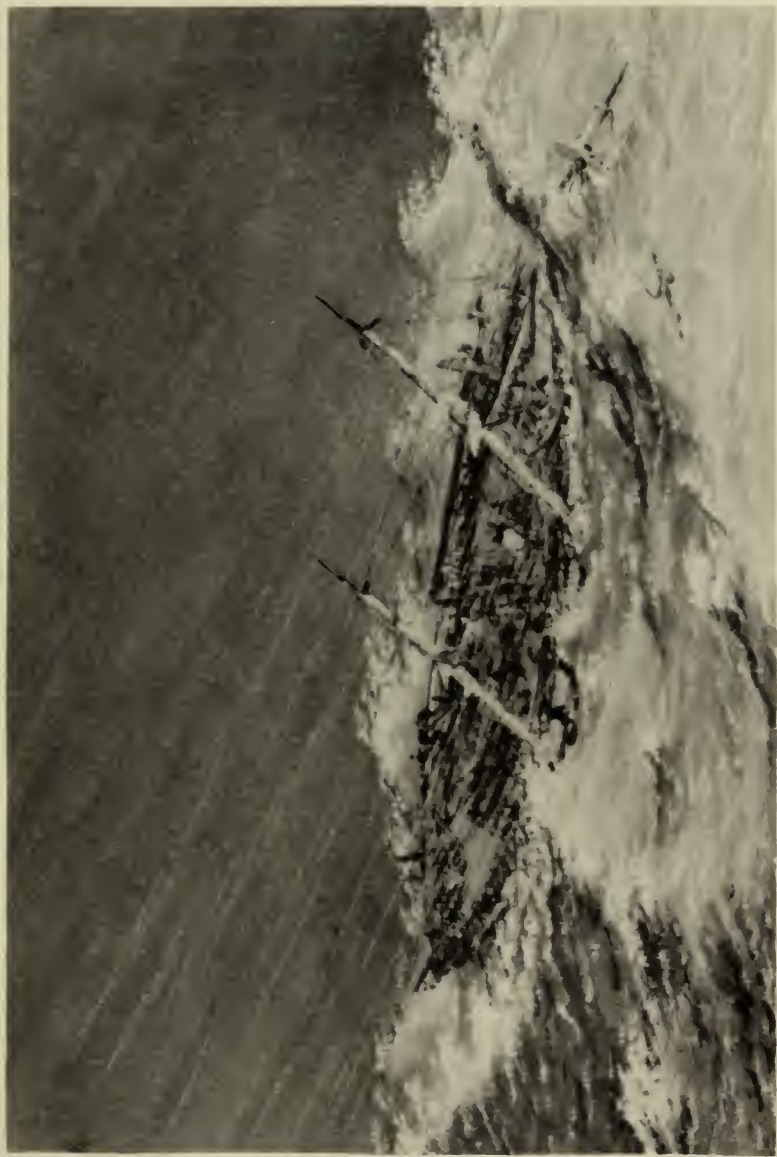
. . . All well, and we expect soon to be all right. I *hate* this freight business. . . .

*To his Father.*

'Daphne,' Mazatlan, November 6th, 1851.

. . . We have begun what will I hope be the last stage in our Pacific journey, rather inauspiciously, having been totally dismasted off this place on the morning of the 28th of October, when Mazatlan was visited with the heaviest storm that has occurred here for thirteen years. It began with us at half-past 4 A.M., and a little after 5 our bowsprit, being defective, broke, and was immediately followed by the three masts, which fell fore and aft on the deck on the starboard side, and though the whole ship's company were on deck, only three were seriously hurt, one since dead. The gale had reached its height about 6, by which time it had veered from N.E. to N.W., and was throwing in a very heavy cross-sea. About 8 it had moderated considerably, and we were left with the wreck of our masts, and of much else that had been gradually and carefully fitted during the last three years. The town is also a wreck, there being very few houses that do not show signs of injury—twenty-one people were killed by the fall of buildings. The small craft in the inner harbour were mostly sunk or destroyed: the masts of a fine schooner have furnished me with a new mizenmast and foreyard. A French merchant ship near us drove to seaward, but escaped with loss of some spars, and hull strained; but I do not think she will be condemned.





H.M.S. 'DAPHNE' DISMASTED IN A HURRICANE, MAZATLAN, 1851  
(From a sketch by B. G. F.)



We have cut the stumps of our fore and main masts off flush with the lower part of the lower deck, and secured them for steps for the upper pieces, which will have the wedges on both decks as before ; and the decreased lengths of the masts and rigging, the increased angle of the latter, and some extra chocks or partners, which we shall place above the lower deck, will, I think, make us quite secure compensating for the step being close under the lower deck instead of on the kelson. The area of the courses will be reduced one-half, and lower studding sails and storm sails in proportion, otherwise we shall spread the same canvas. I have told the Admiral that I think we shall be able to perform any services required, allowing for that reduction. I doubt whether it will be easy to get lower masts for us at Valparaiso ; if not, I should think he would send us home as we are. All our tops and cross-trees were very much broken, and the mizen cut away altogether, so that we have an immense quantity of carpenter's work. However, I hope that the scarfing and fishing the bowsprit will be finished to-morrow night, and the fore and main tops by Monday, the 10th, in which case we shall then get the top-masts fiddled, and commence upon the mizenmast. I hope that three weeks from the accident will see us well advanced aloft, then will come taffrail, hammock nettings, wheel, binnacle, and a host of other repairs on deck. . . .

*To his Mother.*

‘Daphne,’ Mazatlan, December 10th, 1851.

. . . Something cheerful is very much wanted here, for it is a very monotonous place. We have had plenty of occupation on board in repairing the damages done by the fall of the masts. A catastrophe fatal, as you may well suppose, to any of the lighter wood or iron work that was in the way. The ship is now, however, ready for sea, and we shall go in a few days to San José, near Cape St. Lucas, for water, which is a scarce article here, and very bad. After returning here about the 23rd, I expect to receive more or less treasure here, then at San Blas, and then at Guaymas, and then to get away as quick as possible, and

to be in a great hurry until we reach England. The *Driver* steamer has been here for some weeks, which has been agreeable as to society, but will occasion my pockets to be lighter by about 1,000*l.*; however, it has saved me a good deal of work which is excessively disagreeable. The climate here is now delightful—not at all too hot, and very little rain. . . .

*To his Father.*

'Daphne,' Mazatlan, February 5th, 1852.

. . . . On my return here from Guaymas on the 2nd inst. I received (I think) all my missing letters, including three of June 16th, July 14th, and August 15th, giving an account of your agreeable séjour at Dover, of the detachment that went to Paris, and of all other matters of family interest at that time. I am in all the satisfaction of mind arising from the expectation of bidding adieu to Mazatlan to-morrow. The system of freight-collecting here by our men-of-war has never seemed to me to be very creditable, as nearly the whole shipped is smuggled, or passes the custom-house by corrupting the officials; but of late, since the Panama steam route has afforded a quick and safe means of conveyance, the great use to the merchants of the men-of-war has been to enable them to choose between those advantages, but paying the duty; and the slower conveyance of a sailing ship, with the advantages of a man-of-war's immunities to screen and assist them in smuggling. . . . I am told that this ship has a 'bad name' here, because I get them to do their own dirty work, and do not encourage them to come to me for boats. . . . I do not suppose, however, that having a bad name necessarily involves having a bad freight, as if it be their interest to send their funds to the man-of-war, they will probably find means to do so. In my case, however, I suspect that this is in some degree the case; because a fast merchant ship is just going to start from here, for Panama and England, and I am told that a great deal of treasure has been sent there, some of which would, I suppose, if I had been a 'good fellow,' have come here. . . . We had a pleasant fortnight at Guaymas; that is, the people were sociable and hospitable, which is a



rare virtue now in the Pacific. We had a ball on shore, and a ball on board, and talked more Spanish than we had done before during the whole time we have been on this side of Cape Horn. This ship was pronounced to have more officers who could squeeze out a few words than any other that had been there, and I was thought to speak very well 'for a captain!'

Sonora is described as having great capabilities for agriculture, grazing, and mining, and in Guaymas it has an excellent port for vessels drawing less than 16 feet or 17 feet. I do not believe that the whole population exceeds 250,000, including civilised Indians. The Apaches, savages, infest the northern part, and harass the Mexicans so much as to have obliged them to abandon their capital Arispe, and to fall back upon a village named Ures, which is now the seat of government. Hermosillo, alias Pitic, is, I believe, the finest town; there is a cotton mill near that place, which supplies most of the coarse calico used by the natives. The gold diggings are said to be as rich as those of California, but the Apaches have prevented the scanty population from working them. A party of seventy-five Frenchmen have lately gone to try what a united body can do. Population is what is wanted both in Sonora and on the Californian peninsula, which only contains about 9,000. It looks very unpromising both on the east and west sides, which consist, as far as I have seen, of barren rocky mountains; but these contain some excellent silver mines; and between them it is said that there are good pasturages, particularly near the great Bay of Magdalena. The district about San José (where I went in December for water) is the least unpopulous, but La Paz is the capital. An island in the gulf (Carmen) produces great quantities of good salt. I see that I have written you quite a long chapter of geography, but I think you do not object to these details. I hope and expect to leave San Blas on or before the 15th inst., and do not despair of reaching England before the end of July, for we do not find that our reduced lower masts make any very great difference in the sailing, which in the last year has sadly fallen off. Love to all. . . .

In January 1852, the *Daphne* seems to have been about three weeks at Guaymas; then after a few days at Mazatlan she sailed for Panama, where she was on March 20th, homeward-bound. She put into Valparaiso for the last time, was delayed by a gale to the west of Cape Horn, then got a fair wind, and had fine weather for rounding the Cape on May 28th. The day before this she sailed faster than ever before, making 13 knots; she stopped a day or two at the Falkland Islands, then touched only at Rio, and by August 6th reached Spithead; a day or two after she went round to Chatham, where J. came to meet E. He paid off the *Daphne* on August 14, and that same day they went home to London together.

## CHAPTER XIII

## HOME—APPOINTMENT TO 'COSSACK'—RUSSIAN WAR, BALTIC

FOR the next two years E. and J. enjoyed home life, living at 39 Chester Terrace with their children and in constant intercourse with many friends.

On August 11th, 1853, they went as spectators to the naval review held by the Queen in connection with the probable outbreak of war with Russia. They stayed with William Martin at Botley, made their way in a crowded train to Fareham, and thence drove to Portsmouth. Admiral Arthur Fanshawe was at this time superintendent of Portsmouth dockyard, and had sent the yacht attached to his office—the sailing cutter *Portsmouth*—to the town landing to receive them and other friends and take them to see the review. Admiral Arthur F. himself commanded for the day a small fleet of three sailing line-of-battle ships and a few steamers; a squadron predestined to defeat as 'the enemy.' The main fleet of twenty-two line-of-battle ships, frigates, and sloops, all under steam, was commanded by Sir Thomas Cochrane, the Port Admiral, his flagship being the *Duke of Wellington*, and his flag-captain, Henry Martin. The Queen reviewed the fleet at Spithead, and the ships then weighed and proceeded in chase of 'the enemy,' sighted in the offing, and after a heavy cannonade overpowered him. The day was fine and the review entirely successful, its great interest consisting in the fact, as stated in the 'Annual Register,' 'that it was the first occasion on which a fleet of steam line-of-battle ships has been manœuvred as in action.'

Late in the summer of this year, E. and J. went to stay with the Edward Cardwells, who had taken Mr. Johnstone's place, Alva, near the Ochills, Stirling. E. Cardwell was then President of the Board of Trade, and had staying with him two of his subordinates, Captain Beachey, R.N., and Lieutenant Lintorn Simmons, R.E., the former of whom was going to Skye for an inspection of lighthouses. E. accompanied him on this trip, and met his old messmate of

Madagascar days, Otter, now a captain employed on the West Coast Survey. On October 10th, 1853, Captain Dalling's sudden death took place, a great shock to all the family. The following year, in June 1854, E. L. F. was born at 39 Chester Terrace. The lease of this house was nearly up, and E. and J. looked out for another, and in the autumn or winter of 1854 bought the lease of 27 Rutland Gate; though, as the house was new and unfinished, it could not be inhabited for some months. E. being again at sea, J. and her children stayed a good deal with her mother at 28 Chester Terrace, and moved into the new house early in May 1855.

On August 19th, 1854, E. was appointed to the *Cossack*, screw corvette; not a very fine command for a captain of his seniority, but he was specially glad to be employed at this time of active service. The *Cossack* and *Tartar*, steam corvettes, were building in a private yard on the Thames for the Russian Government at the time war broke out, and were then detained and bought by our own Government. The building of the *Cossack* had been very inefficiently supervised, an important piece of internal caulking having been neglected at the stern of the ship, out of sight, where it was very difficult to get at or to detect. This caused serious leakage and gave much trouble for months both at Chatham and Plymouth dockyards, where the cause of leakage was for some time sought in vain. As the ship came out of dock after being overhauled at Plymouth, the master shipwright exclaimed: 'If she leaks now, I'll drink all the water that comes into her.' He had hardly finished speaking when a report was brought to him that she was leaking exactly as before. Eventually this defect was remedied, but flaws in the engines gave serious trouble; and a few months later, when near the Wash, on the way from Sheerness to Edinburgh, a valve went wrong, letting in so much water that E. had already turned the ship's head towards the shore, with a view to beaching her if necessary as a last resort, when happily the trouble was remedied just in time. Again, when the Baltic fleet was assembling at the Downs, and the report of any defect, not urgent, would have been carefully suppressed, the *Cossack's* screw-shaft was found to be wobbling and cutting very seriously into its outlet at the stern. It became necessary to return to Sheerness for repairs, which were speedily executed, and happily E. was able to get back to the Downs in time to sail with the squadron.



This, however, did not end the trouble, for the 'screw-wobbling' recurred in the Baltic at Nargen, with so serious a leakage that the senior engineer present in the port was sent for to consult on the matter, and advised that the ship should be beached to save her from sinking. Her own engineer was, however, anxious to make one more attempt to stop the inrush of water, and succeeded, so the danger was averted. Such a defect appears to have been not uncommon in these early days of steamships, for in the following year the flagship in the Mediterranean, the three-decker *Royal Albert*, had actually to be beached owing to this same cause; the Admiral was absent, and Captain Mends carried out successfully this delicate operation, and refloated the ship without damage.

E. first joined the *Cossack* in August 1854 at Chatham, where she was fitted out and remained till the end of October. She then went round to Plymouth, and stayed there, chiefly in dockyard hands, till late in January 1855. After this she was ordered to Edinburgh, and, calling at the Downs and at Hull, reached Leith Roads January 31st. Here she lay, with the exception of a short cruise to Cromarty, till March 12th, when she sailed for the Downs, calling on her way at Sheerness, and being ordered back there, as mentioned, to make good defects. While the ship was getting ready for active service the gunnery-lieutenant was one day carefully marking the deck, so as to utilise a device he had lately invented for concentrating the fire of a broadside. One bluejacket was heard commenting upon this to his messmates: 'The captain's expecting sharp work on this job; he's getting the guns consecrated.'

Captain Watson was senior officer commanding the advanced squadron of the Baltic fleet, to which the *Cossack* was attached. His ship (the *Impérieuse*) and the *Euryalus*, Captain Hon. J. Ramsay, were fine 50-gun frigates. Other ships of the squadron were: *Arrogant*, Captain Yelverton; *Amphion*, Captain Key; *Tartar*, Captain Dunlop; *Esk*, Captain Birch; *Pylades*, Captain D'Eyncourt, &c. E.'s brother-in-law, Charles Cardwell, came with him as a guest for the early part of the voyage, returning home from Farö. The advanced squadron was under orders to enter the Baltic as early as possible; this they certainly did, and narrowly escaped disaster in consequence.

[E. kept a journal for the first few weeks of the cruise, which gives their experiences.]

*Journal.*

'Cossack,' Baltic, 1855.

On March 28th, C. Cardwell having, very much to my satisfaction, come on board for a cruise, we sailed from the Downs in company with *Impérieuse*, *Euryalus*, *Arrogant*, *Tartar*, *Esk*, *Archer*, *Desperate*, and *Conflict*, all screws, and the first six splendid ships of their respective classes. Off the North Sand Head the *Amphion* joined us, and these ten ships composed the advanced squadron. The *Amphion* and *Archer*, from defective steam power, could not keep up, and therefore parted company; the others crossed the North Sea in three columns under steam, the wind being always ahead, and the weather beautiful, except now and then a fog. We saw Hirtsholme Light, N.W. coast of Jutland, at 1 in the morning of the 31st, and passed the Skaw at 4 in the afternoon.

The *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, *Archer*, and *Esk* were ordered to go under the orders of Captain Yelverton, of *Arrogant*, to Elsinore, and through the Sound. Captain Watson, our Chief, took *Impérieuse*, *Euryalus*, and *Conflict* by way of the Great Belt to Nyborg and Kiel; the *Desperate* went to Wingen Sound. The light not being placed on Trindelen shoal, the ships passed very near it, but none touched, and during the night we passed through some fields of ice without difficulty, it being broken and rotten. The contrast between the dazzling whiteness of these and the dark blue water was extremely beautiful, there being a brilliant full moon. Next morning, April 1st, our detachment was coasting along the shore of Sweden, between the Kullen Point and Elsinore. The *Arrogant*, which led us, went too close and got ashore, but by sending her stream cable to this ship, which then went at full speed, she was pulled off without injury. At 2 we anchored in Elsinore Roads; and whilst we were on board the *Arrogant*, soon afterwards, it was reported that the ice was drifting through from the southward. We therefore hastened back, and had just time to reach our respective ships when the ice reached the ships.

On leaving the *Arrogant* our chief object was to get our boats hoisted up before the ice surrounded us, but from the great quantity of the ice, which filled the whole Sound as far as we could see to the southward, it soon became evident that the anchors and cables would not stand the pressure, and the *Esk* very soon began to drive astern—we thought she had parted. She let go her other anchor, which fell upon the ice and floated there without, apparently, at all submerging the ice it fell upon. The *Tartar* soon after parted, and the *Arrogant* made the signal to weigh. The latter also parted whilst heaving in her cable. We were fortunate enough to heave in our 100 fathoms of cable and weigh the anchor, and to extricate ourselves without great difficulty. The *Esk* and *Tartar* had great difficulty in getting out, and were drifted very near the shoals to the north of Elsinore Point; indeed we heard afterwards that crowds of Danes had come down to that place to witness the catastrophe of the loss of two English men-of-war. . . .

The *Pylades* had also a very narrow escape of being lost; it seemed as if she *must* ground on one of the shoals, in which case she would have been overwhelmed by the ice; happily she just drifted clear and escaped. This occurred on the anniversary of the day when Lord Nelson passed Elsinore to fight on the following day (April 2nd) the battle of Copenhagen. This memory, and that of the bombardment of their capital and detention of their fleet by England in 1807, still lived in the minds of the Danes, and accounted (so the consul told E.) for the eagerness with which they watched from Elsinore the apparently inevitable disaster to the English fleet.

### *Journal resumed.*

That night at dark the squadron anchored about three miles from Kullen Point, but we were still hampered by ice, for about 9 o'clock a large field drifted upon the *Esk* and she drove down with it towards the other ships. Having barely cleared the *Arrogant*, she got clear when abreast of her; and about the same time another part of the same field took the *Cossack*, and we in our turn drifted to the northward for about four miles, when the ice broke away and passed us.

I tried for about an hour the effect of steaming ahead against the ice, but could produce no effect, as we could not get astern sufficiently first to give the ship an impetus: so I gave it up; and it was about ten minutes afterwards that it broke away of itself—possibly it may have been cracked by my previous attacks upon it. During part of the time that we were foul of the ice another part of it had caught the *Tartar* and she was also drifting, but it soon cleared her. The *Arrogant* had taken a pilot on board just as she was clearing the ice at Elsinore, and I found, on going on board the *Arrogant* in the evening, after we anchored at Kullen, that Captain Yelverton, who had had a note from Mr. Bridges Taylor, the consul at Elsinore, mentioning Landskrona as a safe refuge if the ships could be got into that harbour, was encouraged by his pilot to go there. Accordingly the next morning the squadron, reinforced by the *Amphion*, which had joined in the night, steamed back to Elsinore, took in pilots, and proceeded off the shoals which extend off, and protect, the harbour of Landskrona.

Here we procured local pilots, and one by one threaded the narrow channel which leads to the harbour. By night we were all moored safe without further accident than the *Esk* and *Amphion* touching the ground, although we had considerable detention caused by a small fruit schooner which was warping through the channel when we entered it; and, as the skipper's object was to carry his cargo to a Russian port before we had established our blockade, his chagrin was great at seeing the English ships so far on their way. He therefore doggedly refused to haul to one side to let our leading ship, the *Arrogant*, pass him, although she offered to tow him up to his anchorage. The harbour itself was covered by a thin coating of ice, but the ships easily forced through it.

The entry of this squadron into Landskrona was a great triumph for the port; for great jealousy exists between it and Malmö, the latter having a harbour constructed with piers, in which there is not a greater depth than eleven or twelve feet. But the Malmö-ites always maintained that, though Landskrona was deep, it was too narrow for large ships to turn round in. This was effectually refuted by the



ease with which our six ships of about 220 feet long were turned. It is necessary to moor head and stern with bow and stern-fasts to the shore. . . .

*Letter to his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ Landskrona, April 4, 1854.

. . . All agree that we are much too early, and that ten days will be the earliest at which we can hope to get on. The *Desperate* found Wingen Sound completely frozen, so that people from Gothenburg came down to the ship in sledges to quiz them for being so much too soon. There were two colliers frozen up there, and one had gone down, being crushed by the ice—people saved. The colliers for us are in the Kattegat—two in Elsinore frozen up. Captain Yelverton means to try and get one or two of them here, so that we may be complete and ready for a start the moment the ice clears away. Meantime we are very fortunate to have so snug a place of refuge in so advanced a place. Our senior here, Yelverton, is an excellent fellow, and we are as happy as circumstances allow; to-day a party of us were going to Lund, a town about 18 miles off, with some antiquities, a university, &c., but we are prevented by rain and snow. . . . The people here seem very friendly. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

Here [Landskrona] we found a secure shelter from the ice for ten days. The westerly winds choked up the entrance with the floating ice in the Sound, and the easterly and south-easterly winds cleared it; but S.E. winds usually brought fogs, so that generally we could not have availed ourselves of the clear entrance to get out.

Finding that there was a university, museum, &c., at Lund, an ancient town about twenty-three miles off, a party consisting of Captains Dunlop and Birch, C. Cardwell and self, determined to go there; and we invited the harbour-master of Landskrona, who spoke English well (and was nothing loth), to accompany us as an interpreter. This man was born at Landskrona, and, having run away from home, served his apprenticeship as a sailor out of Bridlington

Bay. He was afterwards pressed into the navy, and served in the *Cadmus* and *Medusa*, commanded by Captain (the late Admiral) Bouverie. When he got back to his own country he commanded a small merchant vessel and afterwards got into the service of his Government as keeper of the light vessel off the Falsterbo shoals, then for several years in the custom house at Malmö, and latterly as harbour-master in his native town. He was quite a character, with a good stock of shrewdness and humour; and, though his style and topics of conversation were not always of the choicest description, he kept us pretty constantly in a roar of laughter. Having procured two small open carriages each drawn by a pair of horses, we started on Thursday about 1 o'clock and reached Lund in time to see the museum and library, &c., the same afternoon, being escorted by a professor to whom we had a letter of introduction from Landskrona. Our harbour-master (Mr. Martinson) had also some connections amongst the professors, so we were well supplied with ciceroni.

Our trip only lasted two days, we having passed one night at Lund and the next at Malmö. The inns were tolerable, beds very clean and food quite good enough. Malmö is a larger town than Lund, and its principal street is picturesque. The harbour is good for small craft, but it has only eleven feet water. It is artificial, having its entrance between two pier heads. There is anchorage in Malmö Roads outside. We saw a few cavalry at drill in their riding school, and thought that both men and horses looked well and businesslike. We called on the governor, whose government extends as far as Helsingborg, and found him a very gentlemanlike, agreeable man, a colonel in the army. He asked us to join his family party at dinner, but we were on the eve of our departure. All the country we passed through, and I believe all this part of Sweden, is dull and without feature. The ground undulates a little, but is without trees. It is all cultivated, with substantial farms dotted about. We saw no symptoms of draining, which seemed to be much wanted. Great quantities of grain are grown and exported from Malmö and Landskrona; much of it goes to England, chiefly oats. The peasants look rather dull and

heavy, but seem contented. We entered one of their cottages, which looked clean and neat.

During our stay at Landskrona the harbour was sometimes so encumbered with ice as to make it difficult to move in a boat; at others it was comparatively clear; but latterly the ice had a honeycombed and shapeless look which indicated a gradual break-up. We were detained one day by fog, which afforded the inhabitants an opportunity, which they were very anxious for, of giving us a ball; and on the 13th April we sailed for Elsinore (except the *Tartar*, which waited for her yoke, broken in the ice and under repair), each of us giving the Landskronaites three cheers as we passed close to the point of their harbour. . . .

*Letter to his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ Elsinore, April 13th, 1855.

. . . I wrote to you about a week ago from Landskrona an account of our adventures in the ice and of our seeking refuge in that harbour. Supposing that the Sound was tolerably clear, we meant to have come over here yesterday; had we done so we should have had another similar adventure, for the ice came through in great quantities last night and carried off all the colliers anchored in these roads, seriously injuring two of them. But a thick fog prevented our leaving Landskrona yesterday, and thereby saved us from that catastrophe, and enabled us also to attend a ball given us by the inhabitants. To-day all is clear, and we came over in the middle of the day. We hear that *Impérieuse* and *Euryalus* left Nyborg for Kiel yesterday morning, meaning to stay a day at the latter place and then go on, picking up *Amphion*, *Archer*, and *Desperate* (which are here, but sail to-morrow morning) to establish the blockade on the coast of Courland. *Arrogant*, with *Cossack*, *Tartar*, and *Esk* (the latter vessels with three colliers in tow), goes to Farö direct, there to be joined by Watson. We start some time to-morrow. We found here the *Merlin*, and hear from Captain Sullivan that the fleet has sailed. . . .

We liked our stay at Landskrona very well, but I am

glad we are out of it, for there are many merchant vessels pushing on, or trying to do so, to get into the Russian ports before the blockade. . . . I had hoped we should have had a day at Copenhagen, getting bread; but we very wisely wait for nothing, and if the ice permits the blockade of Libau and Riga, &c. will be on next week. But there must still be a great deal of floating ice, for on the 27th of last month people could go on sledges from Stockholm to Abo. Messrs. Rainalds & Deacon, of Elsinore, will forward letters or anything else for me. They are the Government agents for the fleet, and will have three steamers running—one to Gulf of Finland, one to Courland, and one to Bothnia. At least this is, I believe, the present arrangement. I understand that there will also be a post kept up *viâ* Danzig, but you will hear all about it better than I. I saw Mr. Bridges Taylor, the consul, this afternoon—he is an acquaintance of yours. . . .

*Journal resumed.*

We stayed a day at Elsinore, and made acquaintance with our agents, Messrs. Rainalds & Deacon, who promised to be very civil and useful, if possible. Being in uniform, we were not allowed to go into the fort of Kromberg, except Charles C., who went over it whilst Key and I were visiting the Miss Deacons. It is rather a nice-looking little town, and I believe the walks in the neighbourhood are pleasant; but we had not time to try. The harbour was still frozen, but we could just get to the end of the pier in our boats.

We here took colliers in tow for Farö Sound, and steamed to Copenhagen on the afternoon of April 14th. We reached the anchorage off the Trekroner fort—a new one, not exactly on the same spot as Nelson's—at dark. Charles Cardwell went off to the shore at once with some of the officers, as I was going to the *Arrogant* first. But on my way I met Key, who suggested that we should save time by landing at once and meeting Yelverton at the ambassador's—which we did accordingly. We walked about, but saw little, as it was night, and afterwards went to Mr. Buchanan's, where we remained for the evening. He had lately lost his wife—poor man—whom I had known



many years ago. Jane and I had called and seen her in London on her way out last year.

Next morning, Key, Cardwell, and I landed early, in order to see the Frue Kirke, with Thorwaldsen's statues, before a confirmation service commenced. We ordered breakfast in passing the *Phœnix*, and passed a delightful hour in looking at those beautiful works. The St. John is certainly the finest of the statues; but they are all noble, and have more expression than I have seen elsewhere in marble. The font is very beautiful. The statue of Our Saviour is also very fine; but the head is shaded by a canopy, which injures the effect very much. After breakfast we went to Thorwaldsen's museum, which is full of the works of the great Dane, and is a very interesting place of resort. There is also an ethnological museum, which is said to be well worth seeing. But we did not go there. There is not much that is striking about the town itself. The earthworks round it on the land side make a good promenade. We did not see the dockyard. . . .

### *Letter to J.*

‘Cossack,’ Copenhagen, Sunday, April 15th, 1855.

. . . Captain Key came at half-past seven to go on shore with us to see the ‘Frue Kirke,’ with Thorwaldsen's beautiful statues of Christ over the altar, and six apostles on each side of the church, St. Paul (instead of Iscariot) and St. Peter on each side nearest the altar. St. John is perhaps the finest of the apostles, owing to the divine expression of the face; but they are all beautiful. To stand between Thaddeus and St. Thomas (which are opposite to each other), and look at them alternately—the faith in one countenance and the doubt in the other—is to get a stronger sense of the power of sculpture to convey expression than I ever had before or than can be obtained from ancient statues. There are two small basreliefs over the poor-boxes on each side, and a font within the railings of the altar—all Thorwaldsen's, and presented by him to his native city. The font is very beautiful—an angel kneeling and holding a scallop-shell. Charles and I have each bought a statuette in porcelain of

the latter (the expression of the face not so good as the original). I designed mine for a present to Fanny. We also saw the 'Museum of Thorwaldsen'—a wonderful example of industry and genius—containing some marble and great numbers of casts of his statues, including those in the church. We saw something of the town—perhaps as much as we wished—and have just come on board, expecting to sail with our colliers in tow at four o'clock, so as to get through the narrows before dark. . . .

I am very glad Charles has had this opportunity of seeing this place, for he was very loth to leave it in his rear without a visit. Now I think he will leave us at Farö, and go home either by Stockholm, or Gothenburg, or North Germany. I am truly grieved to have so bad an account of your uncle James [Mr. James Cardwell, of Ellerbeck]. I think Charles, who has seen him from time to time, looks upon it more as a gradual than a sudden change in him.<sup>1</sup> . . .

*Journal resumed.*

As we were to sail in the afternoon, we went on board at 3 o'clock, but found that the Prussian (late English) frigate *Thetis*, which had gone to the southward in the morning, had put back in consequence of impenetrable ice; so we held on till morning, April 16th, when we steamed with our colliers through the narrows.

Soon after we (the *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, and *Esk*) had passed Dragör and discharged our pilots, a thick fog commenced just as we encountered the first detached field of ice, and we saw no more of our consorts till we met at Farö Sound. As soon as we had gone to the southwards a sufficient distance to ensure clearing the Falsterbo reefs, we hauled to the eastward, but soon found a barrier of ice extending out from Falsterbo. We skirted along it slowly, sometimes breaking through a narrow and broken part where we saw clear water beyond, but could make no easting; on the contrary, our general course gradually bent to S.W., so that we saw Moen Head through the fog, and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James Cardwell died in the course of the summer this year, and Ellerbeck passed to Edward Cardwell.

to the southward of that the ice seemed to trend to the westward, as though blocking the Fehmern Belt, and the field to increase considerably in width. A little before three in the afternoon, therefore (our head, in following the edge of the ice, being W.N.W. towards Moen Head), I determined to retrace our path to a narrow part a few miles back, in hopes of seeing a place where I could make sure of passing through. For, having a collier in tow, I could not get out again by a back turn of the engines, on finding the ice too solid, as would have been the case had we been alone. On reaching the narrower part we saw a Prussian steamer approaching from the eastward; thus giving good hope that if we got through we should find navigable water. She came to a stop at her edge of the ice, and it was curious to see the two vessels with the narrow strip of ice between them which impeded their progress respectively to east and west. However, on proceeding a short distance further, I saw a place that looked sufficiently promising, and in a few minutes we were on the right side of the obstacle.

The fog continued during the afternoon; but, though we had for some time the southern edge of the great field extending from Falsterbo on our port side, and sometimes saw a detached field on the starboard side, we were not impeded in our course towards Sandhammer Point, the south-easternmost of Sweden. During the night we got into shoal water here, and in making a wide sweep to get clear of the land we fell amongst some detached fields of ice, and had to pass through two of them, having come upon them suddenly, but without being brought to a stand. Before daylight we saw the high light on the north end of Bornholm (Danish), and at six o'clock passed through the channel between it and Sweden, with a fine fair wind and no ice, which lasted till we were off Farö Sound on the morning of April 18th.

When we approached Farö Sound we observed that the inner anchorage was completely frozen over; we, therefore, and our collier-brig anchored in the outer harbour; or rather I had our friend hauled alongside and completed our coals from her, having understood that she was for the use of the advanced squadron. In the afternoon the *Tartar*

arrived, she having followed us as soon as her yoke was repaired at Landskrona. She, in consequence of the delay, escaped towing a collier. I found that the skipper of ours had been rather alarmed at the pace, which, however, never exceeded eight knots.

The *Arrogant* and *Esk* arrived next day. They had put into Kiöge Bay on the 16th, when we got through the ice, and sailed thence the next day. They had met the *Impérieuse*, which ship had also had her share of difficulty, for she had been ashore in the Great Belt and had sent her upper deck guns to the *Euryalus*. No great damage, however, was done.

We had an opportunity of seeing how rapidly the ice breaks up. For the morning of our arrival, Wednesday 18th, people had driven in sleighs across the inner harbour to Farö Island. In the afternoon of the same day, when C. C. and I walked to the village, having landed outside the ice, we observed that it had detached itself from the shore, near which there was a narrow strip of water. On Thursday this had widened considerably, and there were lanes running out into the main field. On Friday boats got up to the village for beef, &c. On Saturday a large field suddenly drifted out past the ships in the outer harbour, leaving the inner one clear except in one part, where was a brig that had been frozen in for the winter; and she was able to turn round, and was no doubt clear next day.

At Farö Sound there are only a few houses, the chief of which belonged to Mr. Grub, shopkeeper or merchant, and agent of Mr. Enequist, our consul at Wisby. This gentleman came over in consequence of the arrival of the squadron, he being branch agent for Messrs. Rainal & Deacon of Elsinore, who are the general agents employed by the Admiralty to supply the Baltic fleet. We found him a very agreeable, pleasant man, and quite a gentleman, and as C. Cardwell was to leave me here, it was very pleasant to make his acquaintance for his sake. At dinner on board the *Arrogant* he offered C. a seat in his vehicle to Wisby; and I had no doubt (as time has proved) that he would be a very valuable friend for him there. A Swedish lieutenant in the navy, who commanded a small steamer that had been



frozen up at Wisby during the winter, also came over, and he also was a great acquisition.

On Saturday, April 21st, Mr. Enequist dined with me, and in the evening he carried off my camarado C. Cardwell, they to travel next day to Wisby and I to go off the Gulf of Riga to blockade.

I am sure that Charles enjoyed his sea trip very much, and in some respects he was very fortunate. We had throughout very favourable, though cold, weather. Being in a squadron instead of a single ship was an additional interest, and he saw the society of captains, as well as lieutenants and mids, from that cause, which gave more variety. The ice adventures were, of course, a singular and interesting element in the cruise. Everyone here seemed to miss him very much.

[The *Cossack* Journal ends here.]

*Letter from C. Cardwell to his Mother.*

Wisby, 23rd April, 18 5.

. . . We anchored in Farö Sound (Island of Gothland) on Wednesday morning and were joined in the course of the afternoon by the *Tartar*. If you will look at Fanshawe's sketches of Vancouver's Island they will give you a very good idea of the place. . . . In the afternoon we dined with Captain Yelverton and met Mr. Enequist, the English consul at this place, who most kindly invited me to accompany him on his return here and promised to assist me in finding my way home. On Saturday evening I took my leave of the *Cossack*, which, together with the rest of the squadron, sailed at daybreak yesterday, and I never shall forget the kindness which I have experienced from every person, and particularly from Captain Yelverton, since I left England.

Wisby [in old times one of the towns of the Hanseatic League] is a most interesting place, surrounded by walls evidently of a very great age, though still in good preservation, and full of ruins of fine old churches. I shall now make the best of my way home, but as the ice here has not yet broken up, the steamers are not able to leave for the German ports, and I am not able to settle my plans definitely. . . .

The Swedish lieutenant mentioned in the Journal kindly gave C. Cardwell a passage in his gunboat from Wisby to Stockholm, whence he had no difficulty in finding his way home.

Some of the captains of the advanced squadron were intimate friends of E.'s, notably Yelverton and Cooper-Key. Yelverton's charm of manner and courteous consideration for others endeared him to all who knew him or served with him. Captains Dunlop and Birch were cousins, but a great contrast to each other: Dunlop rather stiff and formal, Birch free and easy and jocose. The constant discussions and passages of words in a friendly way between these two were a perpetual source of amusement to their brother captains. E.'s former acquaintances, Sullivan and Otter, were surveying captains with the fleet. Among the *Cossack's* midshipmen were Bouverie Clark (afterwards flag-lieutenant to E. at Malta, now Admiral Sir Bouverie Clark), and W. H. Hornby (now Sir William Hornby, M.P. for Blackburn), to whom E. had given his nomination for the navy. Hornby was a little fellow, but with plenty of pluck. One day at Nargen, when the midshipmen were bathing from the boats, he called out, 'Look out for me; I'm coming; I can't swim a stroke,' and jumped into the middle of them; needless to add he soon learnt to swim.

The Commander-in-chief in the Baltic was Admiral Honble. Richard Dundas, son of the second Lord Melville. Dundas was an able, good officer, and much liked in the service. Various stories were pleasantly told of his occasional brusqueness of manner. When he was a captain, he commanded a ship whose service took her round the world. An Admiralty order directed that in these circumstances the captain should call his men together and explain to them how it was that a day had been lost—or gained—as the case might be. According to orders, Dundas assembled his men for the expected address, which he gave thus: 'My men, to-day is Sunday and to-morrow is Sunday, and if I were to talk to you till the Sunday after that you wouldn't be any the wiser—pipe to dinner.'

During the Baltic operations a French fleet arrived to co-operate with ours, and intercourse was frequent between the two admirals. One day the French Admiral sent a member of his staff with a message—a dapper, active little Frenchman, the pink of elegance. He sprang lightly on deck and advanced to the English Admiral. Then stopped

and saluted him respectfully with a deep bow. As the Frenchman elegantly bent his head, Dundas bowed too, but at the same moment he drew out a large coloured pocket handkerchief and—as he bent forward—sonorously blew his nose.

The main fleet followed the advanced squadron to the Baltic in the middle of April, and later in the season a French squadron joined them, under Admiral Pénaud. This was, however, of far inferior force, numbering only 16 ships, while the English fleet consisted of 85 ships in all, the *Duke of Wellington* being Admiral Dundas's flagship. The following letters give E.'s experiences with the *Cossack* :—

*To his Father.*

'Cossack,' off Dager Ort, May 1st, 1855.

. . . Since leaving Farö Sound on April 22, we have been cruising in this neighbourhood, first off Lyser Ort and now off Dager Ort. Some days ago we met a great deal of ice about here, at a distance from the shore. We passed through a very compact field one night under sail, having come upon it in a fog; but in doing so we were thrown up in the wind, and therefore made a sternboard back into it which broke our steering yoke, so we have now a temporary tiller on deck. The yoke has gone away to be repaired—where I have no notion, but I suppose to the *Volcano*, if she is with the fleet. Watson, with a part of the squadron, went a few days ago to the east of Finland and communicated by flag of truce with Port Baltic, and established the blockade of the whole gulf: twelve vessels had got in with cargoes: all small and unimportant except a Yankee, who had landed his cargo before the 20th; he was waiting for the ice, to go to Cronstadt, where his return cargo was waiting for him; but Watson got the Governor to promise on his honour that no vessel there should take away a cargo that had not already got one in; so the Yankee has had to leave without one, and has gone off very much disconcerted. Two other fine Yankees were in the Sound when we were there, but they will not now get in, I think, and will probably go to Stockholm. I suppose that the sea trade is now so entirely stopped that we shall not get a shilling of prize money. Watson is rather sanguine about the Grand Duke

Constantine bringing out their steam squadron; if so, it must be in a few days, between the clearing of the ice and the arrival of our main fleet; for they are as yet frozen in. Watson is going with the *Euryalus* again into the Gulf, leaving me here with the look-out ships, at least so he means at present.

I had not heard that Ramsay had decided to give up *Euryalus* at the end of this campaign; but he always talks as if he would like to do so. If the war continues I should very much like to be his successor, or to get *Shannon*, which will, I suppose, be commissioned next winter. What I feel about *Cossack* is a settled intention to give her up next winter, if peace; and a full expectation of being moved into a larger ship if war continues; for I do not think I could be kept serving in a ship of the lowest class, after I had done so through my whole flag-time [i.e. necessary time of service for becoming an admiral], when several of my juniors with less service are serving in the highest; and in case of such a move the *Shannon* will be, I suppose, the finest command open to me if I do not get a line-of-battle-ship. . . .

. . . We have Galignani news to the 25th, and see that the bombardment of Sebastopol was in full activity. I hope it may succeed this time. . . .

### *To J.*

'Cossack,' G. of Finland, May 28th, 1855.

. . . One remark in your letter—about prize money—received an indisputable verification the day after I got it, viz. that I was not born to get money! for, with the *Essex*, I took six prizes, but did not save one of them! The case was this: She brought me a verbal order from the Admiral to look in at Hango and see where a ship might conveniently anchor clear of batteries, so as to intercept the coasting trade between the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia. Next morning we went near Hango, and saw amongst the innumerable rocks and islets to the north-eastwards the mastheads of sundry (four or five) brigantines and schooners, so I caused all the larger boats of both ships to be manned and armed, and sent them under Mr. Field to seize them unless opposed by batteries; and I followed with the ships



as far as I thought prudent, with our master sounding ahead in a boat. They were away from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and out of sight from our mastheads, behind the archipelago of rocks and jutting woody points of the mainland; and I was not a little anxious, not knowing what coast defences there might be, either of batteries or militia with 'miniés.' The two nearest vessels were soon pounced upon, but the furthest got to a distance of some miles further than they were at first and ran ashore. Two of them were large capacious vessels of Dutch build, quite new and valuable in themselves, but with no cargo; a third was a handsome schooner which had been scuttled by the crew. In the afternoon we saw two dense columns of smoke rise over the land which told us their fate.

Of the first two one was a fine brigantine, but a valueless cargo of firewood; she struck on a rock whilst coming off, and as we could not get her off we burnt her; the other, a rickety schooner with a cargo of grain, was brought out; but next afternoon (yesterday) on our way to Nargen we saw her put back (for I had sent her on ahead with three or four men and a mid.) and sent a boat, upon which they all left her, and after sailing along gallantly for some time by herself, she sank: she had proved very leaky, and the pumps broke. To resume my history—all the boats came back safe whilst I was on board *Esk* dining with Birch, and we got safe out of our labyrinth of rocks, and anchored for the night, north of Hango Island, as I had intended. Next morning before breakfast we went in two boats to examine Hango Head itself and neighbourhood, and I meant to take the ships in afterwards to the bay (where the forts were blown up last year); but as we saw no traces of defences of any sort, I made one business of it, and looked at the bay in the boats. We saw only ruined forts, ruined houses, and a few women, except one small fort on a rising ground, which, being made of earth faced with wood, preserved its outward shape, and I saw half a dozen men about it; one of whom had a musket. However we put their pacific intentions to the proof by taking a small sloop out from within reach of their 'miniés;' this we destroyed as valueless. The only animated objects we saw were the telegraphs along the coast,

which were in a state of convulsive activity all the time we were there, and so ended our raid upon Hango and our six prizes! I think it will have done good, by discouraging and in some measure stopping the coasting trade.

Having found the Admiral and fleet gone from Nargen to near Seskar, I am now sailing away to the latter place. . . . We are not warm yet; yesterday and the day before were so, but to-day it has been cold: I hear 40°.

15 miles E. of Seskar Island, not far from Cronstadt,  
May 30th–31st, midnight.

I joined the fleet here this afternoon, and found my above-described foray met with approval; there seemed to have been a notion that the enemy were in force about Hango. The fleet came up here on Sunday, and the *Amphion* looking out ahead (in thick weather) made the signal—'The enemy'—'eleven sail'—so there was a grand chase, and the capture of eleven wood vessels, galliots and schooners. They—the fleet—are going to move towards Cronstadt to look at it, and I suppose remain some little time, to-morrow. I and *Esk* return to our old cruising-ground—now more defined—its four angles are Dager Ort, Hango, Nargen, Baro Sound. I am to try and waylay the bullock vessel every Monday, and get four days' fresh meat (two animals) and the return one about Wednesday to send our letters, and the mail vessel on her way to the fleet to get whatever letters are not imprisoned in the Admiral's bag; 'via Danzig' is the true line to send by. This will be dull or rather unexciting work, but it will wear away the time, and I don't suppose that any grand coup will take place here—at least for the present. . . . We are getting on vry well here, however, considering that we are short of officers and undermanned, and have always a long sick list of colds and *whitlows*; I look each morning for summer, but yesterday I was met by a snow-shower; indeed, the last two days the thermometer, which had crept up to 46° or 48°, has fallen back to 36° or 40°. Now we have rain, and shall, I hope, afterwards have summer.

31st, early morning.

. . . Just sending off letters, and going to sail for our old cruising ground. . . .

*To his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ Nargen, June 3rd, 1855.

. . . We arrived here yesterday evening, and are waiting the arrival (expected to-day) of both those steamers [the supply, and mail boats]; shall then go to the northwards of Dago, and look in at Hango to land two Finns, a captain and supercargo, whom we took in the vessels, and whom I took to the Admiral, that he might pump them. The weather has become warmer, though at the end of last month we had a bitterly cold north-easterly wind to beat up against on our way to the Admiral. The fogs are not yet over, for I am sorry to see one outside to-day. I was quite prepared to hear that my Aunt Duckworth was relieved from her sufferings. I hope my Aunts Anne and Harriett will not permanently suffer from the effects of so much watching and anxiety. . . . We are all well here, except a large sick-list of catarrhs and sore finger from the continued cold weather; I hope the next week or two will reduce it.

The French Admiral has gone up the Gulf; we passed him at midnight east of Hogland. The *Pylades* sailed from here to-day with a batch of gunboats that she had convoyed out. The *Ajax* lies stationed here, and we are to go occasionally to Baro Sound to look in to Sweaborg from the lighthouse of Renskar, in order to give notice if the three sail of the line laid up there are making a move. We do not hear when Admiral Baynes is coming; there is some notion of an expedition to the G. of Bothnia when he comes. . . .

## CHAPTER XIV

‘ COSSACK,’ BALTIC—HANGO—SWEABORG

THE landing of the prisoners at Hango, alluded to in E.’s last letter, was the occasion of the disaster to a boat’s crew of the *Cossack*, described in the following letters. At first it was believed that all except one man had been killed, but it eventually proved that three officers and four unwounded men were prisoners.

*To J.*

Nargen, June 6th, 1855.

. . . My ship has sustained a terrible loss in the destruction of a whole boat’s crew and other individuals by a murderous slaughter of them whilst bearing a flag of truce. The boat was landing at Hango several Finlanders who had been taken in vessels by us and others, and who were liberated. Poor Geneste, Easton, and Sullivan (master’s assistant), and the Finlanders stepped on shore, Geneste having the flag of truce in his hand, when a large body of infantry, under a leader who spoke English, suddenly appeared and advanced in a threatening manner. Our officers pointed to the flag, and exclaimed ‘Flag of truce,’ as did also the Finns, but the ruffian replied, ‘We don’t care (or know) about flags of truce here,’ and volleys of musketry were fired, by which first those on shore, including the Finns, and then all in the boat, were struck down. They then rushed forward and threw out many of the bodies into the sea, to get at the muskets and other things stowed underneath. The boat left the ship yesterday about 11 o’clock on this errand; and between 4 and 5 I sent Field in the gig with another flag of truce to ascertain the cause of the delay. He was a long time before he found the cutter, and when he did so he found that she only con-



tained corpses—apparently at least. I had in the meantime brought both ships (*Esk* and *Cossack*) into the inner roads, and was there when Field made his report. I then supposed that the rest were prisoners, and made arrangements to go close in with the ships, and to send a flag of truce in under their guns to demand them next morning.

But this morning, whilst we were weighing our anchor between half-past 2 and 3 o'clock, we saw our cutter with one solitary man at the stern, trying to scull her off—I sent a boat and brought her off; this poor man is the sole survivor; he was left for dead with the others, but revived towards morning, and though he had four wounds (one a dangerous one) in his right arm and shoulder, he made shift to bring the boat out as above. There were four bodies in the boat. . . . The survivor gave the above particulars, and his account is so clear and consistent that I cannot doubt it. You and Charles will both be greatly shocked at this tragedy; I have scribbled about it at some length, as you will doubtless read accounts in the papers—so atrocious an act will, I should think, resound through Europe. I am very well, except for the grief such an event must necessarily occasion. . . .

I am very glad to have good accounts from Crimea. I trust that we shall conquer a peace next winter. I think the Crimea, and not the Baltic, must and will be the field of battle. . . .

### *To his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ between Nargen and Dago, June 7th, 1855.

. . . . The boat had sailed from the ship (which stood off and on outside) direct to the landing-place, and this took place instantly on their landing—without any shadow of provocation or resistance made from first to last. . . . On hearing the truth I took the ship to about 600 yards between the rocky islets that lie off, and opened fire upon the place, but they gave us no rifle balls in return. After we had been firing a short time one of the thick sudden fogs, common here, came on, so I brought the ships out, as we could not stay where we were. Indeed I suppose that the ruffianly soldiers must have decamped, as we were well within ‘minié’

range, and they did not fire from behind the rocks or ruins. However, though we could not expect to do much mischief, yet I thought that the ship could not leave without a practical protest against so barbarous an act. I only wish we had had something more substantial to fasten upon.

The loss is indeed heavy to the ship, for we had work enough to man our guns before; now we cannot be called efficient. Geneste is a great loss in that department, for he was a zealous and painstaking gunnery lieutenant. . . . I went to Nargen yesterday after these transactions, and sent by *Lightning* a report to the Admiral of them, which he will have received this afternoon. It seems incredible that so atrocious and deliberate a violation of all law should have been perpetrated without the slightest provocation. Nay, the reverse, for the Finns were eagerly explaining that the object of the boat was to restore them to their homes; but they, poor fellows, were shot down like the rest. However, the narrative of the sole survivor is so consistent and clear that I feel no doubt of its truth; fearing that he might die, I had his statements taken down by the paymaster and assistant surgeon, and attested by them, which paper I have sent to the Admiral. I now hope he may live to tell his tale in person. I am now on my cruising ground again; I hope the Admiral will send one or two of his gunboats to act upon the coasting trade about Hango and Ekness; for though I sent in the boats ten days ago by surprise, yet, now that the troops are down, it would be very imprudent to do so, as the coasting channel may be commanded all along by riflemen, and the ship cannot safely move about inside the archipelago of rocks. I was very glad to have such good accounts from the Crimea, for I presume that the command of the Sea of Azof is a great point; I hope that we shall be in military possession of the Crimea this season.

June 8th.

The *Esk* is just going to look in at Baro Sound in order to reconnoitre Sweaborg from the top of the Renskar lighthouse, and then on to Nargen for our letters, so I send this by her to be forwarded. The Admiral is, I believe, still off Tolboukin, west end of Cronstadt. . . .

*To his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Tolboukin Lighthouse,  
June 11th, 1855.

. . . I came up here this morning from the entrance of the Gulf (where I was relieved yesterday morning by *Pylades*) about my melancholy boat affair. The Admiral says that in transmitting the report and explanations he shall not make much comment, except that he does not consider that there was any neglect of proper precautions in sending in the flag of truce . . . Our wounded man saw many of them [i.e. Russian troops] coming down the hill from the telegraph and watching and pointing at him whilst he was sculling the boat out, which was at the same time that we were getting under way, and just before we went in. Of course I did not at that time know whether they had brought any field guns down or not. When therefore I asked myself whether I, having come in there within gunshot to look after my flag of truce, and found it so barbarously violated, ought to leave the enemy, who had perpetrated the outrage, in unmolested possession of their position—the answer was No. . . .

We can see some of the forts of Cronstadt, two high ones, which I take to be Alexander and Menschikoff; the ships in the outer roads (I think seven liners), are just hull down; they are ready for sea, many steamers. The day before yesterday the *Merlin* and *Firefly* were reconnoitring to the north-east of Cronstadt when two, or I believe three, of the submarine explosive machines went off. That which struck the *Firefly* produced, as Otter described it, a very violent concussion; it took effect under the foremast, and made it and everything in the fore part of the vessel shake a great deal, but she does not leak. The one (or two) which struck the *Merlin*, about two and a half feet below the water, indented the part, but fortunately there was a stout iron knee there, and bearing against it a strong iron tank, which prevented the mischief from being serious: but this must have been a fortunate escape.<sup>1</sup> The French Admiral was

<sup>1</sup> One of these ‘explosive machines’ was fished-up entire and taken on board the flagship, where the officers and men clustered round to look at it;

on board. A small squadron has gone to establish a blockade on the east side of Bothnia. It seems not to be expected that any great operation will be attempted here—the place is said to have been very much strengthened by earthworks; and great numbers of men are still at work. . . .

### *To J.*

3 miles from Tolboukin Lighthouse, June 11th, 1855.

. . . What the perpetrators may have to say on their side I know not; but any misunderstanding as to forms could only have legally involved the boat's crew being detained as prisoners—the more so as they were quite unprepared for resistance and made none. The occurrence will, no doubt, make a great stir all over the world. At this place we see the Russian fleet partly dismantled and about six or seven ready for sea—of line-of-battle ships—and a good many steamers and smaller vessels. We also see some of the forts. I have not had time to look in detail, as we only arrived this morning, and I have been to the Admiral about our boat affair. It has been to me, as you may well imagine, a matter of the deepest distress. In the way of blame, I do not suppose that any can be thrown upon me or my people. . . .

I have to-day read Gladstone's speech, which you sent. I had not seen it before; I think it excellent. I suspect, however, that military prestige *is* power—not in the eyes of persons so advanced in civilisation as Mr. Gladstone—but in the eyes of the world; and therefore I cannot feel quite sure that our peace would be as 'safe,' if we allowed the Czar's crafty agents to insinuate that we and France had failed in taking Sebastopol, as if we had finished our siege favourably before the peace. I should, therefore, be glad if it were taken; but I have no sympathy with the hot war party, having no doubt that moderate views, like those of the Peelites, are the right ones in every sense. . . .

among them was one of the engine-room staff, who exclaimed: 'Why I was employed making those things at Birmingham; they were made at our works from a pattern and nobody knew what they were for.' Just then the Captain-of-the-Fleet, Rear-Admiral—afterwards Sir Michael—Seymour, was bending down to examine the machine when it exploded, injuring him severely and depriving him of an eye.



*To his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ going to Danzig, June 16th, 1855.

. . . This letter will be taken to England by our paymaster, Mr. Wise, who is going from Danzig with despatches from the Admiral. I shall ask him to call upon you, as he knows the whole details of our tragedy at Hango, which will, I have no doubt, make a good deal of sensation, and I suppose be proportionally misrepresented. It is, therefore, a great satisfaction to me that you will have the opportunity of knowing the whole particulars. Admiral Dundas said, after getting all details, ‘I dare say if I had been there I should have done just as you did.’ Our new lieutenant is a prince—Ernest of Leiningen [called by the men Mr. Linen-gin]—who has served in India in the *For* and also in the Black Sea, and seems a good officer for his standing; he is only just promoted, and I suppose was not long a mate.

The fleet we left last Wednesday evening at anchor about three miles W. of Tolboukin lighthouse, but they were to sail, I believe, next day—where, I know not, nor why. The *Royal George* had 200 cases of diarrhœa on Wednesday, so perhaps that may have suggested a change of position. I do not understand that any great *coup* is likely to be undertaken, though, of course, if that were the case it would be kept as quiet as possible. Some think that, a superior flotilla of gunboats being sent beyond the sunk barrier on the N.E. side of Cronstadt to keep back the enemy’s gunboats, we might bombard the town and shipping at long range with mortar-vessels. But the Russians have improvised gunboats faster than we have, and are superior to us in them, and we have no mortar-vessels. I suppose, however, that our blockading and paralysing them in this sea, and throwing our whole weight upon the Crimea, is a good means of acting upon Russia. I hope we shall continue to have good news from the latter place. . . .

Admiral Dundas, in a letter to the Admiralty of June 11th, 1855, says of the Hango affair:

. . . ‘After full consideration of the explanations afforded, and after personal communication with this officer [Captain

Fanshawe] on the subject, I am entirely at a loss to discover any circumstances which can serve to excuse or to palliate the conduct of the enemy, by whom the cruel and unnecessary slaughter of the *Cossack's* boat's crew has been perpetrated.' . . .

There was much correspondence between Admiral Dundas and the Russian war minister, who made counter-charges, absolutely without proof, of alleged English irregularities in connection with this and previous flags of truce. The correspondence closed with a letter from Dundas, in which the following passages occur: 'I learn with regret that the Government of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia has decided to decline releasing the prisoners captured under a flag of truce at Hango Head from the boat of her Majesty's ship *Cossack*. I should be glad to be spared the pain of further discussion upon the subject, but the statements contained in your letters, and the reasons assigned for the decision, render it proper that I should place on record the observations I have now to offer.' . . .

After reviewing the Russian statements on the subject, and refuting them, he continued: 'I am myself forced to the conclusion that wilful falsehoods have been invented in vindication of a decided outrage.' . . .

The next letters are dated six weeks after the Hango incident; and tell the further proceedings in which the *Cossack* was engaged:

### *To his Father.*

'Cossack,' Nargen, July 25th, 1855.

. . . As we have got more into active operations, I think you may be curious to know what we are about. Our squadron consists of *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, *Magicienne* and *Ruby* gunboat, now to be reinforced for a few days by four mortar-boats and six gunboats. Our station extends along the N. shore from Cronstadt to Lovisa, with the N. village Hogland for headquarters and rendezvous, where we have one or two means of getting information about troops, &c. Our present work is included in Admiralty chart of Gulf of Finland, north shore (Hogland to Seskar) from Russian surveys, which is tolerably correct, except in minute details.

You heard that we have engaged a battery at Friederikshaven, last Saturday: this week we go to Kotka, at the

mouth of the Kymena, the old boundary between Sweden and Russia, and having the ruins of the old fortress of Rotschensalm. The new Russian fortress was on one of the little islands to the south-eastward, and was destroyed a few weeks ago by Yelverton, who found it abandoned; he also destroyed several public buildings on Kotka. We now hear that the guns and garrisons withdrawn from that fort are in another large fort or entrenchment on Hogforsholm, through which the great road from Petersburg to Helsingfors passes. We make it out from description to be about 3,200 yards from the mouth of the river, and Yelverton proposes to act upon it from thence with the mortar-boats if possible. We shall, I believe, first take complete possession of Kotka, and destroy the bridge and some large barracks still remaining there, and then from a high point on the island we shall hope to see the position on Hogforsholm and what we can make of it. There may be some difficulty in clearing the woods of riflemen; but the extent of that must depend in great measure upon the soundings we get in the channels. I do not know of any other work Yelverton has chalked out; but with orders to harass the enemy as much as possible, he pokes about and is ready to do anything that turns up that looks feasible. There is some idea of an attack upon Helsingfors with mortar-vessels, which I think not unlikely; but the Admiral takes proper care not to let out anything. . . .

*To his Father.*

‘Cossack,’ Nargen, July 31st, 1855.

. . . I wrote to you by the last mail a sketch of what we were doing in the direction of Friederikshaven and Kotka. We then hoped to get some mortar-boats within range of a large military station on the island of Hogforsholm; but, though we found our information upon the whole correct and the fort (an old Swedish one mentioned in ‘Murray’s Handbook,’ and recently renewed with barracks, &c. by the Russians) was there, yet it was out of range, and therefore that part of our operations could not take place. We, however, got up on the W. side of Kotka to the bridge, which our leader, Vansittart, burnt; and the *Cossack’s* business

was to guard the causeway and passage, to prevent field artillery or riflemen getting across so as to molest the gun-boats and mortar-vessels in their departure from their position, which was to be past the E. side of Kotka to the northward. We accordingly anchored 534 yards from the causeway, and the first operation was then successfully performed, viz.: the destruction of all that Kotka contained of military buildings, &c., of which there were a great number. The next morning all went round the island to the eastward, except *Cossack*, which stayed in charge of the causeway and bridge: and they found as before mentioned that they could not reach the fort, though they got a good view of it, and the red iron roofs and yellow washed sides of the new buildings inside.

We remained two nights and the intervening day in our station. The first night nothing stirred except my gig and self, who were at the bridge watching. The next day two or three reconnoitring parties came down and were each warned off by a shot. I therefore was more anxious for the next night, and landed my marines to occupy the 'tête du pont,' an old Swedish work continued round to the westwards by an earthwork apparently, from the sharpness of the angles, of this year's construction. The boom-boats with their two 12-lb. howitzers were close to them to fire away, and if necessary to embark them, and the ship's broad-side and rocket-boat, with the 24-lb. Congreve, would have given a warm reception to the enemy if they had tried to cross. I think they showed great want of enterprise in not trying to dislodge the ship altogether; for they had a fine military road connecting the two stations and passing over the bridge; and on the N. side a rising ground strewn with immense boulders and wooded; so that if they had brought down their field guns during the day, and levelled the ground for them to be brought up to the brow of the hill, they could have opened upon us at dusk without much risk of our being able to silence them. However, nothing was done, and we returned next day to Hogland. In addition to the destruction of so much valuable Government property, I think the moral effect of large ships penetrating so far into their inner waters must do good.



Something is to be done this week at Sweaborg with the mortar and gunboats ; . . . there will be only six or seven sail of the line, including 'blocks,' and frigates, *Cossack*, and paddles. To-day has set in foggy and raw, with a swell from the eastward and a low glass, so the operation will not take place for a day or two. I fear that this may be the first indication of the break up of the season, which the Baltic cruisers of last year expect to take place about the third week in August. The fleet seems, I think, to be in very good order, and everything to work well. Those at Cronstadt growl at the monotony and absence of active service. George Elliot will be frantic when he hears that there is to be a Sweaborg expedition without the *James Watt*. All our chiefs, including the captain of the fleet, are very popular and much respected ; and I can add my immediate senior officer Yelverton, who is a first-rate man—I should say worth a dozen N——'s, as he only allows his merits to appear by his *acts*. He has, moreover, the most agreeable manners of any man I know. I shall be sadly disappointed if there is a shuffle of the cards, removing me from his detachment.

An amusing incident occurred on the night when the *Cossack* was left in charge of the access from the mainland to the Island of Kotka. The marines guarding the bridge-head were keenly on the alert, for a Russian attack in force was very probable. Suddenly at midnight the general silence was broken by a great commotion ; the men stood to arms, and all eyes were strained into the darkness of the fir-wood on one side, or the glare of the burning barracks on the other. A few moments' tension, and the cause explained itself to be—a parson chasing a pig ! The latter had been trying to escape from the burning buildings ; the former had come from England in a yacht to witness naval operations in the Baltic. Piggy's fate was sealed, for the marines vigorously joined the chase, and all had roast pork for supper.

The headquarters of Yelverton's detachment during the next month were at Hogland, where the people were Finns, and therefore had no keen sympathy with the Russians or animosity to our people. Yelverton had been at Hogland the previous summer, and here as everywhere his charm of manner won all hearts, so that the Hogland ladies were

delighted with him. Yelverton asked whether he might hope to entertain them at a dance on board the *Arrogant*. 'It would be delightful,' they thought. 'But we are at war; how can we come and be entertained by the enemy?' 'Oh,' said Yelverton, 'we'll manage that. I'll take you all prisoners;' and the entertainment duly came off. E. was at Hogland with Key, and made a sketch of its picturesque church.

The next three letters refer to the bombardment of Sweaborg.

### *To J.*

'Cossack,' Hogland, Sunday, July 29th, 1855.

. . . Yelverton, who is *most* careful not to injure private property, is much annoyed that the village of Kotka caught fire and was burnt. It has a very fine church, which was fortunately saved from injury. War is no joke when brought home to one's own country, however much pugnacious people in England may like it when kept at a distance from themselves. Thank God we in our happy country have no experience of it in its more hideous aspect; if we had, I think opinions would be much modified amongst us.

Sunday night.

The *Locust* from Nargen came at noon with orders for Yelverton and his squadron to go to Nargen, preparatory to the attack on Sweaborg or Helsingfors, which will, I believe, take place this week; so you see that I shall probably be where we both should wish on such an occasion. . . . I shall hear more to-morrow at Nargen, for which place we and *Arrogant* have just started—each with two gunboats in tow. I shall get your letter of last week and answer it. Meanwhile I have a long arrear of sleep to make good, for which this broad part of the Gulf affords opportunity. . . .

Nargen, 30th, 11 P.M.

I have just returned from dining with J. Stopford, and found Fanny's drawings of our rooms [27 Rutland Gate] on my table. I am *very* much pleased with them. . . . We got here this forenoon and find everyone on the qui vive about a Sweaborg bombardment, which is to come off in a

day or two. We are going with the rest ; but the operation is, I understand, to be confined entirely to the mortar-boats at a long range, and ships large and small will be anchored as a support outside of them, and will probably not fire a shot. Nevertheless I am very glad that we shall be there. . . . I have heard nothing of our prisoners. 'Whom shall we hang?' has arrived, and I shall read it with gusto, though for the next day or so we shall be coaling and expeditionising to Sweaborg. . . . I think I told you that I had no steward, but a marine (an old *Daphne*) and the boy. To-morrow their skill is to be tested, as I shall have J. Stopford, Key, and perhaps Wellesley, Scott, Yelverton, Vansittart (do you remember him at Miss Rawson's?) at dinner. . . . I have been writing my father a more detailed account of our late warlike proceedings than I have given you, and told him to let you read it if you like to do so ; there is nothing very particular in it, but he is always much interested in these details.

The mortar attack on Sweaborg will, I suppose, come off in two or three days. . . . I am glad to be one of the party, and hope afterwards that I shall remain with Yelverton. Don't speak of Sweaborg beyond our own circle until after it has taken place, for we cannot be too cautious. I am greatly disappointed that Sebastopol is not thought to be likely to fall this year. I have been hoping that the autumn would see it in our hands, and that we should have got peace this winter. I suppose that without Sebastopol that is out of the question ; indeed I do not think we should close with any but the most unequivocally favourable terms until we have taken it. To-day we have a rolling swell, fog and low glass, the first beginning of the decay of the summer ; it seems but yesterday that we were shivering. Those who were here last year speak of the third week in August as quite the end of settled weather. . . . I am telling my father to get me into the Geographical Society. . . . I do not think I have anything of news to add. The *Tartar* went off yesterday to Bothnia, much to the mortification of Dunlop, who thus misses Sweaborg. The Admiral consoled him by telling him that the ships would do nothing. All your letters are arrived ; one was unaccountably delayed,

and one whole ship's letter-bag sent by mistake to Cronstadt, but now I have them all. If I stay with Yelverton I shall hear and write regularly, as a vessel goes from us each week with the mails and brings back those from England and the bullocks; but I cannot answer by return of post, except when *Cossack* is the vessel detached.

*To his Father.*

'Cossack,' at anchor off Sweaborg, August 11th, 1855.

. . . Our bombardment of Sweaborg finished this morning, and the results seem to exceed the expectations of everyone; nearly everything in the fortress that would burn is destroyed, and we had three respectable explosions; batteries and earthworks are in some degree damaged, but most that are so may soon be put to rights again. On our side there is hardly a soul hurt, except two in a rocket accident and eleven wounded in a detachment of *Cornwallis*, *Hastings*, and *Amphion*, which was stationed to the right beyond Nicolo and engaged some batteries on Sandhaver (I hear without success, as they proved too heavy). Of our sixteen mortars four are burst, and only four fit for further service. The mortar-boats were moored in a curved line about 3,700 yards from the fortress, extending from Grohara on the east to beyond Otterall on the west. They were under the general superintendence of *Euryalus*, and portioned off in sections to the paddles to look after them and send reliefs of marine-artillerymen, &c. The gunboats were all kept under way, generally manœuvring inside the mortars and using their long guns. Two of them which have Lancaster guns were placed under Captain Hewlett to try to burn the three-decker moored across the entrance; they set her on fire the first day, but on returning at 4 next morning she had gone further in out of reach. The English came over from Nargen on Monday, the French on Tuesday; the latter threw up on Tuesday and Wednesday nights a six-mortar battery on Abrahamholm, and I suppose the bombardment waited for that reason until Thursday morning, by which time, everything being ready, it began about 7 A.M. The place was set on fire in about two hours, and



has continued so at different places ever since. The explosions occurred in the first few hours. The rocket-boats have been sent in both nights.

The *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, and *Cruizer* went up to the left between Melko and Drumsio, and the islands beyond; we fired for some time to dislodge the infantry, of which the woods of Drumsio were full, and we returned to the main body in the afternoon. The main body English and French anchored in the open ground S.E. of Melko. The *Arrogant* returned on Friday, but we stayed with the fleet until half-past 1 this morning, when we went in towards Sweaborg to heave off the *Merlin*, which had grounded; and now we have just returned—3 P.M.—and I find the operation is finished, firing having ceased since morning, and the Frenchman sending a steamer to Danzig, so I take the opportunity of giving you this outline of what has been done. No one here expected that we should have done so much and suffered so little, and as we have worn out the mortars, I hope people in England will be satisfied with our worthy chief. The Frenchmen's battery answered very well, but when I went there yesterday at 3 in the afternoon they burst their fourth mortar out of six just as I landed. Our gunboats were very well handled under weigh, and in fact everything has gone off as well as possible. I wish the ships could have been taken in near to bring down the masonry work, but everyone seems to think that the flanking fire from earth-batteries would be too severe. If at all it might, I think, be done at night, as Sullivan and his people are now good pilots for the place. . . . I should say that the places and islands I name are to be clearly seen in Admiralty Chart of Helsingfors and Sweaborg and parts adjacent, from Swedish manuscript of 1837. . . .

### To J.

At anchor off Sweaborg, Saturday, August 11th, 1855.

. . . . Each night the boats of the fleet went in and threw Congreve rockets into the place. I went in as a spectator with Captain Dew of the *Geyser* the first night, and it was a fine sight of its kind; the conflagrations on

Sweaborg, the constant fiery curves of the rockets, and the occasional twinkling of the fuses of the shells as they slowly passed far over our heads and then descended with accumulating velocity into the fortress, where their arrival was immediately announced by the flash of their explosion. . . . I suppose we shall go back to Nargen to-morrow, but we have as yet no tidings of a move. I shall go and see Seymour of the *Pembroke* this evening and hear the news. I have been hard at work since 1.30 A.M. this morning, having gone in with the ship at that hour to the front to heave off the *Merlin*, which had grounded and only came off this afternoon. Tell Charles I wish he had been on board to see the fun, he would have enjoyed it. We have two clergymen (Field's brother and a Mr. Hughes from near Bungay), who are yachting in a very tiny craft, and an Indian officer, who make this ship their headquarters. We have a return of beautiful weather after eight days of unsettled. We hardly expect the summer to last more than a fortnight longer. I hope yours at the Gart and its neighbourhood may be more durable, and that your mother will enjoy that part of the country. . . .

During the bombardment of Sweaborg E pulled off in his gig to see what the mortar-boats were doing. Going on board one of them, he was received by the petty officer in charge, who suggested his standing a little aside, saying his mortar was already slightly cracked, 'and I expect she'll burst this time, sir.' Burst she did as the shell was fired, but she did it quietly and nobody was hurt.

E. then went to look at a battery of small brass mortars which the French had placed on a low flat rock. Just as his gig pulled in and the French officer advanced to receive him, one of the brass mortars wildly exploded and sent a great lump of brass flying close to E.'s bowman. 'Ah,' said the Frenchman, 'éclaté, eh? C'est intéressant cà,' and he called his coxswain to knock off a jagged bit of brass from the fragment and handed it enthusiastically to E. as a 'Souvenir de Sweaborg,' adding 'Allons, prenons un verre de madère,' and leading the way to a sheltered cavity in the rock he produced his hospitable refreshment. Continuing his round E. next pulled away to a French gunboat having two guns laid fore and aft in a battery at her bows. The commander was full of conviction that all the damage done

at Sweaborg had been caused by his own two comparatively small guns: 'Monsieur, veut-il voir le canon qui a causé la grande explosion—pas la petite explosion—non, non, la grande explosion: tenez, c'est ce canon-ci.'

When the *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, and *Cruizer* were, as mentioned in these letters, sent to the left of the attack to clear the woods of infantry, a single figure came into view. It was a Russian officer in full uniform and white kid gloves complete. He strolled down to the beach, exactly opposite E.'s ship, and stood there calmly smoking his cigar and leisurely surveying the scene. E. told his men not to fire at him, so his bit of bravado was successfully carried out and his leisure remained undisturbed.

E.'s last two letters from the Baltic refer to his prospects of being transferred to the command of a finer ship more suited to his standing.

### *To his Father.*

'Cossack,' Nargen, August 14th, 1855.

. . . I have written the enclosed to the First Lord *apropos* to Caffin's acceptance of the directorship of naval artillery. I am not very keen or sanguine about it, but I thought it as well to give a hint that I do not look to staying in *Cossack*. I have not a line from home this mail—why I know not, except from some irregularity in the transit of my letters; the same thing has happened to me once before. If you are in town, will you inquire whether '*vid Danzig*' on the letter will be of any use, or the reverse, in ensuring its due arrival; and let Jane know if the former, as she does not put it. No news of our destination. Yelverton will ask for me if he goes back to Hogland, which will be pleasantest for the remaining part of the season—a short period I suspect, for eight days of unsettled weather were only succeeded by five of fine, and it is now again raining and blustery. You will see that a steam transport has been wrecked at Gothland; she was going to Farö and England with invalids; the *Belleisle*, which came up for the bombardment, has gone down again to Gothland to receive them. We are all very healthy, not particularly small sick-list, but nothing of consequence the matter. I wrote to the First Lord in consequence of a note which I received from Wellesley which I am asking Jane to send you. It is, in

fact, not always pleasant to be high on the list with a low-class ship, so I hope the transfer may be made; but I suppose that in all probability the arrangement will be already made in England. . . .

*To his Father.*

'Cossack,' going from Seskar to Nargen, August 27th, 1855.

. . . I did not expect to have time to thank you for your letter of 21st before the mail was despatched; but we shall now reach Nargen in time. We left it yesterday afternoon with the mails for Sir M. Seymour's squadron off Cronstadt and found them just anchoring at Seskar. They had received no damage in last week's westerly gale. I have my commission for the *Hastings*, which came on Sunday with a scrap from the First Lord. The five new 'blocks' have as yet had their share of service; for three were at Sweaborg and one (the *Hawke*) has had a brush with gunboats and batteries at Riga—which is more than [some ships] have had in two years. . . . I have a very doleful letter from Tom Birch in the Gulf of Bothnia, bewailing his hard fate and that of the *Esk*. . . . The summer has quite gone—last week we had heavy gales; Sunday was fine, but to-day it was cold, fog, rain, and wind at Seskar when we left at 4 o'clock. We have now a tolerable night, but cold and unsettled looking.

Nargen, August 28th.

I go to my block to-morrow morning, so my address will be to the *Hastings*. No news; we hear that the Bothnian season is breaking up fast; *Dragon* and *Vulture* have been ashore. I do not yet know how much damage. We hear that more mortars are on their way out, but I hardly think we shall be able to use them this season. . . .

E.'s application for the *Hastings* having been successful, on August 29 he took command of her. The *Hastings* was one of a class called 'block ships,' of which there were four in the Baltic. They were old line-of-battle ships fitted with cheap engines and screw and a heavy armament. In case of any attack upon heavily armed forts, these 'blocks' were meant to bear the brunt of it, instead of risking the newer and more valuable ships. The *Hastings* was an old 74-gun



two-decker, and was now armed with rather fewer guns—about 60—but all of the heaviest kind then known, firing a 68 lb. shot. When E. was junior lieutenant of her in Admiral Gage's time at Lisbon, just twenty years before, he would indeed have been surprised at the idea that he should command her as a *steam* ship under these altered conditions.

When E. joined her the *Hastings* was ordered on detached service to lie at Baro Sound, a sheltered spot a little to the west of Sweaborg, for the protection of transports and provision vessels or small ships of the fleet which might otherwise have been exposed to attack by the gunboats issuing from Sweaborg Harbour. The *Hastings* lay here for two or three weeks, till the end of the Baltic season, when she was ordered home. During these weeks E. was becoming more and more ill and crippled with rheumatic gout, but the ship being in sole charge of a station where watchfulness was required he would not give up duty. He did so, however, upon being ordered home, leaving the ship's navigation to the master. All lights and beacons on the Russian coast had, of course, been removed, and as the *Hastings* reached the entrance of the Gulf of Finland the currents proved stronger than had been anticipated, and she struck on a rock and hung fast. This happened on September 19th, and the incessant labour involved during the thirty-seven hours till she refloated was, no doubt, very prejudicial to E. in his totally unfit state, though he was ably seconded by his first lieutenant, McCrea. Happily no serious damage was done, and at the subsequent court-martial upon the officer in charge at the time, he was acquitted of all blame.<sup>1</sup> When the *Hastings* re-floated E. first put into Nargen; left that port on September 25th and Kiel on the 30th; then touched at Sheerness, and reached Spithead on October 12th. A day or two after arrival he went home on leave.

J. had spent part of this summer in Scotland with the Edward Cardwells. They had taken 'The Gart,' a house belonging to Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, situated near Callander, on the banks of the river Teith, close to Ben Ledi. J. stayed with them there, her children living in a farmhouse close by. In the autumn they settled at home again at Rutland Gate, where E. joined them. The neglect of E.'s illness in its early stages resulted in prolonged and severe treatment, and for full three months he was almost constantly at home on sick leave. Meanwhile

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Colomb made a watercolour sketch of this incident which he gave to E.

the ship stayed at Portsmouth till December 7th, and then left for Queenstown, where she was stationed the whole winter. E. was able to resume command the end of January 1856, and J. accompanied him to Queenstown, taking with her A. D. F. One of the lieutenants of the *Hastings* was Philip Colomb, with whom and, later, with Mrs. Colomb, E. and J. made a close and lasting friendship. Andoe was a midshipman on board (now Admiral Sir Hilary Andoe), and other midshipmen were Digby and Pringle. In the end of March the *Hastings* was ordered round to Portsmouth and remained there till she was paid off.

The event of the spring was the great naval review held by the Queen upon the conclusion of peace. It took place at Portsmouth on April 23rd—an imposing display of naval force consisting of 22 steamships of the line, 53 frigates and corvettes, 140 gunboats and 50 mortar vessels. People had foreseen what actually took place—that the review would attract a vast concourse of spectators and that innumerable private steamers and pleasure boats would crowd round the fleet. Among the authorities opinions differed as to whether in these circumstances it would be safe for the ships to weigh and manœuvre, or whether it would not be more prudent for them to remain at anchor. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Seymour, called a meeting of the admirals and captains to consider this question, and wound up the discussion with an address favouring the more prudent course and concluding:—‘Come to run down one of those pleasure boats—drown half a dozen people—why—you wouldn’t hear the end of it for a month!’ The question was, however, decided otherwise; the fleet weighed under steam with imposing effect and without casualty; afterwards the gunboats made a mimic attack upon Southsea Castle, and the day went off with complete success. The success of the *Hastings* individually had appeared very uncertain, for her rattletrap engines were in a most precarious state, and the engineer reported to E. that *if* she was not under way more than two hours at slow speed, he thought she could probably keep going. E. therefore made his arrangements accordingly, determined that if her steam-power collapsed she should show what could be smartly done in the good old sailing style. The occasion did not arise however; she steamed away back to her anchorage as efficient to all appearance as any ship of the fleet.

## CHAPTER XV

## 'CENTURION'—MEDITERRANEAN

ALMOST immediately after the review, on May 1st, E. to his extreme satisfaction received a note offering him a really fine and suitable command—the *Centurion*. She was a new line-of-battle ship, which, though scarcely ready for sea, had been painted up to take part in the review. The *Hastings'* days were numbered. On May 12th she was paid off, on the 14th E. was at Plymouth, making acquaintance with his new ship, and by the 22nd he had taken command and was established on board the *Centurion*.

The *Centurion* had been commissioned by Captain Woodford Williams, who, however, gave her up, and thus the command became vacant for E. She was a two-decker of 84 guns and a very beautiful ship; she had steam and a small-power screw, and was finished just before great increase in length became the custom for steamships. The first duty upon which she was employed after E. took command was to bring back troops from the Crimea. The Government were anxious to get them home as quickly as possible, and all available line-of-battle ships were sent on this service. The lower-deck guns were taken out and accommodation for troops fitted in their place, while the ship's company was quartered on the main-deck; captains were ordered to make the passage with the utmost speed. The *Centurion* left Plymouth during the first days of June, and was back at Spithead with troops by July 18th. E. found that the master, who had been a good navigating officer in his day, had utterly lost nerve and was useless, so he had himself to undertake most of the piloting duties and all their responsibility, as well as his own. He had invited his brother-in-law, Charles Cardwell, to come for the trip, who, however, was not ready to sail in the ship, but followed via Marseilles and joined her, still outward bound, at Constantinople. Charles Cardwell tells of his journey in some

of the following letters, which, together with letters from E., describe also what they saw of the Crimea and of other parts of the Mediterranean:—

*E. to his Father.*

'Centurion,' off Lisbon, June 4th, 1856.

. . . Jane will have told you our movements and doings until I sailed, which happened immediately after I left her on Saturday forenoon. We had a calm, or nearly so, for two days, with the usual Bay of Biscay swell, and have since had a fair wind, which enables us to dispense with steam. I have had since Monday morning a slight return of my complaint in the left knee, which is passing off again, but is inconvenient, as I am obliged to sit still and foment, &c. . . . We are getting on very well on board, things shaking down into their places, and new men getting drilled. We are enjoying the respite from smoke and soot. The officers seem very fair specimens, but I have seen very little of them as yet. . . . We have not yet got warm weather—I suppose the northerly wind keeps it cool. I hope that your view of the fireworks was satisfactory and that all went off well; I have had as yet no account of it, as the newspapers did not find their way to Plymouth, at least to the hotel, until the next day, and I had no letters before starting. . . .

The fireworks alluded to were in connection with the celebration of peace. This was held in London on May 29th, and its chief feature was a grand display of fireworks in Hyde Park, which attracted immense crowds; and illuminations were universal in London. Sir Adolphus Dalrymple's house, 129 Park Street, commanded an admirable view of the chief firework display, and his family and friends were assembled there to see it.

*E. to his Father.*

'Centurion,' Gibraltar, June 6th, 1856.

We arrived here this morning in company of *Royal George* and *Sans Pareil*; we could not enter the Straits last night owing to thick weather; we are coaling, and shall go



to sea to-morrow. To-day, most of the naval captains, including me, dine at the Convent [the Governor's house]. It was almost cold outside, but hot enough on shore here; there seems a great bustle embarking troops, coaling transports, &c. We hear that there is no delay in shipping the troops at the Crimea. . . . that they are all ready, and are taken off in small steamers as fast as ships arrive for them. I hope I shall get a day to see the ground. . . .

*From Charles Cardwell to his brother Edward.*

Marseilles, June 7th, 1856.

. . . . You have no doubt seen in the papers an account of the terrible floods along the course of the Rhone, but you cannot conceive the mischief they have done over an immense tract of country. The first intimation I received of it was as we approached Lyons. The whole country was changed into one enormous lake, and for a considerable distance nothing was to be seen except houses, many of which were in ruins, and trees standing out of the water. As we drove through Lyons the horses were frequently over their knees, and people were going from house to house in boats. This scene continued all the way to, and indeed far beyond, Avignon, just beyond which place the railway had been broken down and all communication with the south stopped. Hence I took diligence to Nîmes, where I rejoined the railway, and arrived at Marseilles without further difficulty, but too late for the boat to Malta. I have, however, taken a berth for Constantinople in the *Euphrates*, a very fine steamer built by Laird of Birkenhead, which sails on Monday via Messina and Athens and is due on Tuesday morning, and I have every reason to hope that I shall still be in time for the *Centurion*.

At Mr. Gower's office this morning I fell in with two young Englishmen, one of them the son of Mr. Laming, who is, I believe, director of the Screw Steam Company. They seem to be agreeable men and are on their way to Constantinople, whence they intend to go to Sebastopol in one of the transports, so I hope to have pleasant company till I join Fanshawe, and if I have any luck at all I shall have gained rather than lost by the delay between this place and Lyons, as I shall now see Athens, and the *Centurion* will most probably call at Malta on her way home. I should, however, have been in time for Thursday's boat

notwithstanding the floods, but the railway directors not only made no effort to assist their passengers in getting forward, but took off the trains which should have run through, and made us stop for the night at Valence, 80 miles short of Avignon, and even when we arrived at Avignon on the following day none of the officials could tell us whether if we went to Nîmes we should find the line open between that place and Marseilles. In fact, they all seemed quite bewildered by the calamity which had befallen them. . . .

Love to all, especially to Eliza. . . .

*From Charles Cardwell to his Mother.*

H.M.S. 'Centurion,' Black Sea, June 19th, 1856.

. . . . The detention which I mentioned in my letter to Edward as having been caused by the floods between Lyons and Marseilles has proved to have been greatly to my advantage, as it enabled me to pay a flying visit to Athens, which I should not otherwise have seen.

The *Euphrates* is a very fine boat and had not above a dozen passengers, so that we had plenty of elbow room. We formed a pleasant party of six Englishmen, consisting of an elderly clergyman named Clive, with his curate Elliot, who is a fellow of Magdalene, Cambridge; Captain Vyner, a Queen's messenger, Laming, and his cousin Watson, who has just taken his degree at Cambridge, and myself. The weather was delightful and the scenery whenever we were in sight of land very fine; in fact, everything combined to make the voyage from Marseilles to Constantinople enjoyable. Corsica reminded me of the west coast of Sutherland, and there was a range of hills in Sardinia which bore a considerable resemblance to Arran. We passed Stromboli about daybreak on the Thursday morning and remained for a few hours at Messina, which we lionised under the guidance of Captain Vyner. The town is dirty enough and has no particularly good buildings, but its situation is very fine, and from a terrace on the hill in front of a large nunnery we had a magnificent view of the Straits, with the town of Reggio and the hills rising behind it. Soon after leaving Messina we saw the base of Mount Etna, but he very perversely kept himself shrouded in mist and refused to show his head.

We anchored at Piræus soon after midnight on Saturday, and by 4 o'clock on Sunday morning had procured carriages, and were on our way to Athens, a distance of

five miles. Our time was sadly too short, as we were obliged to be on board again by 8 o'clock, but I never shall forget the view of and from the Acropolis, and I should indeed have been sorry to have lost the opportunity of spending a couple of hours there. At Athens we picked up a fellow of Caius named Day who had been travelling in Greece, who informed us that ten days before a band of thirty brigands had stopped some carriages on the Piræus road within a mile of Athens and taken five men prisoners, driving them off in the carriages for the purpose of extorting a ransom. They had not gone far when they met a patrol of about forty French soldiers. The officer sent two men forward to order them to stop and surrender their prisoners, but these men were immediately killed. The French then lay down and began to fire; the brigands in the meantime dragging their prisoners out of the carriages, went off without the loss of a man and afterwards received the ransom which they had demanded for their prisoners. This story will give you a notion of the present state of Greece.

Early on Monday morning we passed the plains of Troy and entered the Dardanelles. Being detained for some hours at Gallipoli, we landed, and under the guidance of the captain of the steamer walked about the town and up to the ruins of an old castle, whence we had a fine view. All the Turkish towns we have seen look remarkably well from a distance, the white houses and minarets showing to great advantage; but, in the case of Gallipoli at least, and I suppose in all the rest, the illusion vanishes as soon as you get into the narrow dirty streets, and we were not sorry to find ourselves again on board the *Euphrates*.

Kazatch Bay, June 21st, 1856.

Just anchored. I am obliged to close this letter, as the mail bag is leaving.

All well. . . .

*From Charles Cardwell to his Mother.*

H.M.S. 'Centurion,' Black Sea, June 25th, 1856.

. . . We have now turned our faces homewards again after a most prosperous voyage out, and, thanks to several kind friends, have seen very much more of the scene of war than we could have hoped for, considering the shortness of our time in the Crimea. The weather continues to be delightful, and our messmates, Colonel Eveleigh of the 20th and Captain Vernon and Brevet-Major Williams of the

Artillery, are very agreeable, so that everything promises well for our return home. But to resume the thread where I broke off in my last letter. We left Gallipoli on the evening of Monday, 16th, and anchored at the entrance of the Golden Horn about 9 o'clock the following morning. The scene which opened to our view as we rounded the Seraglio Point was truly magnificent, and one might fancy oneself in fairyland as one gazed at Constantinople rising boldly from the water, with its mosques, minarets, and watch-towers on the one hand, and Scutari with its noble hospital on the other, while the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus were covered with light and elegant caïques, which were moving about in all directions; but the illusion was quickly dispelled when we began to work our way through the narrow and dirty streets of Tophana and Pera to Misseri's Hotel.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in lionising St. Sophia, the bazaars, &c. Wednesday afternoon we took a caïque up the Bosphorus to a point a little beyond the Sultan's palace, where we landed, saw between twenty and thirty dervishes dancing round and round like so many maniacs, and walked back to Misseri's over the heights behind the town, whence we had some very fine views of the Bosphorus and the surrounding country. On Thursday morning I joined the *Centurion*, which had arrived in the course of the previous night, and sailed in the evening for Kazatch Bay, where we anchored about noon on Saturday. In the afternoon we took a walk towards Sebastopol and inspected some of the French works, returning to dine with the Admiral, Sir Houston Stewart, in whose flag-captain I found an old Rugby schoolfellow.

Sunday morning the Admiral took us in a small steamer along a remarkably fine bold coast to Balaklava, where we borrowed a couple of ponies from the officers who were stationed there, and, under the guidance of Lieutenant Reid of the *Leander*, rode over the plains where the light and heavy cavalry charges were made, to head-quarters, a distance of about five miles. Here we were most hospitably received by the Quartermaster-General, Colonel Herbert, who provided us with fresh ponies and rode with us himself, making a round of fully twenty-five miles, in the course of which we passed over the field of Inkerman, crossed the Tchernaya, rode along the Mackenzie Heights to the scene of the celebrated flank march, and returned by the Traktir Bridge to head-quarters, where we dined and spent the night.



At 5 o'clock on Monday morning we took leave of Colonel Herbert, who again mounted us, and, cantering over about eight miles of open country which was dotted over with the remains of the French camps, reached the *Centurion* soon after 6, just in time to dress and get some breakfast previous to going on board a small steamer which had been lent by the Admiral for the purpose of enabling the officers who had arrived from England to see Sebastopol. The scene on entering the harbour was even more melancholy than I had imagined possible. On every side we saw the hulls or the masts of the Russian ships which were sunk during the siege. The forts of Alexander, Nicholas, and Paul had been utterly destroyed, and in the town of Sebastopol—with the exception of a few houses by the water-side which had been repaired for the use of our troops and were occupied by them as barracks—not a roof nor a window was to be seen in any direction. I wish our grumblers at home could have witnessed this scene. It would surely have made them feel thankful that the horrors of war had been averted from our own country. Having inspected Fort Constantine, the Wasp Battery, and one or two others on the north side of the harbour, we crossed over, walked past the ruins of the docks to the Malakoff and the Redan, where the ground was completely covered with broken pieces of shell, intermixed with round, grape, and canister shot, and returned through the town to the steamer.

Yesterday morning we received on board about 850 troops, consisting of the head-quarters of the 20th Regiment and some companies of Artillery, and, bidding adieu to the Crimea, set sail on our return home.

*E. to his Father.*

‘*Centurion*,’ Constantinople, June 26th, 1856.

. . . I arrived here this morning, and hope to sail tonight. We have about 400 Artillery and 450 of 20th Regiment on board; Colonel Eveleigh of the latter is a very pleasant man; my other messmates are (besides C. Cardwell) Captain Vernon, in command of the Artillery, and Brevet-Major Williams of that corps. If tolerably fortunate in weather, we ought to reach Spithead on or about 15th July. We had a ‘glorious three days’ at the Crimea and saw a great deal: chiefly during a ride we took with

Colonel Herbert, Quartermaster-General, over the ground of the 2nd division encampment: battle of Inkerman, Mackenzie's Farm, and beyond where Menschikoff's rearguard was fallen in with on the flank march, and back to headquarters by the Traktir Bridge and scene of the Tchernaya fight. We had gone to head-quarters by steam to Balaclava, and thence on horseback over the ground of the two cavalry charges to that point. We slept there and rode back to Kazatch next morning early, in time to get on board a steamer which the Admiral had given to take officers into Sebastopol harbour. We steamed round the harbour before we anchored, and I landed at the docks and thence walked up to the Malakoff and Redan; others saw a good deal of the Russian works on the north side, but I was unwell from too much exertion in the sun, &c., and could not undertake more. On the whole, I think we made the most of our time. . . .

*From Charles Cardwell to his Mother.*

Mediterranean Sea, June 29th, 1856.

. . . On Thursday morning we ran through the Bosphorus and anchored off Constantinople, where we remained for some hours for the purpose of coaling. I went with some of the officers in a caique up the Golden Horn as far as the second bridge, where we obtained ponies, and rode round the Roman Walls. In the afternoon Fanshawe and I landed at Scutari, and walked up to the English hospital there, which is a noble building of vast dimensions, clean and well ventilated. There are very few sick there now, but it must have been a great treasure to our poor fellows during the war. In the evening the *Colossus*, Captain Keppel, passed through without stopping, and caused great excitement on board, but, to the delight of both officers and men, we overtook her early the following morning, and in the course of the day dropped her almost out of sight.

*Monday morning, June 30th.*—Just entering the harbour of Valetta. We expect to sail again early to-morrow morning, remain one day at Gibraltar, and reach England by the 15th.

Remember me to Thring.

P.S.—Your note and Eliza's of the 21st inst. thankfully received. We are to sail for Gibraltar at daybreak. . . .

*From Charles Cardwell to his Mother.*

H.M.S. 'Centurion,' off Gibraltar, July 6th, 1856.

. . . You will probably receive this at the same time with my last letter, which was posted at Malta.

As soon as Fanshawe had finished his business with the Admiral, we landed at Valletta, and, having seen the church of St. John, went up to the Barracca, whence we had a very fine view of the harbour and surrounding country, thence to the Quarantine Harbour, and then called upon Sir William Reid, who received us most kindly, showed us over the palace, and then took us in his carriage by the gardens of St. Antonio and the town of Città Vecchia to the Castle of Verdala, where we dined with him, and returned in the evening to the *Centurion*. Verdala is situate on the summit of the island, and the view from the top of the tower at sunset was magnificent.

Tuesday morning, soon after daybreak, we weighed anchor and steered for the coast of Africa, which is generally high land, but does not present any features of particular interest. After passing the Fratelli Rocks, we crossed towards Spain, and the scenery there is remarkably grand. . . .

After disembarking her troops at Portsmouth, the *Centurion* returned at once to Plymouth, and replaced the guns and fittings removed for this transport service. She lay at Plymouth from July 21st to the end of September, and then sailed for Lisbon, where she remained three months as part of a small squadron carrying on the usual drills and routine. E. was senior officer for a short time at first, until the arrival of his senior, Captain Robb. There are one or two letters written at this time :

*E. to his Father.*

'Centurion,' Lisbon, November 4th, 1856.

. . . Here we continue to enjoy a beautiful climate. The *Cæsar*, *Exmouth*, and *Colossus* arrived the night before last, so we are now five sail of the line. Very little seems to be known of our future, but that little appears to point to our forming a home squadron of evolution, &c., under the orders first of Robb, the senior captain, and afterwards of Sir R. Dundas, or his successor. The newly arrived ships

say that they have very poor crews. I am afraid that the pet coastguard scheme is to drain all the best men-of-war's men away, and to leave the actual naval service to be carried on as best it may with the refuse. Here, however, I think we are upon the whole fortunate, having a great number of young hands, almost boys, who have been brought up in the navy. We have also some good petty officers and old men-of-war's men. . . . I trust you have better accounts of Uncle Arthur,<sup>1</sup> for I fear that ulcers or wounds do not heal readily in the West Indies, whither I suppose he will go before returning home. . . .

*To his Father.*

'Centurion,' November 23rd, 1856.

. . . We are hard at work exercising aloft under the auspices of our senior officer, Captain Robb. . . . The *Sans Pareil* is much the quickest, but she is much lighter in her rigging, &c. I think this ship does very well also, considering that she has been so recently manned. We rather lose time by my not allowing the men to put in force any of the tricks and 'dodges' which are now considered indispensable by men-of-war's men. The exercise aloft curtails the time for gunnery, but we manage to get some of that also. We have been making some alterations in the regions below, which will give more space and ventilation, and better stowage. I have got my old *Hastings* master, who is first rate, and W. Martin's second master in the *Regent*, so I am very well off in that line now. . . .

The beautiful scenery round Lisbon afforded E. subjects for sketching many a time during his various visits there. He was lying in the Tagus for two or three months at a time in 1835, 1839, and 1856; he also touched there in 1860 and 1861, and on the present occasion in the *Centurion* occupied some spare time in making a highly-finished panorama sketch of the town of Lisbon and the river. He was familiar with the beautiful excursions of the neighbourhood: the Rock of Lisbon, with its natural loveliness, its fine palaces and luxuriant gardens, Cintra, Santa Maria della Peña, and Montserrat—the latter

<sup>1</sup> Then Commander-in-Chief on the North America and West Indies station.



a palatial building in Moorish style begun by Beckford, the author, finished and inhabited by a wealthy London merchant, Sir Francis Cook. He had visited Mafra, six miles further north, that huge pile of building erected by John V. early in the eighteenth century, which contains palace, church, convent, splendid library, &c., and has the finest peal of bells in the world ; its roofing extends to *acres* of leads. On one occasion, in *Daphne* days, when the ship was cruising thirty miles off the Rock of Lisbon, E. thought a fire was in progress. Looking carefully with a glass, he found that the apparent blaze was due to the setting sun striking upon the countless windows of the Mafra Palace. Some miles north again, beyond Mafra, are the lines of Torres Vedras, which E. visited with extreme interest more than once. On one occasion, in 1860, he and Admiral Erskine went a trip beyond Torres Vedras to the convents of Alcobaça and Batalha. On the journey they slept at a little inn, and E., taking up an old file of Portuguese papers, found that it was the original bi-weekly journal of 1812, containing accounts of Salamanca, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Napoleon's Russian campaign.

While the *Centurion* was at Lisbon this autumn of 1856, E. went with the English minister to attend the 'Fête funèbre' held in memory of the late Queen, Donna Maria da Gloria, on the fourth anniversary of her death. It was a solemn religious ceremony, the Pope's legate present, all the chief people of the capital attending, and much state observed. E. was greatly struck with the general levity shown—everybody seeming quite careless of the occasion and of the good Queen's memory—her husband, the widower King-Consort, most so. The Bishop gave him with solemnity the silver sprinkler to sprinkle holy water on her tomb, which he did with the utmost nonchalance and carelessness ; almost while in the act he spied the English minister and waved his hand familiarly to him. The only person who showed the least feeling was the Duchess de Terceira, who had been the late Queen's intimate friend, and who was greatly affected.

At a Court ball given about this time the King-Consort scandalised all the high dignitaries and Court ladies by waltzing with Parepa, the opera-singer ; E., who was not dancing, heard a powerful thump, and looking for the cause, found the very fat Parepa prostrate in a heap and the tall lanky King with arms and legs sprawling over her—like a spider over a fly. Tableau ! and delight of the aristocracy.

The big American frigate *Merrimac* (afterwards destroyed by the *Monitor*) came in while E. was in the Tagus, and the officers were much fêted and entertained by the Court.

Our English minister at Lisbon was Mr. Macgennis, a man looked up to as an authority upon gastronomic matters. E. was present when he gave his first dinner party after taking some months to settle himself upon his arrival. Everything was very perfect, but in one point he considered he had fallen short of the ideal. Looking at his watch when dinner was over he observed: 'An hour and forty minutes; it ought to have lasted an hour and a half.' The Swedish minister to the Portuguese Court at this time was De Kantzow, father of the present Admiral Herbert de Kantzow.

During the *Centurion's* stay at Lisbon two of her midshipmen, one of whom was Pringle, rode out to Mafra and put up there, intending to ride back through the park by another route. At Mafra the landlord made such an extortionate charge to the English officers that they refused payment, and an altercation ensued. Angry groups assembled who took the landlord's part, and the midshipmen broke through them and rode across the park, distancing their pursuers. At the further end of the park, however, was a lodge, and the Portuguese shouted to its keeper to shut the gate, which he did. The mob came up armed with sticks and clubs, and a scuffle being inevitable the midshipmen drew out their pistols. One of them had all the caps, and Pringle was approaching to get one when a Portuguese, seeing his object, felled him with a blow on the head from his bludgeon. Pringle was picked up insensible and bleeding freely, while the Portuguese made off. He was carried back to Cintra in a tourist's carriage which happened to be available, and was afterwards got back on board his ship and doctored, being eventually none the worse. Foreseeing that there would be trouble over this row, E. spoke to Macgennis about it, who listened attentively, exclaiming at first, 'I'll speak to Loulé, I'll complain to Loulé' (the Prime Minister). As the story went on, however, he demurred, and finally said, 'It's awkward about that pistol; using pistols is clean contrary to the law; I hardly think I can complain to Loulé, but I'll tell you what I'll do; if Loulé comes to me, I'll tell him I've enquired into the whole matter, and I'm satisfied the English officers were right.'

Digby and Pringle having been with E. before were the two *Centurion* midshipmen most intimate with him and his

family. The first lieutenant was Strangways [called, of course, by the men, Mr. Strange-ways], Lieutenant Phillips was gunnery officer, afterwards commander of the *Fly* in E.'s squadron in North America. The commander was Captain Whyte, a capable officer, whose relations with E. were always those of cordial friendliness.

The *Centurion* left Lisbon just before Christmas, being ordered to Malta, where she arrived at the end of the year, and found the dockyard admiral, Sir Montagu Stopford, in command during the temporary absence of Lord Lyons. Early in 1857 E. was joined at Malta for several months by J. and A. E. J. F., as mentioned in the following letters :—

*To his Father.*

‘Centurion,’ Malta, January 6th, 1857.

. . . . I had a quick passage of a week from Lisbon, and arrived here on the 31st December just in time for a ‘gregale,’ which blew with great violence on Thursday night, but fortunately did not last longer. We are refitting and shall then be ready for anything; I have heard nothing of my future destination. We were not expected here, and some letters for the ship which arrived before we did were sent to Lisbon the day before we arrived. One of Sir Montagu Stopford’s daughters was married to-day to Captain Nixon of the Rifles. Another a short time ago became Mrs. Adye. I dined yesterday with the Governor, who inquired for you, and his daughters for yours and my mother; Lady Reid never appears. My old friend Bouchier is still here, and mentioned your having called upon him; I believe I have no acquaintance among the 800 army officers here. . . .

*To his Father.*

‘Centurion,’ Malta, February 4th, 1857.

. . . . Jane wrote the other day to announce her safe arrival, but as there is a French steamer just going to Marseilles I write to thank you for yours, and also my mother for one of an earlier date, which came by Southampton. We have got very good quarters at Dunsford’s Hotel in Strada Forni, but my ladies generally spend some time on board during each day, and dine here early when

not otherwise engaged. I hear nothing of future movements, but the late arrivals from Constantinople inform us that Lord Lyons does not anticipate being in Malta till early in April, and that he speaks of not remaining more than a month to refit, &c., and afterwards we suppose that he means to take the squadron out with him, but where we know not. The *Cressy* and *Dauntless* are ordered home unexpectedly; the latter only came out three or four months ago with new boilers; I believe they are to be paid off, so as to reduce the excess of men before April 1st. Our unsettled weather has lasted until now, but to-day is so fine that I hope we are at last to return to the usual Malta climate. . . .

The year now beginning was doubtless the ideal time of E.'s service as a captain. He had a fine ship with good officers and ship's company, forming part of a squadron whose Admiral (Lord Lyons) had just been commanding the fleet in the Crimean war. The long summer cruise was spent in exercises at sea; in touching at many places on the coast of the Mediterranean, where the time in harbour was spent in excursions of interest; or in social intercourse of a cordial character between the Admiral and his captains. E. had known Lord Lyons of old, and was now brought closely into contact with him. He now, as ever, found him cordial and kind, and had great pleasure in serving under him. The summer cruise lasted from June 3rd till November 7th, and in the course of it the fleet touched and remained a few days at the following places: Tunis, Pula and Cagliari (Sardinia), Leghorn, Spezia, Toulon, Barcelona, Cartagena, Malaga, Porto Molinos, Gibraltar, Algiers, Port Mahon, Malta, Navarino, Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, and Suda Bay (Candia) whence they finally returned to Malta. Lord Lyons's fleet was a small one, owing to the reduction of the navy at the close of the war; its principal ships were: *Royal Albert*, three-decker, flagship, flag-captain Egerton; *Conqueror*, Captain Yelverton, Commander de Kantzow; *Centurion*, Captain Fanshawe; *Princess Royal*, Captain Gifford; *Brunswick*, Captain Broadhead; these were all two-deckers. The pride of the old sailing days still remained, and Lord Lyons's fleet never habitually got up steam even to enter harbour. Evolutions and passages were performed under sail, and steam used merely as an auxiliary.



Their cruise is partly described in E.'s sketch-book, and also in the following letters to his father :

'Centurion,' east of Corsica, June 25th, 1857.

. . . We are making slow progress ; for besides the cumbrous progress of a squadron as compared with a single ship, we are not favoured by winds. We have had several trials in sailing ; the results of which tend, I fear, to show that the *Conqueror* is partially a failure in that respect—both the *Albert* and *Curaçoa* beat her considerably ; and now that this ship is gradually lightening to the flotation for which she was designed and built, the *Conqueror* does not do much with us. However, I hope they may find out what is the matter with her. The *Brunswick* is very indifferent. We went first to Tunis bay and remained two days—one day we devoted to Tunis, which is a vile specimen of an Oriental town—a maximum of filth and a minimum of the 'Arabian Nights.' The next day we went about the ruins of Carthage—I say *we* because we went in a flock with the Admiral—with a Mr. Davis, who is employed by Government to search for antiquities. He has dug up eight tons of tessellated pavement, which is stowed on board the *Curaçoa*, and she has now gone for another instalment on her way to England. The best thing to be seen is the row of ancient tanks or cisterns, which are arched over and which put me in mind of you, because they are built chiefly of mortar, with loose stones which have not any reciprocal bearing upon each other ; therefore the whole is analogous to the concrete arch, which (I think) you suggested as an experiment. If so, they have been eminently successful, for they form the only structure which has retained anything like its shape in the whole site.

Off Leghorn, June 27th.

We arrived here last night, and the Admiral & Co. are going to Florence to-day, to stay till Wednesday. I am a part of the Co. ; and hope we shall have three pleasant days there. We go to Spezia Wednesday evening or Thursday, and stay till Saturday, certainly, to pick up the second detachment of officers on leave at Florence and till the ships have watered, and then go to Genoa, where we

shall not remain long, as we must anchor in the outer roads, the inner harbour being crowded with trading vessels. The Sardinian Government find this so much the case, that it is one reason for their moving their naval station to Spezia, which is shortly to be done. We were five days in the Bay of Cagliari, then at the watering-place at Pula, near which there are ruins of a Carthaginian town—Nuora, and two days at Cagliari, which stands well and has some fine views about it, but looks faded—it having fallen off from being the seat of the Viceregal Government of Sardinia to being the provincial capital of one of the departments. We saw the governors—civil and military—museum, and a fine barrack, but dirtily kept. They are proud of their museum, and I believe they have a few old Carthaginian remains which may be useful now that Mr. Davis's excavations at Carthage (the first results of which are going home in *Curaçoa*) are expected to lead to deciphering the Carthaginian character and language. We have left the *Brunswick* behind, but her main-royal is now in sight in the direction of Cape Corse; I fear Broadhead will not be in time for the 2 o'clock train . . . .

At Leghorn it was found that the Governor was unable to pay his official visit on board the flagship, owing to an old rule, dating no doubt from the days of the Barbary pirates, which forbade his going on board ship; it was therefore arranged that he should return Lord Lyons's official visit at the hotel. Here accordingly the Admiral and his captains assembled in uniform at 1 o'clock for the purpose; their servants with plain clothes waiting in the background, and themselves eager to get the ceremony over in time to change into mufti and catch the 2 o'clock train to Florence. At the critical moment when their official visitor had just withdrawn and minutes were precious, it was discovered that the Admiral's servant had forgotten his master's hat! Consternation and free expression of opinion ensued—the Consul came to the front—a hatter and his wares were hurried in, and Lord Lyons, duly hatted in correct style, was escorted to the station just as the train was starting.

*To his Father.*

‘Centurion,’ Toulon, July 22nd, 1857.

. . . I received your welcome letter of the 9th off Genoa, and I did not go there, as it was found to take more than one large ship into the mole would be inconvenient, as the commerce has much increased. The Admiral, therefore, left the *Conqueror* and *Centurion* at Spezia, and neither Yelverton nor I availed ourselves of his offer of leave to go to Genoa. We passed a pleasant week at Spezia and went over one day to Carrara to see the marble quarries. We arrived here on Sunday last and were joined this morning by the *Princess Royal*. On Friday we sail for Malaga, touching, I believe, at Barcelona if the wind is favourable; but the Admiral has ordered his letters to be addressed to Gibraltar; whence those that arrive in time will be sent to Malaga. . . . This place is much improved since I was here in the *Madagascar*, the chief improvement being the clearing out the mud in the inner roads, which have now a depth of 30 feet everywhere, whereas before it was mostly rendered useless by mud banks, except a channel leading to the town and arsenal. The arsenal itself has, of course, been much altered also to meet the requirements of steam, and is now being largely increased, but I don’t see anything of importance that is not better ‘chez nous.’ . . . I am in momentary expectation of a visit from Lord Cowley, the Ambassador. . . .

*To his Father.*

‘Centurion,’ Algiers, Sept. 4th, 1857.

. . . We anchored off this place last night, and came inside the mole this morning. I believe we are only to remain three or four days and then go to Port Mahon previously to our return to Malta. It is not so entirely French as I expected, the upper part of the town being chiefly Moorish and Arab, and the lower has a very Moorish look still. The inner harbour is formed by the old mole of Lord Exmouth’s time, being lengthened and curved to sea-

ward, with its concave side to the sea ; and another piece to the south, which projects from the south part of the town and then turns at right angles towards the north, leaving an unnecessarily wide entrance between the two mole heads, through which a good deal of swell rolls in in easterly winds. There is also a smaller entrance in the southern mole ; but not, I believe, for ships. The naval officers and pilots are very much ashamed of their artificial port. We have moorings in. There are no French men-of-war here, except a guard-ship and two or three brigs and transports, and not so many trading vessels as at Malaga. The heads and seconds in command, both military and naval, are absent ; so, I suppose, we shall not have any grand feasting. . . .

*To his Father.*

'Centurion,' Corfu, October 10th, 1857.

. . . I should have written on our first arrival here on the 29th ult., but there has been such constant occupation and bustle ; and shore hours at night with ship hours in the morning are so unfavourable to writing letters at night, that I have postponed doing so. We have been detained here a day or two by weather—rain and southerly winds—and are now having a very good specimen of Corfu rain, which will, I suppose, prevent our sailing to-day. We go, I believe, to Cephalonia, Zante, Suda Bay in Candia, and thence to Malta, where we are to arrive before the 5th November, when General Pennefather has an 'Inkerman' Ball. The cruise will have been very beneficial to men, and particularly to officers—many of the mids of three or four years' standing have now for the first time seen ships worked under sail, and many lieutenants had done but little in that way before. It is a great misfortune that the naval cadets should be destined to remain five months at Malta, the worst possible place for them ; I wish they could be all sent home to their friends for that time, with an understanding that their schooling should be continued, or that the Admiralty would send to Malta a training brig, with a good lieutenant and naval instructor, in which they could be sent to sea in fine weather, and taught their work, instead of



opera, &c. Lord Lyons has not heard who is to be his successor; he seems to expect my uncle to be so, which, indeed, is the general expectation here, now that it is understood that the report about Sir T. Cochrane had no foundation. I suppose, from the circumstance of his looking about for the lease of a house, that my uncle has not the same expectation. Colonel Hall, R.E., and Captain and Mrs. Collinson are here and make inquiries for you. . . . Collinson has some idea of coming here for the trip as far as Candia, and I suppose Malta. The *Conqueror* has not yet rejoined us, but may now do so any day. . . . Captain Whyte says that you must have travelled a great deal in the Mediterranean, for he is frequently asked at different places whether I am any relation of that General Fanshawe who was travelling a few years ago with his daughter. I shall be very much interested about the Rugby election;<sup>1</sup> with so many candidates it must be very uncertain. It would, I should think, be a pleasant change from Bedford. . . .

When Lord Lyons's fleet was at Candia, the Governor of the island, who was an 'enlightened' Turk, accustomed to European ways and free from rigid Mohammedan customs, gave a grand luncheon to the English Admiral, his staff, and captains, everything being done in European style. E. was sitting next the English consul, and opposite was a Turk of the old school, the Pasha who commanded the artillery. The courses had followed each other and the champagne had flowed, when a period arrived for the serving of slices of ham. E.'s neighbour, the consul, suddenly began talking to him about nothing in particular with an appearance of special earnestness and interest that surprised him, explaining matters by running into his discourse the request, 'Don't look up—pray talk away—that old Pasha opposite is a rabid Mohammedan and has just discovered that they have served him with a slice of ham; he is as red as a turkey-cock, boiling over with rage and quite furious; if he catches my eye for a moment he will explode and there will be a scene—you must keep me in earnest conversation for a while.'

<sup>1</sup> The headmastership of Rugby School became vacant by the retirement of Dr. Goulburn, afterwards Dean of Norwich. E.'s brother Frederick, who was headmaster of the Bedford Grammar School, was a candidate for the post, which, however, was given to Dr. Frederick Temple, who in later years became successively Bishop of Exeter and of London and Archbishop of Canterbury.

E. backed up his neighbour, their efforts were successful, and the danger passed.

From Candia the fleet returned to Malta, where they passed the winter; J. brought E. L. F. out to join E., and they settled in a house at Florian. E. and J. were both at this time feeling very keenly his prolonged absence on foreign service, and the want of a home and of his presence there, especially now that their children were growing up. He therefore made every effort consistent with active employment to obtain a dockyard or home appointment; but his return to England eventually came in a different and less fortunate way.

### *To his Father.*

'Centurion,' Malta, November 27th, 1857.

. . . We are undergoing a thorough caulking throughout, a fortnight's job, besides scraping and painting afterwards. I suppose it will be the last. . . I am glad you like the sketches. I have a few others, but not of Algiers, for my time was taken up with going about with the herd, to pay visits, drive, &c., during the few days we stayed; so I had not much opportunity.

Port Mahon is more confined than I had expected, but is otherwise a very fine harbour; but the Spaniards do not find much use for it. It is narrow, very much so at the entrance, with shoals on each side; but steam diminishes this disadvantage. The fort of San Felipe is in ruins; but a larger one is in course of construction on the highest ground on the opposite side of the harbour. My mother said she would like a copy of any sketch I might make of the Alhambra, but unluckily I did not go there. I therefore, as a pis-aller, copied one I made of the *Royal Albert* passing Europa Point [Gibraltar], thinking that something from the old Rock might be acceptable; and I have sent it in a parcel which Jane was sending to her cousin, Miss Baxendale. I fear it is not a very valuable production, but I hope it will arrive safe after passing through the hands of the custom-house; it has gone home in the *Ripon*. We hear nothing of our new Admiral, nor of the new Governor of Malta. I am rejoiced to see in the papers that Forbes has got a fine ship. . . .

*To his Father.*

'Centurion,' Malta, December 17th, 1857.

. . . I have not written since I received your letter of the 26th October, but Jane, I think, sent a message of thanks by Fanny last week. We have not much variety to record at Malta. The ships are gradually finishing their caulking and its consequent scraping and painting, which, in our case, has been done on the most extended scale, and I hope we shall have no more of it. No news of the new Admiral. Yesterday there was a rumour afloat that our present one was to stay till October, which I should like very well; but at Malta it is not prudent to believe anything merely because it is asserted. Sir Gaspard le Marchant is to be the new Governor, civil only at first, I understand, but likely ultimately to succeed to the command of the troops also. . . .

*To his Father.*

H.M.S. 'Centurion,' Malta, March 11th, 1858.

. . . I have written this to Sir J. Pakington:—

Sir,—I venture to hope that you will permit me to bring myself to your notice as a candidate for a superintendentship of a dockyard on the occurrence of a vacancy. In making this application I must beg to disclaim any undue wish on my part to secede from so honourable a position as the command of a line-of-battle ship, or any intention of doing so, unless I should be permitted to exchange it for active service in England in time of peace. But as I have been employed as a captain between seven and eight years, chiefly on foreign stations, it has become of importance to me, with reference to my family, to serve in England rather than abroad. I therefore venture to request that you will consider me with others when the appointment to a dockyard shall become vacant.

I have the honour to be, &c.

I thought of postponing this note until we saw what would be the result of our correspondence with our allies,

the French, but Lord Lyons (whom I consulted this morning) seems to think that there is no likelihood of a rupture, and therefore I am sending it at once, because three more deaths of Admirals will vacate Woolwich, although I would on no account make the exchange if a war with France were expected. . . . We have beautiful weather now, very very different to what you have in England according to Mr. Powles's report. . . .

E. and J. had good friends at Malta, many of them intimate, whose society they much enjoyed. One of these during the previous winter had been the Governor, Sir William Reid, who had now left, and his successor, though friendly, was not so well known to them. There still were, however, at Malta their intimate friends, Colonel and Mrs. Warre (he commanding the 57th regiment) and Captain and Mrs. Frederick Campbell (he commanding H.M.S. *Vulture*,) whose children—Lorn Campbell, and Mrs. Warre's daughter Gemma Adams—were close companions and playmates with their children. Lord Lyons was always most kind and hospitable, and General Sir John and Lady Pennefather were true friends also. Others were Colonel and Mrs. Pearson, the captains of ships—notably Yelverton, of the *Conqueror*, and Lady Hamilton Chichester, who was fond of entertaining and of showing her beautiful garden to those she cared for.



## CHAPTER XVI

INVALIDED HOME—‘TRAFALGAR’—CHATHAM DOCKYARD—  
ADMIRALTY

LATE in March E. was attacked with severe illness and fever, causing for a time real anxiety, and leaving him afterwards so crippled with acute rheumatism that, after a long and vain struggle to overcome it by all available means on the station, he was eventually compelled to give up his ship and return invalided to England. During the anxious three months of illness, the kindness of friends was extreme. Captain Hallett invited them to use his house at Sliema, the freshest suburb of Valletta. General Sir John and Lady Pennefather, who already were living in this house, received them and gave valuable help in nursing E. during the worst part of the illness. Lord Lyons proposed that E. should cruise in his ship as an invalid, J. accompanying him to nurse him, an offer which they gratefully accepted. The Admiral's niece, Miss Pearson, was with him on board the flagship. Particulars of this cruise are given in a journal kept for a short time by J., and her letters and E's own to his father tell of him during this time till their return home.

*From J. to General F.*

Sliema, April 3rd, 1858.

. . . Edward received your letter of 25th inst. on the 29th. He is still not able to write himself, and therefore begs me to thank you for it. He is better, and in no respect has there been cause for serious anxiety; but influenza in his case, as in many others, has amounted to a real illness. It is three weeks to-day since he began to be unwell, but for some time I expected from day to day that what seemed merely a cold would pass off, and even when we came here last week I had no idea but that the change of air would, in

a few days, set him right. . . . Dr. Salmon was quite satisfied with his progress yesterday, and quite approves of Edward's own plan to go to sea with the fleet (on 12th probably) *on the sick list*. Lord Lyons has been most kind. He was here yesterday, and was much pleased with the decided amendment he saw in Edward since his last visit some days ago. I cannot describe the kindness we received from Sir John and Lady Pennefather, who thoroughly understand the treatment of an invalid. As I told Mrs. Fanshawe, we are their guests for board, and Captain Hallett's for lodging. The Pennefathers leave on Monday. Captain Hallett insists on Edward's staying till he goes to sea, so our own cook and steward come on Monday . . . and then Lord Lyons means to go to Corfu, and to be absent only three or four weeks.

J.'s Journal follows : —

On the 14th of April, 1858, I sailed in H.M.S. *Centurion* on a few weeks' cruise with the fleet, Lord Lyons having most kindly proposed my accompanying my husband, in consequence of his late severe illness and still delicate state. We took Evy and Crichton, my maid, with us. We started for Tunis first, sailed off and on, while Lord L. wrote letters, &c., for some hours—wind light. Sailed in two lines—*Royal Albert*, *Centurion*, and little *Swallow*, weather column ; *Conqueror* and *Princess Royal*, lee column.

*Thursday, 15th.*—Were becalmed for some hours. Pretty views of Pantellaria. Breeze sprang up in evening, and *Centurion* made all sail, and got up into her station.

*Friday.*—Fresh breeze N.N.W. *Conqueror* and *Princess Royal* being far to leeward, the Admiral joined them, and we all, in consequence, had to beat round Pantellaria against fine N.N.W. wind, which in the evening veered to N.N.E.

*Saturday morning.*—Were in Bay of Tunis becalmed, waiting for sea-breeze. *Royal Albert* and *Conqueror* got too close and grazed each other, a little damage to *Conqueror's* stern-gallery. 11.30, got breeze, and anchored at 2.30. Admiral, Miss Pearson, Mr. Arkwright, Mr. Smith, &c., came in Admiral's barge and took me to try and land on beach, and see something of ruins of Carthage—too much

surf, returned. I went with Captain Whyte to dine in *Royal Albert*. Edward, who had been gaining much the first two days, attacked with rheumatism in back; in much pain Saturday; better Sunday, stiff and hardly able to move.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Quiet on board all day. Sirocco wind.

*Monday, 19th.*—I went on board *Coquette* quarter to 9 to meet Admiral and party. Landed at Goletta. Found Consul-General Wood waiting to escort Admiral to Tunis. Admiral, Miss Pearson, self, and Consul-General, in Bey's grand coach, present from Queen Victoria, drawn by five mules; hot sun, pleasant breeze—drove to Mr. Wood's. Received by Mrs. W., sister and children. Miss P. and I went with a large party of gentlemen—Messrs. Arkwright and Smith, Captains Waddilove, Glyn, Lieut. Lyons, &c., through bazaar—curious scene. Asked price of Persian rug, £8; about double the price asked at Tottenham House—great cheats here—nothing tempting but a burnouse being worked for Mrs. Clive, £5 10s. ! Returned very hungry to luncheon at Consul-General's. (N.B. Tunis filthy place—smells, on entering, overwhelming.) Made slight purchases after luncheon—things brought in by dragomans—great cheats. . . . Returned with Admiral and Miss P. in Bey's coach. Rest in other carriages. Embarked in *Coquette* and went with Admiral on board flagship to dinner—a nice little party, very lively. E. much same. . . .

*Tuesday.*—I went on board *Coquette* at 9, taking Evy and Crichton, to be out of the way of target practice on board *Centurion*. They went with Miss P.'s maid and Admiral's valet in a carriage to the chapel of St. Louis, and returned to dine on board *Coquette*, where we found them on our return. Went again in Bey's grand coach, with Lord L., Miss P., and Mr. Davis, to see ruins of Carthage. Charming day, cool breeze, though warm sun. The view from St. Louis's chapel very fine; longed for Edward to sketch it in panorama. Bay of Tunis—chain of mountains opposite, reminding me of Scotland—two small pools of water at our feet, said to be the ancient harbours of Carthage, the four *modern* English line-of-battle ships anchored in bay—ancient and modern times embracing

each other—sun and sky smiling upon all now as then. Returning to the carriage drove over rough ground until we came to the last excavations; walked over rough ground and stood looking down into the chambers about sixteen feet—the tessellated pavements in fine bold scrolls; then went to site of ancient temple of Esculapius—fine view, much the same as from St. Louis's chapel. Apparent remains of staircase leading down to sea; thence to ancient cistern, very remarkable for size and solidity of workmanship—much more so than I had any idea of. Mr. Davis considers them Punic remains—doubtful I suspect; did not go to aqueduct, which is certainly *Roman*. Thence went in carriage to Mr. Davis's house, charming Eastern abode—marble court with basin and fish in centre, quite à la Alhambra; the house where Lord Exmouth was received after [? shortly before] bombarding Algiers, so said Mr. Davis. We greatly enjoyed a good luncheon in the cool pretty Moorish room; Mrs. Davis very lively, describing most graphically a journey taken into the interior with her husband. Guide, a Moorish servant of unquestionable worth and fidelity—a converted character, having entirely discontinued his ancient habit of murder—seven victims having fallen by his hands; Miss P. so charmed with 'Ali's' originality that she requested he might accompany the Davises on their visit to *Royal Albert*.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—Again met Admiral and party on board *Coquette*, and landed at Goletta; heavy swell, still more so than on preceding days. Miss Pearson and I in one of the Bey's carriages went on first and picked up Mrs. Davis and Miss —, and went on to the Bey's palace. We went to visit the ladies of the harem whilst the Admiral visited the Pacha in state. First were presented to 1st wife, whom we kissed on both cheeks; ladies all dressed in low dresses, or rather *chemises*, of silk woven with silver tissue, &c., not confined at waist; trousers of same sort embroidered in gold. 1st wife had magnificent diamond rings, &c.; an uninteresting person, not young, with grown-up children; no conversation, though Mrs. Davis could interpret. Were invited to sit down to refreshment and sherbet. Ramazan with them, so could not eat from



sunrise to sunset; a daughter of the Bey's painted our eyes and made them look dirty. From apartments of 1st wife to those of 2nd; handsomer rooms. 2nd wife not much more interesting than 1st; diamonds and emeralds, no beauty, but one rather good-looking but stupid Circassian slave. As we sat at refreshments here a prince came in to say the Bey wished to see us—the first time ladies have been received by him in public! We, in shabby travelling dresses, brown straw hats, &c., were ushered in to the assembly. Bey and Court 'en grande tenue,' Admiral and suite ditto; we curtsied low to the Bey and then took seats on his left hand, Admiral opposite—a smile in his eye. Admiral told us he had apologised for our travelling dresses, &c. I said, through interpreter, we were highly sensible of the honour done us by his Highness, and would speak much of it on our return to England. Bey condoled with me on my husband's illness, whom he had seen with Admiral last year, &c., and we were soon released and returned to apartments of 2nd wife. Prime Minister soon joined us here, and he speaking Italian, I managed a conversation with him, ill as I speak Italian. I asked him if he travelled, and told him the Prime Minister in England, however hard he worked during the year, always had holiday in the autumn (query, is it so?). He was a pleasant man and seemed extremely diverted with the novelty of the scene. Bey came in, but not being able to speak either French or Italian he soon retired. We then returned to Goletta, weather so threatening that Admiral put off his party on board from Thursday to Friday. Glad to find myself safe in *Centurion*; wind very high first watch, went down middle watch.

*Thursday.*—Heavy swell, still sirocco. Glad to stay with E. or should have been very sorry not to land again at Carthage. Edward very rheumatic all this time.

*Friday, April 23rd.*—About 11 signal from flagship 'ladies coming off,' so hastened into galley and went on board; found a deputation from the Princesses, who had sent Miss Pearson and me twenty large baskets of cakes and comestibles, and six small baskets of scents; returned suitable messages of thanks. Consul-General and party arrived in *Coquette*, also all the consuls and wives; the Davises and all their children went

over the ship, I arm in arm with Count Ruffo, interpreter to the Bey—had been three years in England and spoke well—had married an English wife, now absent in Italy—told me how many children he had, &c. . . . Went to luncheon; Count Ruffo, who was to have taken me, absent below smoking, so went with Spanish consul—stupid old fellow, good-natured—Mr. Davis on other side. After luncheon, dancing—rather slow—few officers forthcoming as partners; Tunisian ladies not very interesting. . . . Sailor came and danced hornpipe, and all departed about 5. I carried off my ten baskets on board *Centurion*, sent one piled up to Captain Baillie, *Princess Royal*—Miss P. having sent to Captain Yelverton; I sent one basket to wardroom, one to gunroom; officers complained next day of not having slept well in consequence!

*Saturday, 24th.*—Sailed at daylight with fresh wind off land, very pretty views of little Isle of Zembra a mile or two off, then Cape Bon twelve miles off, more tame—then, forty miles, Pantellaria; off Gozo Monday, stood off and on, and *Coquette* came out with letters Monday afternoon.

*Tuesday.*—After sunset, being off mouth of harbour, were not sorry to get leave to follow *Conqueror* into Bighi Bay for water; glad to replace brown hat which wind had carried into expectant arms of the sea a few days before.

*On Wednesday* Colonel Warre called and offered to send his carriage for me; accepted and landed after dinner at 3.30; shopped and paid several visits—Lady Pennefather, Mrs. Warre, Mrs. Whyte, Mrs. Pearson—dust horrible, glad to get on board again. . . . Lord Lyons most kind. . . .

*Tuesday, May 4th.*—Were near Corfu; but stood off, instead of going in.

*Wednesday.*—In afternoon made for North Channel, and entered it in evening; *very* fine scenery. Albanian hills streaked with snow, but seen only through mist, promising great beauty could we but see into the bosoms of the mountains. Pretty green Corfu on our right; did not go into Corfu, but anchored off Mount San Salvador.

*Thursday, May 6th.*—Rose with expectation of much enjoyment and, still better, of much health to be gained by Edward; a lovely morning, very calm, light N.-W. breeze—

hazy mountains still indistinct—promise of great beauty all round when Nature should raise her veil. Alas! a note from Lord Lyons that he did not mean to anchor but to return to Malta immediately; steward to land for stock and to remain fifty minutes only ashore. Telegram arrived that morning.

[J.'s Journal ends here.]

*From J. to General F. (alluding to this disappointment).*

H.M.S. 'Centurion,' at sea, May 8th, 1858.

. . . The doctor came in and strongly recommended E.'s applying for leave to remain a fortnight at Corfu, thinking it very undesirable he should return to Malta without a complete change of air—however, when we considered that he would have to land *immediately* without knowing what sort of accommodation he would get—be separated from his doctors and from the comforts he has on board—he not being able to rise from his chair without help, not having been out of his cabin for a fortnight—we did not venture upon it. Had I been able to go ashore first and make arrangements, it would have been different; we therefore decided to remain on board, and if necessary he would get leave on our return to Malta, and go wherever the doctors most recommend. . . . It is nine weeks to-day since he began to be ill.

Malta Harbour, May 13th, 1858.

I began this to send in by *Princess Royal* when she went on to take the 57th Regiment to Alexandria. . . . E. had yesterday a very kind letter from Mrs. Collinson (from Corfu) saying she and Lady Reid, whom I knew long ago, had been looking out for us, and planning even to take us in between them till we found lodgings. . . . We did not communicate beyond a line from E. enclosing a note Captain Collinson left here for his wife. . . . Poor Lady Dalrymple; what a sad end! We must feel much for Sir Adolphus. . . . I hope Henry White's marriage went off well. . . . Mrs. Warre is staying with the Pennefathers, who certainly are the very kindest people possible. She is going to England, and will settle her child there, and then join her husband in India.

. . . We have not seen the new Governor or Lady le Marchant yet. . . . Major and Mrs. Pearson suddenly departed during the absence of the fleet, he having exchanged . . . they are much regretted.

*E. to his Father.*

H.M.S. 'Centurion,' Malta, May 22nd, 1858.

. . . Jane and I are going to-day by the advice of the doctors to endeavour to renew my health and strength by change of scene and air. We go by a French steamer this afternoon which reaches Messina to-morrow (Sunday) morning, and goes on to Naples on Monday afternoon, getting there on Tuesday morning. We shall return by French steamer on the next Monday but one, reaching Malta on June 9th. I hope to be able to be a great deal in the open air, driving about to the spots most worth seeing; and also that we shall pass three or four days at Castellamare and Sorrento; and I also hope that I shall have got rid of the remains (or effects) of my rheumatism in the left hip, which keeps me lame still, though I have improved much lately; I can walk slowly with a stick now, and go up and down ladders and stairs, but I soon tire from want of strength which would soon come from walking exercise. . . . We shall see; but if I find that I do not get strong, and that I, who in my usual state stand heat like a salamander, am injured by it . . . I suppose I shall act prudently in bidding adieu to the *Centurion*. . . .

*From J. to General F.*

Verdala Tower (Malta), Sunday night, June 13th, 1858.

. . . You will not be surprised to hear that Edward is to be invalided; he meant to write himself, but is tired and had gone to bed early. Dr. Salmon came to-day and gave it as his decided opinion that Edward ought to be invalided on his own account and on that of the service; he does not in the least doubt his complete recovery in a few months—indeed, I do not think he considers there is much wrong but prostration of strength, which of course will be more quickly regained by going home—and after fourteen weeks on the







VICE-ADMIRAL ARTHUR FANSHAWE, C.B.

*(From a photograph, about 1859.)*

sick list it would not be right to continue there a month or two longer, which would be necessary if he were to remain here at this season. . . . Dr. S. advises our going by P. & O. steamer, 22nd, to Southampton. . . . I hope a very few visits to Dr. Bence Jones and then quiet and country air by-and-by at Nightingales will quite restore him. . . . Edward is quite satisfied with Dr. Salmon's decision, feeling himself quite unfit at present to command a ship. . . .

*From J. to General F.*

Head-quarters, Valletta [i.e. Sir J. Pennefather's],  
Tuesday, June 22nd, 1858.

. . . We are here awaiting the arrival of *Indus*, due to-day; this will go by Marseilles and tell you when we sail. . . . You would hear from Mama of the gratifying manner in which Lord Lyons expressed himself regarding *Centurion*—not only on inspection, but his whole experience of her state and management during the time of her being under his command. . . . We owe much to these kind friends, Sir John and Lady Pennefather, who do as much for us now as they did at Sliema, when Edward was so ill. I only hope we may have the opportunity of showing them attention in England. Captain Whyte takes such charge of us, thinking for us as well as doing for us. . . .

*Friday, 11 o'clock.*—*Indus* in sight; we shall sail this evening. . . .

*E. to his Father.*

Steamer 'Indus,' Tuesday, July 6th, 1858.

. . . We shall, I hope, get into dock about half-past 10 this morning, and be able to go on to London in the evening. I am very well in health, but very lame just now; I hope a few days will make a great improvement in that respect. I congratulate my mother and you on the anniversary. We saw (June 30th) both flag-ships at Gibraltar. [Lord Lyons was on his way home in *Royal Albert*; Admiral Arthur F. on his way out in the *Marlborough*. Both went on board the *Indus* to see E.] My uncle seemed very well, and proposed awaiting the arrival of a mail due next day. Lord

Lyons sailed, or rather steamed, the same afternoon, and must be not very far off if she has had fine weather. We had strong winds down the coast of Portugal, which must have obliged her [the *Royal Albert*] to stand off under sail. I enclose a note from Uncle Arthur. . . .

*From Admiral William Martin to General F.*

Admiralty, Whitehall, June 25th, 1858.

My dear Uncle,—I send you a letter I have just received from Lord Lyons. I am very glad that Edward is coming home.

Ever very truly yours,  
W. FANSHAWE MARTIN.

*From Lord Lyons (enclosed in above).*

H.M.S. 'Royal Albert,' Malta, June 17th, 1858.

MY DEAR MARTIN,—It was desirable for the service as well as for Fanshawe himself that he should invalid, and he has done so; but you may assure his family that the medical men have no doubt of the early re-establishment of his health. I inspected his ship yesterday, and really nothing could possibly be better than I found everything. He is an excellent officer, and (D.V.) will be a distinguished one. . . .

It was long before E. was fit for service again. He was convalescent, but suffering greatly from rheumatism and much crippled. After thorough treatment in London, he and J. and their family went to Nightingales, in Lancashire, to stay with Charles Cardwell, and here he remained till summoned to the deathbed of his father, who died November 3rd of this year (1858). In the early summer of 1859 E. was able to report himself as again fit for service, and in June he was appointed to the *Trafalgar*, a 90-gun screw line-of-battle ship, destined to join the Channel Fleet.

The *Trafalgar* was a fine ship and sailed well; originally she had been a three-decker, and, owing to the bluffness of her bow and stern, was a slow, bad sailer. Afterwards she, in common with other three-deckers, was completely altered and fitted for steam, with the small engines and low power usual at the time. She was cut down and converted into a two-decker, her stern removed and the ship greatly



lengthened, with a new stern having finer lines. This resulted in a different flotation, and instead of sailing, as before, on an even keel, she was now brought considerably 'down by the stern,' thus raising her bows and bringing their lower and finer lines to cut the water. This effect was increased by her foremast being shifted 6 feet further aft; her other masts remaining as before, with a greatly lengthened stern; the result was that her masts were concentrated in an unusual degree towards the centre of the ship, rendering her very manageable and 'handy' in tacking and turning. Thus the effect of fitting her for steam was to convert her from a bad sailer into a remarkably fine, good sailing ship.

So far, therefore, as the ship herself was concerned, it would have been a pleasure to command her; the drawback to E.'s satisfaction during the two years he had the *Trafalgar* arose from the inferiority of her crew, this being due to the methods of dealing with the *personnel* of the navy after the Crimean war. When peace was declared the Government reduced everything in sudden haste and paid off ships and men in hurried urgency. At this time a large body of highly trained excellent seamen were turned away in such haste that the men were much aggrieved and almost inclined to think that the Government had broken faith with them. The navy, in common with other departments, was reduced to the lowest scale. Then, in 1858, a coolness arose between Louis Napoleon and England—relations became strained—and every effort had to be made to enlarge the fleet and find men. Nearly the last ship to commission was the *Trafalgar*, and E. found all the good men taken up; it was difficult to man the ship at all, and this had to be done with 'the leavings.' Very unsatisfactory it was, and a very raw ship's company was the result. Out of 800 men only 100 had been in a man-of-war before, and scarcely any were fit to be made petty officers and act as leaders to the rest.

The difficulty affected officers as well as men: the commander was well-meaning and zealous, but not competent for his work, and, to add to the general confusion, had an accident which laid him up for two months during the crisis of difficulty in first training the men. The first lieutenant was inefficient, utterly inexperienced in the duties of a large ship, as he explained to E. upon his arrival. 'He would do his best—he had served in cutters on the fisheries and could speak French well—but had scarcely been in a

square-rigged ship, had never fitted out one, and knew nothing of the duties.' E. took his materials such as they were, and set to work—he assisted the first lieutenant with the words of command, did most of the commander's work as well as his own, and gladly recognised any glimmer of ability that might enable a man to be promoted as a petty-officer. He had two really capable petty-officers to start with, appointed to do the duties of midshipmen, of whom there were none. During the two years he commanded the ship twenty-two lieutenants and four masters passed through her, most of them useless and incompetent: a similar series of marine officers provided only about one who was efficient. There were, however, among the officers a few capable men who ably seconded his efforts to get order out of chaos—the gunnery-lieutenant, Nicholson (now Admiral Sir Henry Nicholson), Lieutenants William Cuming, Kennedy (now Admiral Sir William Kennedy), and Carr (now Vice-Admiral Carr). Throughout E.'s time in the ship she acquitted herself fairly well, but he always felt that her position was unstable, and rested on no solid foundation of general competency.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Channel fleet at this time was Sir Charles Fremantle; the second in command, Admiral Erskine, whose flag-captain was Caton; George Elliot was at first captain-of-the-fleet, succeeded by Robert Stopford, and among the other captains were Cockburn, and E.'s friend O'Callaghan, of the *Algiers*. Soon after commissioning, the *Trafalgar* was sent round to Portland for the training of her men. Much local excitement was caused there by the arrival of the *Great Eastern*, the biggest steamer yet built, destined for Transatlantic passages. She was an object of general interest at this time, and had just come down Channel on her first start; an inauspicious one, for a steam explosion had taken place, injuring several men and doing considerable damage to her saloons and fittings. E. belonged to Erskine's division of the fleet, but when they were detached for a cruise to Lisbon was unable to go with them because the *Trafalgar* had been so cheaply got ready at Woolwich that two of the most important parts of the ship—the head-knee, and the thrust-block of the screw—were showing signs of weakness; the ship was, therefore, left behind for repairs.

The *Trafalgar*, in common with part of the Channel fleet, had a severe experience of bad weather this autumn, being at sea in the great gale known afterwards as the 'Royal

*Charter storm*’ from the disastrous wreck of that large ship caused by it. The following letter and extract from the *Times* give an account of the fleet’s experiences :—

*To J.*

‘Trafalgar,’ Portland, October 26th, 8 P.M. [1859].

. . . Yesterday we had very heavy gales—a cyclone or circular storm, a gale from S.E., then a calm, then a violent storm from N.W. The barometer fell extremely low—to 28° 5’—and in making preparations for the storm two men fell off the jib-boom—one was hauled in over the bows, and the other caught a rope and was dragged until taken in insensible in a boat which we had just hoisted up when the gale increased. Our next adventure was with the Eddy-stone—just to leeward of us—‘we can’t weather it’:—so ‘hands wear ship’—and we wore round much nearer the breakers than I wish to be again. If we had had old N——, or any one of the old Admirals, the fleet would have been dispersed; but George Elliot managed us very well—as far as he could manage in such weather—and this morning we were all together except two frigates, *Mersey* and *Emerald*, supposed to have got into Plymouth—at least we saw the *Mersey* just before the N.W. storm struck us at 5 o’clock, with both her funnels up, exerting all her 1,000 horse-power in that direction; so I am looking forward to a good night’s rest. You know I am *very* short of officers—commander and one lieutenant on sick list and one lieutenant short, leaving two besides the first lieutenant, who does his best, but is not fit, so I ‘interfere’ a great deal. I don’t know how the maintop sail would get close-reefed if I did not do it! . . . The gale is said to have done some damage here, and to have been the severest they have known for some years. . . .

*Extract from the ‘Times,’ October 1859.*

#### THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE LATE GALE.

As the Channel fleet has experienced one of the heaviest gales that have visited our coasts for many years, a short description of this revolving storm and of the well-being and

doings of the fleet may not be uninteresting. The ships that comprised the squadron, under Rear-Admiral George Elliot, were the *Hero*, Captain Seymour, bearing the Admiral's flag; the *Trafalgar*, Captain Fanshawe; the *Donegal*, Captain Glanville; the *Algiers*, Captain O'Callaghan; the *Aboukir*, Captain Schomberg; the *Mersey*, Captain Caldwell; the *Emerald* and the *Melpomene*, Captain Ewart. The ships remained in Queenstown a week. On Saturday the Admiral received his orders to proceed with the fleet to sea. The harbour was filled with shipping, a fresh north wind blowing. The signal was made about 9 A.M. 'Up propellers,' shortly followed by 'Weigh; outward and leewardmost ships first.' This was immediately obeyed. The *Algiers* led out under all sail, followed closely by the *Aboukir*, *Melpomene*, *Emerald*, *Mersey*, *Trafalgar*, and *Hero*; the *Donegal* remained in port in consequence of the illness of her captain. The ships sailed out in beautiful style, threading their way through a quantity of shipping. Nothing occurred at sea worthy of note until Monday morning. On that day the winds were light. The fleet was formed in line of battle, targets were laid out, and the whole forenoon was devoted to gunnery practice. The practice was extremely good, notwithstanding a good deal of rolling motion.

On that afternoon several heavy storms of hail and sleet came from the N.W., and continued during the night, with very variable winds. After quarters at sunset the topsails were double-reefed, and courses reefed for the night. Variable winds still prevailed. Land was seen about the Land's-end and the Lizard lights sighted at about daylight, 6.30 A.M. The weather set in very dirty at S.E., with increasing wind and heavy rain. The third reefs were taken in the topsails about 9 A.M., and shortly after topgallantyards sent on deck; topgallantmasts struck by signal; and also a signal, 'Admiral will endeavour to go to Plymouth.' 'Form two columns; form the line of battle.' At 10 A.M. signal 'Prepare to move with bowers. Bend sheet cable.' The wind increased to a fury with rain towards 11 A.M., with very thick weather, the wind heading the ships off, so that it became doubtful if the sternmost ships could possibly get into the Sound, although it was probable the *Hero* and the headmost ships could get in; Admiral Elliot then, with the spirit of a British admiral, decided at once (although he knew his exact position, having made the Eddystone Light-house) to wear the fleet together, and stand off and face the



gale. Although the leading ships were in good positions to wear, it was not so with those in rear of the line. The *Aboukir* has just passed the Eddystone; the *Trafalgar* and *Emerald* were still in the rear, the *Trafalgar* having been detained to pick up a man who had fallen overboard from the jibboom, which was executed with great skill. The *Aboukir* immediately wore, set her courses, and dashed to windward of the lighthouse by carrying a press of sail, and weathered it half a mile, followed closely by the *Mersey*. The *Algiers*, *Melpomene*, and *Trafalgar* passed it very closely to leeward, as the Hand Deeps were under their lee. Added to these difficulties there was a perfect fleet of trawlers, vessels unmanageable while their trawl is towing, so that it required the greatest skill to avoid running them down.

What must have been the sight from the lighthouse—those leviathan ships darting about like dolphins round it in the fury of the storm, defying the elements, and the little trawlers with their masts bending like reeds to the gale! The signal was made to get up steam to secure the safety of the ships. The ships then got their canvas reduced and stood off the land. The *Mersey* and the *Melpomene* furled their sails and got up steam, the former stalwart ship moving along like an ocean giant. The gale still increased until about 3 P.M., remaining very thick with rain. About three it lifted; the wind fell, the sun shone, but the sea remained towering up and breaking. The barometer then stood at about 28° 50'. The *Hero*, *Trafalgar*, *Algiers*, *Aboukir*, and *Melpomene* were not far separated. Signal made: 'Form the order of sailing in two columns.' This was partially executed when, in a squall, the wind shifted to N.W. It then for some three hours blew a perfect hurricane, considerably harder than it had previously blown at S.E. The ships stood up well. The *Hero*, dauntless as her name, appeared to take it easy. The *Aboukir*, close to leeward of her, carried one reef out of her maintopsail through the whole of it; and the *Algiers*, the *Trafalgar*, and the *Melpomene* were all doing well. The former eased up her topsails in the squalls. The *Mersey* and the *Emerald*, it is supposed, had steamed into Plymouth, as they were not in sight. The ships kept in order through the night; they wore in succession by night signal at about 1 A.M., made the land at daylight near the Start Point, formed the line of battle by signal, got the steam up, and, carrying sail, came up Channel at about 11-knots speed,

steamed into Portland, and took up their anchorage without the loss of a sail, a spar, or a rope-yarn. This appears highly creditable to newly organised ships—some only a few months together, the senior not a year—and I hope it will tend to show that our mariners of England are not in that decay that some old gentlemen in the House of Commons are so glad to point out at all times and seasons. A little quiet organisation—not a continual harassing and worry at shifting sails and spars and killing men, but a fair exercise at guns, sails, &c.—will make our fleet a credit to the country and a safeguard to the nation.

The *Trafalgar* wintered at Portland, 1859–1860, and E. had J. and their children with him in lodgings at Weymouth. The following Christmas—that of 1860—they were lodging at Southsea, and the ship spent that winter at Portsmouth. A. D. F. was then a cadet on board the *Britannia*, which ship then lay at Portsmouth, and was commanded by E.'s old friend, Captain Harris. Another intimate friend at Southsea was Sir William Reid's daughter, Mrs. Basil Hall, well known for her hospitality to naval officers.

Early in 1860 E. was detached as senior officer for a cruise to Lisbon with a small squadron, consisting, besides the *Trafalgar*, of his old ship, the *Centurion*, and a frigate. He wrote to J. as follows:—

### *To J.*

H.M.S. 'Trafalgar,' Bay of Biscay, April 5th, 11 P.M. [1860].

. . . I don't myself expect a rupture with France, nor do I see anything in what Lord John Russell has said that ought to tend that way, though certainly to less intimacy. 'Ententes cordiales' are unsound relations between nations (I think), except for some temporary and definite object. Let the Government be, if possible, on friendly terms with all, and do whatever business the interests of England require with each in a friendly spirit, but no sentimental confidence in any. Nevertheless, I saw a *private* letter from our friend Captain Egerton, who gave as an 'on-dit' that the Emperor said 'Au diable l'alliance anglaise!' and Walewski 'Les Anglais veulent la guerre—ils l'auront.'

A lovely night; N.E. wind, but the weather sensibly warmer as we draw to the southward. *Centurion* close astern, as she used to be to *Royal Albert* in old times; my

stern gallery (now that it has got a lid to it) is a paradise for anyone who enjoys night scenes at sea. We are making a good passage as yet, and shall probably reach Lisbon on Monday, and sail for Plymouth between 16th and 19th, if no telegram comes to alter our orders. This occurs to me as being just possible, because the French have transferred three ships from Brest to Mediterranean. But this is mere speculation on my part. . . . I don't expect to meet many old friends there (i.e. at Lisbon); the Minister, Mr. Howard, is gone, and Sir Arthur Macgennis reigns in his stead. Smith, the Consul, is still there; and perhaps some of the Portuguese grandes may remember me if I fall in with them.

April 10th, 11 A.M.

Just anchored at Lisbon. A very good fine-weather passage. Was up most of last night. Have immediately asked all the captains, &c., to dinner. I mean to sail (unless unforeseen circumstances intervene) for Plymouth on Monday, 16th, in hopes that I may bring my little squadron safe and sound to Plymouth on about 25th. I am very well, and I hope the cruise will have done everybody good. . . . I am going presently to wait on the Ambassador. I wish my old acquaintances, the Howards, were here now. I have had no more small-pox, and, as this is the fifteenth (a critical) day, I hope we shall escape. Never was any green so brilliant as that of these fields, and the day, now we are fairly inside, is lovely. I wish you were here. Cintra must be in great beauty now. I don't suppose I shall go there, being afraid of telegrams from Admiralty. Good-bye; Cockburn waiting to land. . . .

In the summer of 1860 the *Trafalgar*, in company with the Channel fleet, went a cruise round the home coasts, putting in at various ports and sailing north to Edinburgh, where they lay in the Forth—an imposing array of ten line-of-battle ships anchored in two lines. Their reception was warm and hospitable, entertainments on shore and afloat being the order of the day; the fleet held a regatta, and many citizens came off to visit the ships at their anchorage, just above the present Forth Bridge, where the new naval station is about to be made.

E.'s last cruise in the *Trafalgar* was in the spring of 1861; he went with Admiral Erskine's division of the fleet to Lisbon, where his brother-in-law, C. Cardwell, joined him; and, the Admiral being an old friend of his, they had much pleasant intercourse together. A letter from C. Cardwell to his mother gives a landsman's impressions of life at sea with a fleet:

H.M.S. 'Trafalgar,' at Sea, Saturday, 6th April, 1861.

. . . Directly after I had sent off my last letter we unmoored, and led the squadron down the Tagus. On arriving outside we lay-to to allow the Admiral to pass us, and followed him on a westerly course to get clear of the land, as the wind generally blows from the north along the coast. The wind, which was light, soon died away, and we lay becalmed off the mouth of the Tagus for three days. Under ordinary circumstances I should have been tired of seeing the Cintra hills, fine as they are; but there was constantly something interesting going on—working the great guns, rifle and sword drill, &c. These, with a good library and agreeable companions, made the time pass pleasantly and kept *ennui* at a distance. On Tuesday afternoon a light breeze sprang up, and we began gradually to move ahead. About 10 P.M. the drum beat to arms, it being supposed that an enemy had suddenly made his appearance. The crew came rushing up the hatchways, carrying their hammocks, which were soon stowed away; the magazines were opened, the guns cast loose, and four rounds of blank cartridges fired in a very short time. I then went round the ship with Fanshawe, including the cockpit, where the surgeons were waiting for the wounded, with their tourniquets, &c., in readiness; the inspection over, the drums beat the retreat, the hammocks were again slung, and all the men, except the watch, were soon fast asleep. When we had finished the *Diadem* commenced action, and the effect of the light proceeding from her last broadside was extremely grand.

Wednesday morning all the ships, by order from the Admiral, hove to, and sent out a target for practice by the great guns. I watched the firing with much interest, especially at the conclusion, when they were trying some live shells. At night the Admiral beat to quarters, and went through the forms of an engagement, as we and the *Diadem* had done on the previous evening. During the night the breeze freshened, and we have been running on merrily ever since, making generally from seven to ten knots an hour,





H.M.S. 'TRAFALGAR,' CHANNEL FLEET, ABOUT 1861  
(From a lithograph published by Griffin, Portsmouth.)



with a smooth sea and a bright sky. For a time last night it was rather foggy, and it is hazy at present, with a threatening of rain; but we are still going ahead, and if this breeze lasts shall make a good run in spite of the three days' calm. We had a great alarm last night about 9 o'clock of a 'Man overboard!' The lifebuoys were cut loose and every measure taken to stop the ship and lower a boat, when it was discovered that in falling from the yardarm he had providentially caught hold of a rope, and had been enabled to hold on till assistance arrived, and he was drawn back into the ship. This was most fortunate, as the poor fellow could not swim, and even if he had been a good swimmer the chance of saving him would have been small, the lights of both lifebuoys having missed fire; and, as we were going ten knots an hour, the boats would have had a long way to pull without anything to guide them to the spot where he might be found. The man took it very coolly, and when he was summoned to appear before the surgeon it was found that he had returned to the yard whence he had fallen to finish his work. He was immediately ordered down, as it was considered probable that his nerves, at least, might have been shaken; but this seems not to have been the case, and I fear he will hardly profit by his warning so far as even to learn to swim.

*Sunday, 7th.*—The breeze died away this morning, and when we came on deck after service we found ourselves enveloped in a fog. This soon turned to heavy rain, which continued all night. Monday morning the fog returned for a short time, but was soon dispersed by a strong breeze from the north-east.

*Wednesday, 10th.*—The breeze continued till this morning, and as a mere question of sailing it has been pleasant enough, but having constantly to beat up against it we make but little way. Yesterday morning on awaking I found the ship had lain over so much in the night that all the tables &c. had been swept, and their contents were lying in a heap on the lee side of the cabin. In the morning we were off the Lizard, and in the afternoon saw Pendennis Castle and the vessels in Falmouth Harbour. We are now in sight of Eddystone, and hope that this tack may take us as far as Plymouth; but our movements are very uncertain, as the breeze has become light without any improvement in its direction. The weather has, however, with slight exceptions, been pleasant, and I have become sociable with the officers both of the ward- and gun-rooms, so that if it were not

that I am anxious to get home for business I should not care how long the voyage lasted. . . .

While at Lisbon E. received his appointment as captain-superintendent of Chatham dockyard, a most welcome event, ending the days of family separation and bringing with it the joy of a settled home.

The house at Chatham dockyard required doing up, and while waiting to get into it E. paid a visit to the Collinsons, he now a colonel on the Engineer staff at Chatham. Early in June 1861 the dockyard house was ready; E. and J. settled in it, and for two and a half years enjoyed home life with their family. Many relations and friends stayed with them, and some of their military and clerical neighbours were pleasant friends too.

Professionally these years were of much interest: the change was now taking place which substituted iron ships and armour-plating for the wooden walls of old England, and one of the earliest examples of this change was the *Royal Oak*, built in Chatham dockyard. She had been laid down as a wooden 90-gun ship, and during E.'s time at Chatham was lengthened and built up as a wooden ship armour-plated, and was launched in September 1862. The first iron ship of the new class was also built under his superintendence, the armour-plated *Achilles*, which was floated out of dock three weeks after he left. Other smaller vessels were launched in E.'s time, but the chief dockyard interests of these years lay in the building of the two above-named ships; in the alterations in plant and in working-skill necessitated by the change from wood to iron as building material; and in the extensive works for enlarging the dockyard which were then in progress.

The changes now taking place in methods of work were not made without labour troubles. The ironworkers of the dockyard—a newly hired body of about 100 men—believing themselves all-important to shipbuilding progress, resolved to strike work unless the authorities acceded to their demands and excluded the permanent (or "established") shipwrights from any share in working in iron. The men proceeded in a body to the captain-superintendent's office and requested an interview, their leaders declaring their resolve in rather grandiloquent speeches, bringing in, somewhat irrelevantly, the names of Napoleon and Wellington. E. replied that, whatever other connection these great men might have with the subject, there was one point strongly



characteristic of them—that they never allowed themselves to be dictated to by those under their orders; on that point he fully shared their views. He therefore gave orders to the police at once to escort these leaders out of the dockyard and never permit them to re-enter it, except on the appointed day for receiving their pay. To the rest of the men, hanging about uncertain and leaderless, he gave ten minutes to make up their minds: if in that time they decided to return to work, well and good; if not, they too would be permanently excluded from the dockyard. As, when the time came, they still demurred, the order was given, and the police marched them to the gates, registering the names of all those so excluded, that no dockyard should employ them again.

This settled the troubles at Chatham, and the question of finding other ironworkers was successfully met. Enquiry among the dockyardmen showed that several skilled ironworkers had taken temporary employment as labourers; these men were singled out and set to work, each assisted by a trained shipwright. The dockyard 'established' shipwrights were highly skilled, intelligent men, and, though unacquainted with iron as working material, were eager to learn. They quickly acquired ease in handling iron and in their turn taught others, so that iron shipbuilding was soon again in full swing. After a while the new work could be clearly distinguished by greater neatness and accuracy than that of the discharged ironworkers, who indeed knew their material, but did not deal with it so carefully and intelligently as the trained shipwrights.

Reminiscences of former times were not wanting at Chatham: the *Daphne* lay dismantled close by in the Medway, and the old *Chatham* yacht, in which E. and J. had gone trips with the Shirreffs, still belonged to the captain-superintendent's office and still sailed about in the Medway. Her chief expedition at this time was to take J. and a party down to Sheerness on March 5, 1863, when the Princess Alexandra was received at the Nore and escorted to Windsor for her marriage with the Prince of Wales.

In 1863, on December 3rd, E. became a Rear-Admiral and vacated his Chatham appointment. Having some months before sold his house in Rutland Gate, he and J. were during the next summer looking out for another. Meanwhile Sir Adolphus Dalrymple lent them Delrow for a time, and they went later to the Edward Cardwells' house, Barrow Green, near Oxted, in Surrey. In the autumn of

1864 they settled at 63 Eaton Square, and continued to live there when, in March 1865, E. was appointed a Naval Lord of the Admiralty. For about two months before this he had been acting on the Board of the Thames Conservancy as one of the naval members nominated by the Admiralty, but this he resigned on receiving his new appointment. In these times they lost many near relations: E.'s uncle, Sir Arthur Fanshawe, died June 14th, 1864; on the 16th June, 1865, his mother's death took place, followed on July 28th by that of J.'s mother. On March 3rd, 1866, Sir Adolphus Dalrymple died, leaving Delrow to E., and for the next two years he and his family lived alternately there and in London.

E.'s work at the Admiralty was very congenial to him; the Duke of Somerset was First Lord, and E. had a very high regard for the ability, fairness, and powers of work of his chief, and felt great satisfaction in serving on his board. The chief work of his own department was the ordnance, an interesting subject at that time, when breechloaders and heavy rifled guns were being introduced.

In July 1865 the Admiralty, E. included, went a trip to the French northern ports, which proved interesting, and amusing as well. They first visited Cherbourg and received an enthusiastic greeting from the French. From Cherbourg they crossed to Guernsey and Jersey, visited St. Heliers and inspected the training ship, and drove past the house of the commanding Royal Engineer, which had been E.'s home as a boy when his father filled that post.

On the way back from Jersey to Cherbourg, the Admiralty were to see Mont St. Michel. They reached Granville about 7 A.M., and drove on to Genets on the east side of the deep bay of St. Michel; the hill being on the west side, and the distance considerable. It was arranged, therefore, for the Admiralty to go direct across the bay, which could be done at low water, and the drive, though a longish one, would be got through in good time. At Granville a grand char-à-bancs had been procured for the high officials, with driver in magnificent livery and enormous boots; as an extra a little phaeton was provided, with a pair of clever-looking horses, and a sharp driver minus the boots and outfit. E. at once decided that this last was the vehicle for him, and took his place in it, followed by two more of the party; the Duke, with his guest, Lord Ripon, and the rest, were duly driven off in the grandeur of the big turn-out.

When they got to Genets the Mayor received them, but

insisted on delay, as the tide was sluggish in ebbing, and the sands not safe but liable at this time of tide to become quicksands. After considerable delay they were allowed to start; the Duke, taking warning by the Mayor's serious words and dubious looks, changed his seat for one in the phaeton; on it went ahead, and soon came to the first of many streamlets in the sands where the ebbing tide was still making its way to the sea. It had dug itself a little ditch, and their driver, knowing his ground, cheerfully urged on his horses and charged down it and up the other side. Safe over, he drew rein to look what the heavy vehicle would do. On it came, and its gorgeous coachman charged as a forlorn hope—much splashing, much shouting and excitement: all in vain—down it went into the ditch, but no available horse-power would fetch it out the other side. The phaeton horses were taken to assist, but all that could be managed was to drag it out the way it had come, leaving its passengers disconsolate. Their only resource was to take off shoes and stockings, turn up trousers and run, charging the quicksands on foot. The phaeton-driver was delighted and enjoyed himself immensely. 'Tenez,' said he, 'voyez celui-là—il court comme le diable.'

The phaeton duly arrived at the Mont St. Michel causeway, where the Mayor and officials received the Duke and his three companions. Occasionally one and another of the remaining distinguished foreigners plashed up wet and shoeless to join the group, and by degrees most of the stragglers became re-united to their boots, though at least one naval captain failed in this, and pattered barefoot into the Cathedral where the British Admiralty were sitting in state among high ecclesiastical dignitaries. Thus did the quicksands of St. Michel maintain their ancient character; which dated at least from the days of the Bayeux Tapestry, whereon Queen Matilda depicted a large and powerful Harold saving little Normans from their treacherous suction.

At Brest the Admiralty stayed three or four days, and a great reception was given them: the Emperor had sent down the Théâtre-Français to give a play; there was a great ball on board a large dismantled line-of-battle ship brought alongside the wharf; there were processions through the streets amid great crowds, trainsful of sightseers having come from Paris to look at 'les Anglais; ' full dress was the order of the day, enthusiastic cheering, bands perpetually playing 'Partant pour la Syrie' and 'God save the Queen,' till at last E.'s neighbour and host exclaimed, 'Ah! voilà

donc, que l'on part encore une fois pour la Syrie.' There was a great state service at Brest, the French ' *État-major* ' conducting the English Admiralty with much ceremony up to the church; Monsieur de Chasseloup-Laubat, the French ' *Ministre de la Marine*, ' escorting the Duke of Somerset, and the English and French officers following, paired off together. During a pause in the service E.'s neighbour glanced at the two chiefs in front and gently whispered, ' *Monsieur, je trouve que la perruque de M. le Duc est une meilleure perruque que celle de M. de Chasseloup-Laubat.* ' ' *Ah! mais non,* ' responded E. politely, ' *je trouve que la perruque de M. de Chasseloup-Laubat est une excellente perruque.* '

One or two little facts leaked out to the comfort of British minds accustomed to think 'how much better they do these things in France.' The English naval attaché had witnessed the anxious countenance with which the French high official had been himself arranging the names round the banqueting table up to the very moment when with calm dignity he received his visitors; and at the banquet itself E. became gratefully conscious that his ears were not dinned with musical sounds, and he observed whispered messages passing among the French officials; the secret was divulged by some one behind the scenes: jealousy existed between the Mediterranean and Brest fleets; no positive order having been received from superior authority, the band of each was hanging back and neither appeared. On the whole, however, things were admirably managed, and the reception most hospitable and cordial.



## CHAPTER XVII

## MALTA DOCKYARD—NORTH AMERICAN COMMAND

IN July 1866 Lord Russell's Government went out of office, and the then Board of Admiralty ceased to exist. E. therefore settled down to home life with his family at Eaton Square and at Delrow. His next appointment came in 1868, and was that of admiral-superintendent of Malta dockyard. He and J. sailed for that destination on their silver wedding day, May 11th, in the troopship *Crocodile*. The Abyssinian war was at this time just over, King Theodore having put an end to himself on General Napier's approach to Magdala. Theodore's little son, Alamaio, a boy of seven, was taken home to England, and passed through Malta, where he stayed some days in charge of a military officer who spoke his language. He seemed a quiet, gentle little fellow, and was taken charge of by Queen Victoria and well cared for, being sent later to the charge of Dr. Jex Blake at Rugby, where he acquired a reputation for plenty of intelligence in the ordinary affairs of life, but a hopeless obtuseness with regard to book-learning. He died early, at the age of nineteen, and a brass in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, commemorates his short life.

The great event in the Mediterranean during E.'s two years at Malta was the opening of the Suez Canal in the autumn of 1869. The Empress Eugénie performed the ceremony in great state, and a large concourse of spectators flocked to Ismailia, some of whom touched at Malta in their yachts; and it was a season of stir and excitement throughout the Mediterranean. E. did not go to the opening of the Canal, being left in command at Malta, while the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Alexander Milne, with Lady Milne, went to the ceremony.

The opening of the Canal made an immediate change in the routine of the fine Indian troopships, whose periodical calls at Malta were a feature of the port. Hitherto they had disembarked their troops at Alexandria, or at Suez, to

proceed by rail across the Isthmus to the sister ship waiting at the opposite side, to convey them to their home—or Indian—destination. From this time the Indian troopships went through the Canal with no break in the voyage, thus making the latest improvement in the direct transit to India since E. came home from the *Cruizer* in the early days of Waghorn's overland route.

Great enlargements of Malta dockyard were beginning in E.'s time, which were in progress for years and eventually increased it to double its former size. About this time came out the new scheme for retirement of naval officers, the age of retirement for Admirals being fixed at 65, but with the option to actual flag-officers of electing to remain on the old scheme and stay on the active list till 70. As E. only knew of the scheme about three weeks before it came into force, and being abroad had no means of ascertaining what was generally thought about its effect, he took no step about it, and in default of doing so came under the rules of the new scheme.

In June 1870 E. was promoted to Vice-Admiral and left Malta, bringing away pleasant recollections of some close and lasting friendships formed there, notably with the Governor, Sir Patrick Grant,<sup>1</sup> and his family. E. and his party went in the *Psyche*, despatch-vessel of the fleet, to Marseilles, encountering a good dusting from a 'mistral' in the Gulf of Lyons. They travelled through France just before the outbreak of the Franco-German war, stopping among other places at Dijon, where a sentry, as they passed, remarked audibly and unnecessarily upon 'ces coquins d'Anglais.' Before long he, no doubt poor fellow, had more call upon him for deeds than for words, and more cause to remark on the Germans than the English. A couple of months later the Empress Eugénie tasted the bitter change from the height of power and splendour at Ismailia to the obscurity of a refugee in England, as is graphically pictured by Dicey in his book on the Khedivate.

E. was not long unemployed, for in September of this year (1870) he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian station. The appointment came rather unexpectedly; for, though it was known that the command of the Channel Fleet would soon be vacant, that of North America was held by E.'s old friend Admiral Wellesley. The Admiralty, however, brought Wellesley home to the Channel and offered E. the North

<sup>1</sup> General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.; afterwards Field-Marshal and Governor of Chelsea Hospital.





H.M.S. 'ROYAL ALFRED,' FLAGSHIP NORTH-AMERICAN STATION, 1870

*(From a lithograph published by Griffin, Portsmouth.)*



American command; he and his family sailed in a fortnight and were joined a few months later by A. D. F. as flag-lieutenant. The routine of the station divided the Admiral's year into two pretty equal parts, with his summer headquarters at Admiralty House, Halifax, and that for the winter months at the pretty rural bungalow of Clarence Hill, Bermuda. Wellesley was at Halifax, and the change of admirals took place there a few weeks before the flagship *Royal Alfred* made her annual voyage to Bermuda. She was one of the early ironclads, a wooden armour-plated screw steamship, similar to the *Royal Oak*, whose building E. had superintended at Chatham. She carried 18 broad-side guns, and her tonnage was 4,068. The flag-captain was Nicholson (now Admiral Sir Henry Nicholson); secretary, Mr. Penfold; commanders, first Seymour Curtis and later H. J. Carr (now Admiral Carr, a constant friend).

The passage to Bermuda was apt to be tempestuous in autumn, from the fact that it crossed the current of the Gulf Stream, whose waters were comparatively warm, while the air and the northern seas at this season were at very low temperature. The line of contact between the warm and cold water was at times very sharply defined, and on one voyage the seas of the Gulf Stream were seen steaming into the frosty air like warm water from a bath. Buckets of sea water drawn up every few minutes as the ship sailed across the boundary gave curious evidence of the sudden change of temperature, the water of one feeling icy cold and that of the next lukewarm to the touch.

The entrance of the ship to Bermuda was interesting to watch from the intricacy of the channel through the coral reefs by which the island is surrounded, and of which indeed it consists; while the beauty of the little place was a constant pleasure—no large or striking features, but undulating hilly land, well wooded with cedar and palmetto, steep rugged cliffs of no great height; and a curiously mixed outline of land and water, due to its innumerable little coral islets; while the brilliant emerald green of the sea, the purple of many coral shoals, and the smooth white sand of occasional little bays among the rocks, combined to give real charm of colouring. Gardening was easy, palm and bamboo easily grown, though not indigenous, orange trees and bananas in plenty, ferns growing wild in the marshes, while during the spring the whole islands were a mass of flower from the hedges and shrubs of oleander which grew rampant everywhere. The red and blue birds, a

cardinal and a blue robin, gave great charm to the gardens and groves with their brilliant plumage.

The feature of the place, from a naval point of view, lay, of course, in the dockyard, then in charge of Captain Aplin. At this time works were nearly completed in connection with the great iron floating dock, which had been built and sent out from England, and which before long proved its capacity by taking in the *Royal Alfred* for repairs. Not far from the dockyard is the naval cemetery, containing the tombs of several admirals, among others that of Sir John Colpoys. Bermuda had a great fascination for the scientific staff of the exploring ship *Challenger*, Captain Nares, which visited it in the latter part of E.'s period of command. Sir Wyville Thomson and his assistants found great interest in its coral formation, sand-drifts, and rock structures. The Governor of Bermuda during the first winter was Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, with whom and with Lady Gore-Browne E. and J. formed a close and lifelong friendship. They were succeeded at Government House by General Sir Henry and Lady Lefroy; Sir Henry, being a scientific man, took special interest in the *Challenger's* visit.

Several months during the winter were always spent by the Admiral in going round the West Indies, &c., both for purposes of fleet exercise and for visiting the station. Barbadoes, the head-quarters of the Windward Islands, was at this time governed by Sir Rawson Rawson, with whom E. stayed, while here as elsewhere the flagship's arrival was greeted with various festivities. Once at least E. paid an interesting visit to Demerara, where he and the fleet had a very warm reception. He stayed at Government House with his flag-lieutenant, the secretary being taken in by the head of the firm of Sandbach, Parker, & Co., who at that time was a leading man in the place. Hospitality flowed freely, and a great ball was given, at which the first lighting up by the newly installed gas took place. The Governor also organised an excursion up the Essequibo river, and they went up stream beyond the alluvial region of Demerara to the verge of the forest where the 'greenheart' timber is grown, valuable for the keelsons of ships. Near this district was the convict establishment, surrounded by woods, where food was difficult to procure, and murder by the natives a very probable fate for any prisoner who attempted escape. Such attempts were in consequence very improbable, and a fair amount of liberty could be allowed to the convicts.

E. was also taken to visit the leper establishment upon an isolated island; the poor inmates were to be seen in every stage of the disease, they were well cared for by their own doctors, and kindly treated, so that E.'s chief impression was one of surprise at their marked cheerfulness. No doubt a visit from the Governor and Admiral with their staffs was an interesting event, causing a little excitement in their circle. On this river trip they landed upon another island, totally deserted, at the lower part of the river, where were the overgrown ruins of an old Dutch fort. Having a little time to spare, they explored it and noted its situation, a very suitable one for warning off strangers who might be tempted to intrude upon what was then Dutch soil. Attached to it was an old outhouse, which appeared never to have been entered for many years; they proceeded to explore, and found it entirely filled up with empty gin bottles of antiquated form, whose contents had evidently ministered to the solace of the isolated garrison in times of old.

From Demerara E. went to Trinidad, a most beautiful island, where expeditions to the curious 'pitch lake' and elsewhere gave opportunities for seeing the glorious tropical foliage. Here, in an island which had never belonged to the French, but which had passed direct from Spain to England, French is the almost universal language of the negroes, the reason of this being that, at the time of the repression in San Domingo of the barbarous native rising there during the French Revolution, refugees came over in such numbers to Trinidad as to swamp its black population and to substitute French for the Spanish hitherto spoken there. At one little secluded place in the mountains E. was, however, surprised to find Spanish still spoken by the negroes, a little colony of them having kept isolated and retained their original European language.

St. Vincent in E.'s days was also one of the most beautiful of the West Indian Islands. He and his party went up the Souffrière, enjoying the loveliness of the vegetation and the fine mountainous scenes, now (1904) all rendered desolate by the recent terrible volcanic eruptions. The flagship touched at St. Pierre, Martinique, now a half-buried city, the scene of even greater horror and desolation than St. Vincent. At Fort de France he walked up to look at the statue of the Empress Josephine, who here in her native place had met her first husband, General Beauharnais.

On leaving Barbadoes one winter, E. took with him General Monro, who commanded the troops in the Islands



and wished to inspect his district, a very agreeable man and a botanist of distinction. At Antigua they rode together from English Harbour past Falmouth parish church, a distance of twelve miles, to visit the barracks. In passing the cemetery General Monro was struck by a monument in memory of General Beatson, the only upright stone standing, everything in the cemetery having been levelled by an earthquake except this and a few 'altar' tombs. While the General was reading the record of General Beatson, E. strolled on to one of these latter, and found to his great interest and surprise that it bore the name of his father's eldest brother, Captain Robert Fanshawe, who had died here in 1804 while in command of the *Carysfort* on this station.

Antigua was an island much harried by visitations of the elements and of sickness. In August 1871 it had been visited by a hurricane which caused considerable havoc, and yellow fever was apt to be rife. E. visited Shirley heights, and was much struck by the magnificent situation, high and airy, and to all appearance splendidly healthy. Here very fine barracks had been built some years before, regardless of expense, of Portland stone, with iron beams, 'jalousies' of steel, and every desirable fitting. At the back of the height, however, was an unhealthy little native settlement, and the beautiful new barracks proved a pest-house, and had eventually to be abandoned. The cemetery was full of the graves of officers and men who had died here of yellow fever, and when E. saw the place the deserted buildings had fallen into decay, the floors were covered with rust flaking from the beams, and the scene was one of desolation.

E. visited Jamaica every year, stayed with the Governor, Sir John Peter Grant, at the quiet old capital, Spanish Town, and also at his cottage, in the beautiful scenery of the Blue Mountains. In the archives of the island kept at Government House, he found a spirited account of the conduct of the authorities in the great catastrophe that took place in 1692, about forty years after the English conquest of Jamaica. Its chief commercial town, Port Royal, was entirely and permanently submerged by an earthquake, with all public establishments and the whole of its commercial apparatus; loss of life was very great, and dismay universal. The surviving authorities of the place instantly chartered an old merchant hulk, and there continued to carry on the local government; they proceeded to discuss where to found the new seaport, thoroughly examined the question, made





CAPTAIN ROBERT FANSHAW, R.N., ELDEST SON OF 'THE COMMISSIONER'  
*(From a picture in the possession of Rev. H. L. Fanshawe.)*



their decision, and then and there bought a piece of land, and founded the present town of Kingston.<sup>1</sup> At Jamaica E. met the well-known traveller and artist Miss North, who was there painting foliage and flowers; she afterwards presented her valuable collection of botanic paintings to Kew Gardens, and built there a gallery to contain them, also a gift to the nation.

The flagship went once at least to Havana, the only place in the West Indies professing to be a fine town, not very imposing however in its sleepy decadence and without the great natural beauty of the other West Indian capitals. Ships of five nations were lying in the harbour—American, German, and Russian, besides the Spanish and English. The Russian Grand Duke Alexis was on board his country's flagship, and gave prizes for an international regatta; while the Spaniards got up a grand ball in his honour on board a warship moored to the shore. A curious musical medley was to be heard each morning in the confined space of Havana harbour, when each ship hoisted her colours to the strains of her own national anthem, and, according to courteous custom, followed it up with the national airs of foreign warships in company. The sequence differed with each ship, and each had a powerful band, so that the effect was more striking than harmonious.

Far more attractive than Havana was the neighbourhood of Matanzas, thirty miles along the coast further east, where there are stalactite caves of extreme beauty and great extent. Cuba at this time was in its chronic condition of rebellion, and one summer while E. was at Halifax the report that a transport had arrived in the Bay of Fundy, and was endeavouring to obtain recruits for the insurgents, caused him and the lieutenant-governors of provinces to take steps to prevent any such enlistment of men. Slavery still prevailed in the island, and an enquiry from home on the subject of the slave trade with its coasts caused E. to make special investigation and to send the following reply, dated March 13th, 1872:—

. . . . On my arrival at Havana on the 6th inst. I made enquiries from the Consul-general on the subject of the importation of slaves from the African coast. He informed

<sup>1</sup> At the time of E.'s first visit, Kingston had long been the chief town of the island, and immediately afterwards the seat of government was transferred thither, thus making it in every sense the capital. The old capital, founded by the Spaniards in 1523, and renamed by the English 'Spanish Town,' thus lapsed into obscurity, after having been for 350 years the seat of government

me that reports of the landing of isolated cargoes prevailed from time to time, but that there had not been an authenticated case for several years. The cost of a slave in Africa is said to be about £5 or £6, and the ordinary value in Cuba is £150, therefore there is strong temptation to import. But during the last four years the civil war has much reduced the demand for labour, and at the same time increased the risk of capture, the operations of the war having caused the employment of gunboats round the coast, &c. . . . there does not appear cause to be apprehensive of a revival of the slave trade at present. . . .

From the West Indies E. one year took the *Royal Alfred* up the Chesapeake to Annapolis, where Commodore Warden and the staff of the U.S. Naval College received him with pleasant hospitality. He visited Baltimore and stayed a few days at Washington, where Sir Edward Thornton was English Minister. E. had an interview with President Grant, and was afterwards told that the taciturn General had talked more during those ten minutes than he had been known to do for long. At other times E. and his family went short trips to the Northern States, visited New York, and stayed in Vermont with their kind American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton, who took them a driving expedition in the White Mountains. (Mr. Stoughton was some years afterwards U.S. Minister at St. Petersburg.)

The flagship one year went up to Quebec, where E. found his old *Daphne* Lieutenant, 'Paddy' Ashe, established as Government astronomer. E. travelled through the country, saw Niagara, and stayed at Ottawa with Lord Lisgar, who was then Governor-General, succeeded soon after by Lord Dufferin. During this stay in Canada the autumn colouring was most gorgeous and beautiful, particularly striking along the Ottawa, and on Orleans Island in the St. Lawrence. Going down the St. Lawrence another object of interest was a curious mirage: a little island not far off, with a lighthouse standing up on its highest point, had the image of the lighthouse reversed close above the original, with that of the island and every detail represented in the air above as clearly and vividly as if in a mirror. In these northern parts auroras were constantly visible; a very beautiful one, one night at Halifax, took the form of a curtain, its lower folds forming an arch and its drapery represented by streamers of white light flickering upwards



in the sky. A very different and peculiar aurora was seen from the ship once in the West Indies and was afterwards found to have been visible also in Europe—this was a steady rose-coloured glow over at least half the sky, remaining constant for about an hour, and so decided in colour that the constellations shone through upon a red ground.

The General and Lieutenant-Governor, the first part of E.'s time at Halifax, was Sir Hastings Doyle, a most kind and good friend, and a man whose tact and good management during these times when the Dominion of Canada had been recently formed had had much influence in making the change acceptable in Nova Scotia. Prince Louis of Battenberg was now doing his early service in the navy as midshipman on board the *Royal Alfred*, and Lieutenant Robert Stopford, son of E.'s cousin and old friend, belonged to her for a time and acted temporarily as flag-lieutenant. Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Kingscote, and Mr. Poë of the Marines (now Colonel Poë, C.B.), also belonged to the ship and continued friends in later years. Among the captains of ships in the fleet were several who remained friends of later times—David Miller, for instance, and Hoskins (afterwards Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins).

Ships are apt to have on board pets, but one ship of the fleet had a remarkable one—a pet *man*. Some of the *Niobe's* crew came across him in Newfoundland, an old fisherman hailing from England, now past all work, and longing to return to his native land. The men begged their captain to allow them to keep him, promising that he should be no expense to the Government, for they themselves would provide him with food and with clothes. They were as good as their word, and for two years they kept him and treated him with the utmost care; they never allowed him to do any work, but would let him put in a bit of advice, read a line of the Bible, or check a bad word; and they tended him carefully when he flagged in the heat of the West Indies. On arriving in England to pay off the ship they made a subscription, and one of the petty officers saw him home to his own village, and settled him down there.

Care was necessary on the North American station at this time (as perhaps always) to guard against desertions from the army and fleet, as the high rate of pay in the United States was apt to tempt the men away. Great part of the naval duties was connected with protection of the fisheries, and irritation existed at this time between the United States and ourselves. In 1871 a special

commissioner was sent out from England to Washington to confer on the subject; this was Mr. Rothery, who with Mrs. Rothery remained some time in the States; they were intimate friends of E. and J.'s, and it was a disappointment that no meeting could be planned. In May 1871 a treaty was signed at Washington, and the fisheries question with the United States ceased to exist.

Far more serious and important was the state of friction prevailing between the French and ourselves on the Newfoundland coasts. The French rights of fishing on part of the coast dated from 1713 when Newfoundland was ceded wholly to England by the treaty of Utrecht, certain fishing privileges being reserved to France. These rights were confirmed by the treaty of Paris in 1763; and by the treaty of Versailles in 1783 the boundaries of the coast on which the French had fishing rights were altered; 'declarations' were also exchanged between the Sovereigns of England and France, in which an interpretation of the treaties more favourable than hitherto to France was admitted, the English King engaging to 'take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner by their competition the fishery of the French. . . .' Upon these words the French claim to 'exclusive' rights was, no doubt, founded, for the wording of the treaty of Utrecht seems to give no ground whatever for such claim; in 1815, when the treaty of Vienna was arranged, the English Government unfortunately neglected to annul, or to strictly define, the limits of these foreign rights upon English shores. The result was what no doubt might have been expected. With the increase of population and development of the island the French rights were more keenly felt as hampering its progress and hindering British industry on its own soil. The term *poisson*, as inserted in the treaties, referred exclusively to cod, the only fish then known on these coasts; but as salmon-fishing developed, and lobster-canning became a large trade, the French claimed rights over these also: to bar the rivers against the ascent of the salmon, and to deter the colonists from any capture of lobster on the part known as 'the French shore.' They also used the treaty-privilege of erecting stages ashore for fish-curing in such sense as to try to bar their part of the coast from any use in connection with mines in the interior; a claim which, if admitted, would altogether prevent the working of such mines.

Such were some of the difficulties created by treaty and likely as time went on to become more and more acute. The

situation had, no doubt, been for long one of irritation and friction; but up to about the time when E. took up the command of the station things had practically worked far better than could have been expected, owing to the mutual courtesy and forbearance of the English and French naval officers employed on the coasts. These were the only referees of their respective countrymen on the spot, the coasts being thinly populated, and that only in summer; there were not even resident magistrates, and the English naval captains on the station held civil commissions as magistrates and acted as such.

The custom had hitherto been that at the beginning of each season the English senior officer on the coast communicated with the French senior officer, courteously explaining his orders and expressing hopes of working harmoniously together, &c. A similar courteous answer was returned, and every opportunity taken of cultivating pleasant relations. In the season of 1871, however, greater friction prevailed, and the following year matters became very serious. The French, no doubt, were smarting under their defeat by the Germans, and in a frame of mind that led them to be aggressive elsewhere. When the British officer sent his usual courteous communication at the opening of the season, it was met by a very curt answer from the French captain, distinctly intimating that he received his orders from his Government and had no concern with those of the English. This communication was followed up by an act of lawless outrage on the part of a French ship of war, which forcibly seized the nets of an English fisherman. The French senior officer justified the act of his subordinate, laying down as an axiom the 'exclusive' rights of the French on this part of the coast; an interpretation of the treaty which had never been admitted by the British Government and was explicitly denied in a letter from the Secretary of State for the Colonies dated February 1872, sent to E. for his guidance. This assumption by the French naval commander of a right to interpret disputed points in the treaty according to his own view, and to carry out his view by force without reference to the Governments at home, was in E.'s opinion utterly unwarrantable; in his correspondence with the Admiralty he laid down as his view the principle that Her Majesty's subjects on Her Majesty's soil should *under no circumstances* be amenable in property or person to the action of force by foreign naval officers. He also forcibly represented the desirability of proper resident

civil magistrates to be alone entrusted with the local administration of the law.

In the summer of 1873 the French took another step which might have tended to a positive breach of the peace. A Frenchman having placed a 'weir' at the mouth of one of the rivers which not only enabled him to trap salmon himself, but also destroyed altogether the inland fishing in the river, was ordered by the English captain, as civil magistrate, to remove the weir and did so. On the departure of the English man-of-war, and the arrival of a French one, the French captain gave his countryman permission at once to replace the weir, in defiance of the English officer's authority either as captain or magistrate. The result of all this was a state of things on the Newfoundland coasts, threatening at any moment a collision between the two countries. At the critical moment E. sent instant orders to his captain in charge that under no circumstances of provocation should he attack the French. If the crisis came on he intended to go to the spot in the flagship, when, so long as he was present, 'force majeure' would have made resistance by the French impossible.

The opinions of the respective fishermen of the two countries is summarised in a letter from E. to the Admiralty:—

. . . . The colonists believe that the French have no right to the rivers at all. The French believe that their rights to displace Englishmen extend up the rivers. . . .

The following further extracts from letters from E. to the Admiralty relate to the condition of affairs, and quote some opinions of officers employed on the spot:

October 19th, 1872.

. . . . Captain Brown of the *Danae* says: 'Altogether the state of affairs with reference to the French shore seems to me most unsatisfactory, and cannot fail to be an increasing trouble, and liable at any time, through the indiscretion or over-zeal of an officer, to cause serious misunderstandings,' and Captain Hoskins 'expresses apprehension that acts of retaliation will result from the animosity excited by the proceedings of the *Diamant*.' . . . I trust the time has arrived when these relations and the treaties which led up to them may be very carefully considered . . . in order that the occurrence of lawless and unseemly encounters between



the two nations may be prevented. . . . It cannot be expected that men so situated [as the English population] and backed by the presence twice a year of large fleets of Labrador fishing schooners whose crews are beyond reach of all law and control, will patiently submit to arbitrary proceedings which they consider unwarrantable; he proceeds to ask for directions before meeting the French Commander-in-Chief, Admiral de Surville, in January next.

*June 16th, 1873.*— . . The interpretation of the treaties by which Captain Miller has to regulate his proceedings is that authoritatively given by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and forwarded in your letter of Feb. 1872. It contains answers to seven questions by Captain Brown of the *Danae*, the first of which is: ‘Have the French the exclusive right to the fishery on the “French shore”?’ The answer sanctioned by the Secretary of State is: ‘The French have *not* the exclusive right to the fishery on the French shore; this point is, however, still in dispute.’ Taking the assertion of the French commodore of the exclusive right of fishing in connection with the occurrences of last year, as reported in my letter of Oct. 19—when a French naval officer acted contrary to the interpretation of the Secretary of State above referred to, and contrary to the practice hitherto adopted, by declining a joint action with the English senior naval officer and by seizing the nets of an English fisherman—it is clear that this question is no longer looked upon as open by the French naval officers, and as it is the duty of the English naval officers to protect British fishermen in the exercise of their rights as maintained by the British Government under existing treaties, the alteration in the course adopted by the French has placed the English and French naval officers in a relative position which appears to me to call for their Lordships’ immediate attention and instructions. . . .

A letter of July 15, 1873, alludes to the fact that the French Minister, M. de Perré, had expressed to the English Ambassador in Paris his great surprise that anything calculated to inspire apprehension of serious disagreement between the English and French naval officers should have happened, &c., and affected not to know of it, although the two Governments had been in communication about it months

before ; and a letter of October 18 in the same year mentions that the French capain Boissondy, who commended the seizure by his subordinate of an Englishman's nets in August 1872, returned to the same station in June 1873, with the marked approbation of his Government [he had been décoré], and adopted an insolent tone towards the British senior officer.

A letter of Sept. 8, 1873, speaks of 'the constant repetition dogmatically by French officers of the *exclusive* rights of French fishing, though the two Governments had not agreed as to this interpretation ;' and of their now asserting 'an unqualified right of prohibiting or regulating, as France may think proper, the salmon fishing in the rivers of the island,' and calls attention to the case of the Frenchman's weir already mentioned, continuing : 'It appears necessary to decide, without awaiting the report of the commission, whether the action of this French naval officer should be tolerated, because it is a direct defiance of a properly constituted legal authority on British territory by a foreign armed force, which the British naval officer on the station would not be justified in permitting without instructions. . . .'

Writing in October 1873 E. alludes to the appointment of a mixed commission to meet for the amicable adjustment of differences. He states that all the previous summer the insolence and unwarrantable claims of the French increased, extending to claiming a French right of jurisdiction in Her Majesty's territory and demanding a prohibition to the occupation of a mile of British soil for mining purposes. The Commission alluded to met in Paris and settled some *modus vivendi*, though not dealing radically with the fisheries question.<sup>1</sup>

With the close of the fishing season in 1873 E.'s dealings with the Newfoundland question came to an end, and he passed through his period of command without conflict or open breach with the French. With the French Commander-in-Chief, indeed, he was on terms of cordial friendliness during a visit which the French flagship paid to Halifax. The French Admiral, de Surville, was descended from an old Normandy family, a fine striking man,

<sup>1</sup> Negotiations are now (March, 1904) being carried on with the French by which this long-vexed question appears about to be permanently settled.

quite the type of a high-bred member of the old noblesse. He had gone out to his command under the Empire and now found himself serving the Republic and greeted everywhere with the 'Marseillaise,' to the strains of which air his ancestors had been guillotined. Some German ships put into Halifax soon after, with whose senior officer, Captain Batsch, E. and his family made friends, and whom they met some years after in circumstances of distress for the Germans. A son of the War Minister, von Roon, was serving on board; in going round the ships and being shown the officers' cabins and pictures, the remark came with sad iteration: 'My brother, whom I lost in the war,' 'a friend of mine killed in the war.'

During E.'s time of command no foreign complications of importance occurred beyond those already mentioned. Temporary difficulties arose with San Domingo about the English consul's right of asylum; with Venezuela as to English interests during their President's blockade of his own insurgent coasts; and with Honduras for the protection of British subjects during local disturbances. Such difficulties were at the moment successfully dealt with by the tact and judgment of the naval commander on the spot, and were afterwards duly arranged; some circumstances caused E. to write home, asking that naval officers should have instructions to guide their conduct in small and ill-governed communities where English interests are entrusted merely to a trading vice-consul, who might be tempted to invoke the intervention of a ship of war where merely personal or partisan interests are involved.

During his North American command E. was, in 1871, made a C.B. In the autumn of 1873 his period of command was over, but he was not actually relieved till January 1874. Curiously enough, his successor was Wellesley, his predecessor, who returned, after commanding in the Channel, to complete his time in North America. The *Royal Alfred* had a stormy passage home, but reached Portsmouth in January, and E. at once struck his flag and went home.

The associations with the old flagship and her officers did not, however, then cease, for the spirit of 'camaraderie' was felt warmly among them. An annual '*Royal Alfred* dinner' was instituted, which E. generally attended, where old shipmates mustered year after year in good force; and thirty years after the return from Bermuda they were still keeping up the sociable custom, with a hearty warm greeting among messmates of the old *Royal Alfred* days.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## GREENWICH COLLEGE—PORTSMOUTH—RETIREMENT

ON E.'s return home he and his family settled down at Delrow, the house in Eaton Square having been sold just before. About this time they were staying in Surrey with J.'s brother, E. Cardwell, now Secretary of State for War, and met there Colonel (afterwards General) Charles Gordon, who was then for a short time in England before going out to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the Sudan. His well-known character was apparent then, as no doubt always; a quiet unassuming exterior gave at first sight no indication of greatness or prominence, his natural modesty and indeed shyness led him to keep in the background, but he was ready and willing to tell about Egypt and explain what he knew to those who showed the wish to hear. Lady Cardwell and he were friends, and he gave her at this time his Yellow Jacket (that badge of high honour received from the Emperor of China). They corresponded for some years, and she heard from him from Khartoum shortly before his final investment there. E. and his ladies met him at the Cardwells' when he was on the eve of starting as military secretary to Lord Ripon in India. He must have shared the doubts felt by others as to the suitability of the post to him and his to it, for he remarked, 'People say to me, "I wonder what made you accept that appointment," and I answer "So do I!"'

In the autumn of 1875 Delrow was sold, and E. bought No. 74 Cromwell Road, London, where he and J. made their permanent home. They had scarcely settled down there when E. received the appointment of President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and early in 1876, when the Christmas vacation was over, he took up his duties and remained there two years. Though Greenwich cannot be considered an ideal place of residence, still the time spent



there was in many ways pleasant ; the house, in one of Inigo Jones's fine buildings, was roomy and comfortable, with a view over the river which in fine weather was always full of life and amusement ; the short distance from London made intercourse easy with friends, either by visiting them or asking them down to the college. The captains of the college were, first, E.'s former flag-captain Nicholson (now Admiral Sir Henry Nicholson), and afterwards Compton Domville (now Admiral Sir Compton Domville), both of whom, with their ladies, were friends of E. and his family. The Director of studies was Dr. T. Archer Hirst, a scientific man of great eminence, a man, too, of calm temper and judgment in dealing with the various questions that arose in connection with the newly organised system of the college, while his ready friendliness made intercourse with him always cordial and pleasant.

Dr. Hirst's intimate friend, Professor Tyndall, often came down to the college, and occasionally lectured there. An unexpected visitor one day was the eccentric Emperor of Brazil, a man full of intelligence and of many interests ; full of energies also, leading him often to visit places of note at early hours in the morning before their presiding geniuses were awake. Unluckily he did not steadily apply his talents to the problem of governing his own country, which shortly afterwards rose and ejected him. In May 1877 the Prince of Wales's two sons, Prince Albert Edward and Prince George, came down to Greenwich on three consecutive days to pass their examinations on entering the navy ; they were simple and merry, differing from other boys only in a certain royal courtesy which was very marked, causing them never to forget a word of thanks or acknowledgment, whether to the caretaker of the museum or the tutor who had examined them. The Prince Imperial of France was now beginning his short military career as a cadet at Woolwich Academy.

The college had at this time been established at Greenwich about three years and a half, but its system was still rather experimental, and a certain public outcry had been recently raised that, by insisting upon too high a standard for examination of sub-lieutenants, many young officers were turned out of the navy who would have proved excellent ' practical men ' and valuable officers. E. was not inclined to agree in this view, and during his time at Greenwich a constant and careful observation of actual facts confirmed him strongly in the opinion that those lost to the navy by

failure in the examination were not, as a rule, those whom the service had special cause to regret. Several instances occurred where young men well known to have exceptionally poor capacity had, by plodding work and steady application during their whole college time, passed the examination, thus proving that the causes of failure did not lie solely with the high intellectual standard required. In such cases of course only a third-class certificate was obtained. Those who spoke as if all sub-lieutenants were required to be 'wranglers' did not perhaps always remember that the examination was divided into three classes, and no one had to leave the navy except for failure to pass the lowest or third; many secured '2nd classes,' while '1st class' was attained by men of exceptionally high powers.

With regard to the education of naval officers generally, E. formed the opinion that it should be treated as a whole; the preliminary stages on board the *Britannia* and by naval instructor at sea being so arranged as to lead up to the college course; to effect this the management of the whole should be concentrated; the *Britannia* cease to communicate (as a commissioned ship) independently with the Board of Admiralty, while the college (as a civil branch of the service) was dealt with by an Admiralty department. He advised that the President and Director of studies of the college and the captain of the *Britannia* should form a committee to discuss points connected with naval education as a whole, the professors and naval instructors carrying on their own work as assigned to them. Changes on these lines were afterwards made.

In 1876, while at Greenwich, E. became a full admiral, and during part of his time at the college four old *Madagascar* midshipmen were serving as full admirals in home appointments—i.e. Wellesley at the Admiralty, E. at Greenwich, George Elliot, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and Tom Symonds, Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

In the spring of 1878 E. left Greenwich on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth; and on March 1st he succeeded Sir George Elliot there and took up his residence at Admiralty House. He was very glad to have Mr. Penfold again with him as secretary; Lieutenant Hugh Gough was flag-lieutenant; and his flag-captains were, first, Hon. Walter Carpenter, and afterwards Culme Seymour (now Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour); flagship, the

three-decker, *Duke of Wellington*. The duties at Portsmouth, then as always, included attendance on the Sovereign when visiting the port; the Queen's visits in passing through and embarking for Osborne were very regular, and the Prince of Wales and others of the Royal Family also often passed through or visited Portsmouth, especially at the time of the Cowes regatta. In the summer of 1879 the Prince of Wales's two sons sailed in the *Bacchante* on their first cruise as midshipmen; and the Prince and Princess went out in the yacht *Osborne* to see them off. Among foreign royalties who visited Portsmouth were the King of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and his brother Prince Oscar. The General was Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who took up the command shortly after E.'s arrival; Admiral Hon. Fitzgerald Foley was superintendent of the dockyard, who with his family were in constant friendly intercourse with Admiralty House; and E.'s former brother-captain, now Admiral O'Callaghan, still lived at Rowlands Castle, near Portsmouth. Other friendly neighbours in the county were General Sir Frederick Fitz-Wygram, Sir William Knighton, and the Bishop of Winchester, with Mrs. Harold Browne; Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) came to Portsmouth more than once in his yacht, as did also Lord Brassey and his party in the *Sunbeam*.

The first special event of E.'s time of command was the sad disaster of the loss of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, training ship for boys, commanded by Captain Marcus Hare, which foundered when almost in sight of home, on her return from a foreign cruise. Even on shore the squall of that Sunday afternoon, March 24, 1878, was a very remarkable one; late in the evening a telegram came to the Admiral bringing the first confused account of a disaster, and the hours as they passed made it only too evident that misfortune had happened. The steamer instantly despatched to assist went round the Isle of Wight in pitch-darkness—a bitter cold night—and as they got near Dunnose, looking anxiously out into the darkness, they almost ran over what at first seemed a schooner, but proved to be the masts of the sunken *Eurydice*, capsized in the afternoon squall. Of all those on board only two were saved, a seaman and a boy. The news quickly spread, and the next twenty-four hours at Portsmouth was a sad time of anxious inquiries and scenes of distress. The Queen was greatly distressed by the sad news, and during the summer took constant interest in



the efforts made to raise the sunken ship. This attempt was the chief feature of Admiral Foley's work in the dock-yard for months after her loss, and was a matter of special difficulty owing to the exposed situation in which she lay. Eventually she was floated, and on September 1st brought into dock at Portsmouth, where she was immediately broken up.

In June of this year a naval disaster occurred to the Germans, their ironclad *König Wilhelm* having rammed and sunk another large ship of their fleet off Folkestone, with great loss of life. The *König Wilhelm* herself was badly injured, and narrowly escaped having to be beached, but managed to get into Portsmouth, when it proved that the Admiral whose flag she bore was E.'s acquaintance of Halifax days (then Captain) Batsch. Circumstances were not, of course, favourable to much entertaining; but there was a good deal of intercourse with the Germans while their ship was under repair.

In the year 1878, owing to strained relations with Russia, a powerful reserve fleet was assembled under the command of Admiral Sir Cooper Key. They were at Spithead in June and came back in August for a great naval review, held by the Queen.

E.'s time at Portsmouth saw much advance in connection with the third great change in the naval service during his day—the development of torpedoes. The first of these changes was from sail-power to steam; the second from wooden walls to iron plates; and then came the third, the invention of torpedoes. An early instance of their use by the Russians, in the shape of submarine mines, is mentioned in E.'s Baltic letters, and the Americans, in their civil war, brought them more prominently into notice; now their use had been more fully developed, a torpedo school had been established at Portsmouth, and night attacks on the forts by torpedoes, with other manœuvres, occasionally took place to test them.

With E.'s sixty-fifth birthday (November 27th, 1879) came the date of his retirement, and he hauled down his flag on that day. His active service in the Navy came to an end just fifty years after he joined his first ship, and as the train steamed out of Portsmouth Harbour station and the guard of honour disappeared from view the close link with the Service was broken, and he passed into private life, settling down with his family at 74 Cromwell Road, London.







ADMIRAL SIR E. G. FANSHAWE, G.C.B.  
*(From a photograph by Bassano, 1888.)*



LADY FANSHAWE •

*(From a photograph by Vanduk, 1891.)*





E. continued to take a keen interest in naval affairs, and was never one of those who thought everything connected with the 'good old times' ought to be tenaciously retained. Personally he had cared greatly for the art of sailing, and had entered fully into its charm; but it seemed to him a mistake to continue maintaining a special squadron for exercise in sailing when that art was evidently doomed and machinery was the certain motive-power for the future.

E. often said, in speaking of naval affairs after his retirement, how mistaken as to their facts were those who talked and wrote of the evil of naval officers staying ashore for a time for purposes of scientific study of their profession, drawing contrasts between the present system and 'the good old times when the sailor was always at sea,' saying 'Blue water is the thing,' &c. E.'s experience of those whom he personally knew in his earlier service, and of many other officers whom he knew about, was that they were often on shore for long spells of many years, instead of for short times, as at present. Examples were: Captain (afterwards Lord) Lyons, who was eleven years ashore after his promotion to captain, pining meanwhile for a ship, doing all that he could to get appointed to one, without success. Captain Dalling was made a post-captain in 1827; had a good record of service, including war service, having been a midshipman at Trafalgar, &c.; he had no special naval influence, but did everything he could to get a ship, and finally succeeded in 1838, when he was appointed to the *Daphne*. Sir John Gore, when sent as Admiral to the East Indies, had been so long ashore as to have no knowledge of the most ordinary and usual methods introduced into the Service since he knew it. Officers now do not spend one fraction of the time ashore they did then; in those days it frequently happened that captains were for far the greater part of their time settled into life ashore, or pining for a ship while suffering from hope deferred.

Naval education had special interest for E., his Greenwich experience having caused him to form definite opinions about it, so that as the years went on, and the subject was occasionally raised, he entered into it warmly. When, in 1903, Lord Selborne's wide new scheme was promulgated he read it with interest; and, while feeling that his long severance from active service debarred him from full power of judging the question, still he did not condemn radical changes as such, but hoped that points which to him appeared open to

objection might be modified as the new system came into full operation, and that the scheme as a whole might work out successfully.

Two years after E.'s retirement he was made K.C.B.; in 1887, at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, she conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Bath; and at her death, in 1901, he entered the reign of the fifth Sovereign under whom his life had been passed.

## APPENDIX

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*Notes on some connections of E.'s family, of whom he has memorials, such as pictures of them, or writings or drawings by them.*

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LADY FANSHAWE (b. 1625, d. 1679), (*oil painting*).  
Wife of SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, Bart. (b. 1608, d. 1666).

Was daughter of Sir John Harrison, of 'Balls,' Herts, who on the outbreak of the Civil War joined the King's forces. He was taken prisoner, but escaped and lived with his family in great poverty at Oxford, where the Court then was. Here his daughter Ann met Mr. Fanshawe, and in 1644 they were married. Richard was the youngest son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, of Ware Park, Herts. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and being intended for the Bar was entered at the Inner Temple. The profession of law was, however, distasteful to him, and he went abroad to study languages, and was appointed Secretary to Lord Aston's Embassy to the Court of Madrid. He joined the King at Oxford when the Civil War broke out, and at the time of his marriage was Secretary at War to the Prince of Wales and Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer; in this year he was given the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford University. In 1650 he was created a Baronet. He and his wife were ardent Royalists and underwent great hardships and dangers in the King's service, sacrificing their fortune and often having great difficulty in raising money for their necessities as well as for the Royal cause. At the battle of Worcester Sir Richard was taken prisoner, but, owing to his wife's exertions and personal appeal to Cromwell, was released on bail. His health was much broken, and he lived quietly with his family for seven years, devoting himself a good deal to literary pursuits; translating into English verse Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' and, from the Portuguese, Camoens's 'Os Lusíadas;' also making translations from the Spanish and Latin and writing a few original short poems in the Cavalier style. He chafed, however, under the restraints of supervision, and on Cromwell's death used every exertion to get released from his bail. By Lord Pembroke's connivance he was allowed to go abroad; he joined Charles II. and returned to England with him; was knighted, made a Privy Councillor, Latin

Secretary to the King, and one of the 'Masters of Requests,' and was elected member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge; he was sent as ambassador, first to Portugal and afterwards to Spain. Sir Richard had, however, incurred the enmity of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, who took every opportunity of injuring his influence with the King, and at whose suggestion probably he was sent to foreign Courts. Through Clarendon's influence, too, he was superseded at Madrid after a residence there of two years. While Sir Richard was preparing to leave Spain he was taken ill of fever and died, his wife returning to England with the body, which was buried in Ware Church. Lady Fanshawe was an enthusiastic Royalist and a most devoted wife; she showed the utmost courage and resource in the dangers to which she was exposed, and often had to act independently for her husband in his absence. They had numerous children, but only one son lived to grow up, and he died unmarried at the age of 30; three daughters also survived their parents. Lady Fanshawe addressed to her son the 'Memoirs' of her own and her husband's life, which were afterwards published, and in which occurs the following passage describing their last interview with Charles I., which took place at Hampton Court after the King's capture by the Parliamentarians. 'The last time I ever saw him,' she says, 'when I took my leave I could not refrain from weeping, and when he saluted me I prayed to God to preserve his Majesty with long life and happy years; he stroked me on the cheek and said, "Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am in;" then turning to your father [her husband] he said, "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well;" and, taking him in his arms, said, "Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you, adding, "I do promise you that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings." Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God.'<sup>1</sup>

## JOHN FANSHAWE OF SHABDEN (b. 1738, d. 1816).

(*Oil painting.*)

Was the elder brother of 'Commissioner' Robert F. and son of Admiral Charles Fanshawe and his wife Elizabeth (daughter of Sir John Rogers, Bart., of Blachford, Devon). He held an office as

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written a reprint of the *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe* has been announced by Messrs. J. Lane & Co. Messrs. Seeley, too, have recently published a story founded partly upon Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs*: 'An Old London Nosegay,' by Beatrice Marshall.



'Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth,' and owned Shabden, near Merstham, Surrey. Married PENELOPE, daughter of JOHN DREDGE, Esq., of Reading (*b.* 1738, *d.* 1807); they had two sons, who died young, and three daughters, who remained unmarried and lived to old age. These daughters—PENELOPE (*b.* 1764, *d.* 1833), CATHERINE MARIA (*b.* 1765, *d.* 1834), and ELIZABETH (*b.* 1777, *d.* 1856)—were highly educated and clever women, well known in the literary world. Catherine wrote poetry, her best-known piece being the riddle on the letter 'H,' which has been often attributed to Lord Byron. She was an excellent artist, her groups of children being specially graceful and natural. Her sister Elizabeth also drew well. The sisters inherited Shabden from their father, but, owing to the carelessness or dishonesty of their solicitor, they were compelled to part with it; they afterwards bought a house at Richmond with garden sloping down to the river, and here E. visited them several times when a schoolboy at Putney; this house the last survivor left to her cousin, Lady Stopford. Their London house was 15 Berkeley Square till the death of the elder sisters, when Elizabeth moved to Harley Street. The family tomb of John Fanshawe, in Chipstead churchyard, near Shabden, bears inscriptions to the memory of the three sisters as well as to their parents (see p. 45 and footnote).

*(E. possesses a sketch-book of Elizabeth's and lithographs of some of Catherine's drawings; also 'Memorials of C. M. Fanshawe,' a volume privately printed in 1865 by the Rev. W. Harness, containing a collection of her Poems, and photographs of some of her drawings. A reprint of the Poems only was published by Pickering in 1876. Mrs. Frederick Fanshawe owns a spirited pair of watercolours by her of children at school and at play.)*

ROBERT FANSHAW, ESQUIRE, Captain R.N. (*b.* 1739, *d.* 1823), Commissioner of Plymouth Dockyard, and MRS. FANSHAW, *née* GENNYS (*d.* 1824). (See p. 2.)

*(Pair of miniatures, painted apparently during their early married life; also a small monotone sketch of the Commissioner as a young man; and a print of Miss Glanville's drawing of him at the age of 80.)*

The Commissioner had three sons and nine daughters, as follows:

ROBERT, the eldest (*b.* 1784, *d.* 1804), (*photo from a drawing owned by Rev. H. L. Fanshawe*). Was sent to school at Rev. J. Garrett's, Chudleigh, Devon, where his brothers Edward and Arthur were also apparently sent in turn. Robert went to sea early, and was a midshipman on board the *Namur* in the Channel in 1796. As a Commander he commanded the *Gaieté*. Admiral Sir Thomas Duckworth, commanding in the West Indies, promoted him as

post-captain to a vacancy in the *Castor*. Immediately after he was transferred to the command of the *Arab*—December 1801. A mutiny broke out on board the *Arab*, which he quelled, behaving with the utmost coolness and temper. He brought the *Arab* back to England in the summer of 1802, and in the autumn of 1803 was appointed to the *Carysfort*. In a letter to his father dated April 4, 1804, he describes the ‘most melancholy accident’ of the loss two days before of the *Apollo* and part of her convoy, saying: ‘The *Apollo* and 27 sail of our convoy went ashore near Cape Mondego on the coast of Portugal, about 4 or 5 o’clock. A very heavy gale of wind came on in the night from the W.S.W., and it changing more to the southward, we most providentially supposed the Commodore would wear, and did so ourselves, as the state of the weather, which, from the violence of the wind, hail and rain, and the darkness, was as bad as any I ever experienced, entirely precluded all probability of seeing any signal, and our fore and main topsails were split.’ . . . &c. (See also pp. 2, 3, and 388.)

EDWARD (b. 1785, d. 1858). (*Pair of miniatures of himself and Mrs. Fanshawe* (b. 1790, d. 1805), done by Stewart in 1824. *Prints from the water-colour portraits of General and Mrs. Fanshawe* by George Richmond, R.A., owned by Mrs. Fox. *Miniature of Mrs. Fanshawe as Fanny Dalrymple, done by Finucane at Jersey*.) He was the Commissioner’s second son, entered the Royal Engineers and became a General and C.B. The following passage is extracted from a ‘Memoir of the late Lieutenant-General Edward Fanshawe, C.B., R.E., by General Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B.,’ &c.,<sup>1</sup> which gives particulars of his professional career and shows the warm esteem felt for him by his brother officers: ‘His first commission was dated July 1801. In 1805 he served with the expedition under the command of Sir David Baird at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, which he left as a Captain in 1806 with reinforcements for South America, and joined Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Auchmuty, being the only officer of Engineers present at the siege and capture of Monte Video, when he obtained the flattering notice of the Commander, in general orders and in the public despatch. . . . In 1809 he served during the whole period with the army in Walcheren. . . .’ It was while quartered at Gibraltar in 1808 that Captain Fanshawe first became known to Sir Hew Dalrymple, who placed him on his staff, and whose daughter Frances Mary he married, as mentioned p. 1 (see also pp. 2, 3, 4, 9, 18, 19, 35, 52, 53, 86, 294, 355, 368, and 413).

ARTHUR (b. 1794, d. 1864) (*water-colour portrait by George Richmond, R.A.*), had very early a wish to go into the navy, for a letter from his brother Robert, dated January 1802, when commanding the *Arab*, says: ‘Are you still determined to be a midshipman with me?’ Was Flag-captain to Sir Robert Stopford at the

<sup>1</sup> Professional Papers of the Corps of Royal Engineers, Paper 12, vol. 9, New Series.

capture of Acre, 1840, and was made C.B. ; Commodore on coast of Africa 1848 to 1851 ; then Rear-Admiral at Portsmouth Dockyard till about 1854 ; Vice-Admiral in North America till 1857 ; Vice-Admiral, in Mediterranean (1858 to 1860) ; then K.C.B. and Port-Admiral at Plymouth. He was not well in North America, and his health began more decidedly to fail in the Mediterranean. At Plymouth he quite broke down in a few weeks, and retired to 32 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, where he was nursed by his two unmarried sisters till his death. His wife, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Justice Wilson, died just as he was returning from the coast of Africa early in 1851. (See pp. 3, 10, 11, 67, 82, 99, 102, 158, 274, 297, 346, 355, 367, 368, and 380.)

The following were the Commissioner's daughters :—

CHRISTIANA (*b.* 1771, *d.* 1810), married REV. FRANCIS HAGGITT, D.D. They had two daughters, one of whom died young unmarried, the other married Rev. James Baker, Chancellor of the diocese of Durham and Vicar of Newnham, Oxon, and had two sons and two daughters ; their daughter Kate married General Collinson, Royal Engineers, and both were friends of E. and J.'s. (See pp. 355, 365, and 378.)

ELIZABETH (*b.* 1772, *d.* 1847), married FRANCIS GLANVILLE, Esq., of Catchfrench, Cornwall, and had four sons and three daughters. One son, William, became a Captain in the Navy, and married his cousin, Mary Anne Bedford. (See p. 5.)

SUSAN (*b.* 1774, *d.* 1855), married ADMIRAL WILLIAM BEDFORD (*b.* 1763, *d.* 1827). They had four daughters and an only son, William Fanshawe (*b.* 1808, *d.* 1893). He served thirty-two years in the 60th Rifles, and received the medal for service at the Cape, but was debarred by ill-health from active service in the higher ranks of his profession. He retired as a Major-General. He married Elizabeth Maria, daughter of Rev. Peter Sleeman, of Whitchurch, Devon (whose wife was Admiral Bedford's sister). They had one son, Rev. Arthur William Bedford, and one daughter. (See p. 3.)

CATHERINE (*b.* 1778, *d.* 1849), married ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR THOMAS BYAM MARTIN, G.C.B.<sup>1</sup> (*b.* 1773, *d.* 1854.) (*Print of Sir Byam from a crayon drawing by George Richmond, R.A., owned by the Misses Martin.*) They had three sons, of whom the two elder entered the Navy and became Admirals—Sir William Martin, G.C.B., and Sir Henry Martin, K.C.B. For three or four months in 1854 the names of Sir Byam and his two sons appeared together in the Navy List on the list of Admirals, and on one occasion it is believed that all three had their flags flying on board ships at Portsmouth on the same day. The family baronetcy descended to Sir William, who at the time of his death, in 1895, was a full Admiral of long standing and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. He married, first, a daughter of Lord Wynford, by whom he had four

<sup>1</sup> See *Letters of Sir T. Byam Martin*, edited by Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, and printed for the Navy Records Society, 1903.



children ; and, secondly, Sophia, daughter of Richard Hurt, Esq. They had one son, Richard, who succeeded to the baronetcy, and five daughters. Of Sir Byam's three daughters one remained unmarried ; one married her cousin, the baronet, and died childless ; the second daughter, Elizabeth, married General Francis John Davies, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and had four sons and two daughters. The eldest son was killed in the Crimea, and the second surviving son—the present General Henry Davies, of Elmley Castle, Worcestershire—then left the Navy and received a commission in the Guards. Many friends enjoyed the kind hospitality of General and Mrs. Francis Davies at Danehurst, Sussex, where E. and J. frequently had pleasant visits ; J., too, received much kindness there during her husband's long absence in the Pacific. (See pp. 3, 14, 17, 38, 55, 67, 70, 71, 87, 88, 197, 208, 262, 297, and 368.)

CORDELIA (*b.* 1780, *d.* 1809), married CAPTAIN JOHN CHAMBERS WHITE, R.N., afterwards Admiral Sir J. C. White, K.C.B. They had no children, and after her death he married, secondly, Charlotte, daughter of General Sir Hew Dalrymple, and sister of Mrs. Edward Fanshawe. (See pp. 3 and 413.)

ANNE (*b.* 1782, *d.* 1865), unmarried. (See pp. 99, 317, and 408.)

MARY (*b.* 1787, *d.* 1866), married ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR ROBERT STOPFORD, G.C.B. (*b.* 1768, *d.* 1847). (*Print of the picture of Sir Robert by F. R. Say, in the Painted Hall, Greenwich.*) Sir Robert commanded the Fleet at the capture of Acre in 1840, and was afterwards Governor of Greenwich Hospital. He and Lady Stopford had three sons, two of whom were in the Navy and became Admirals, and five daughters. The eldest son, Robert—E.'s contemporary and friend—married, first, Emily, daughter of Captain Wilbraham, R.N. (who died 1862), and, secondly, Lucy, daughter of Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby. By his first marriage he had six sons and four daughters, of whom the eldest is the present Admiral Robert Stopford ; his son—also Robert—has entered the Navy, thus making the fourth generation of the name in the Service. (See pp. 3, 6, 9, 10, 67, 73, 78, 80, 81, 85 to 88, 92, 154, 155, 175, 176, 252, 259, 263, 264, 328, 329, 370, 391, and 411.)

PENELOPE (*b.* 1789, *d.* 1855), married COLONEL DUCKWORTH, who was killed at Albuera as a young colonel commanding the 48th Regiment. Their only child, Anne, married Sir Robert Percy Douglas, and had three sons, one of whom, Arthur, is the present baronet. Of their two daughters one, Anne, married Sir Hugh Low, K.C.M.G., the other, Helen, remained unmarried. (See pp. 3, 67, 69, 70, and 317.)

HARRIETT (*b.* 1790, *d.* 1872), unmarried. (See pp. 99, 317, and 408.)

Sir Byam Martin told J. the following anecdote of the time (in 1813), when he was sent by the Admiralty to Lord Wellington's Headquarters near St. Sebastian, to confer with him about the co-



operation of the Navy with his troops. When dining with Lord Wellington one day, he was asked whether he had any special friends in the Army. 'Ah, no!' he answered. 'Since my poor brother-in-law Colonel Duckworth was killed, I have had no intimates in your Lordship's forces.' On hearing Colonel Duckworth's name, Lord Wellington paused, looked up, and turning to his staff he said: 'I call all those present to witness how often I have held up that young man as an example to the army.'

## CAPTAIN DALLING, R.N.

(*Water-colour miniature painted by his wife.*)

John Windham Dalling was the youngest son of Sir John and Lady Dalling, and was born August 1st, 1789. He entered the navy, was a midshipman on board the *Defence* (Captain Sir George Hope) at the battle of Trafalgar; and afterwards, when serving in the *Amphion* (Captain Sir William Hoste), was engaged in some of the boat-actions in the Adriatic in 1810. He afterwards served on the Cape of Good Hope station, under the flag of Sir Robert Stopford, at the time when Lord Howden (then Sir John Craddock) was Governor, and General Hon. Robert Meade<sup>1</sup> Commander of the Forces. As a Commander he commanded the sloop *Nimrod*, on the coast of Scotland; during that time he was an occasional guest at the house of Sir Walter Scott, and was supping with him on the day when Sir Walter, as member of a Commission appointed at his instigation, had searched for, and found, the Scottish Regalia.

Commander Dalling was promoted to be Post-Captain in 1828, but could not succeed in obtaining a ship until 1839, when he was appointed to the *Daphne* corvette. He served in her under Admiral Hon. Sir Robert Stopford during the operations on the coast of Syria in 1840, and commanded her till 1842. In 1844 he married FRANCES ANNE, daughter of COLONEL FANSHAWE, R.E., and from this time he ceased to serve in the Navy, and at the request of his elder brother made his home at Earsham House, Norfolk. Earsham House was built in 1700 by John Buxton, Esq., who sold it to Colonel Windham, one of the Windhams of Felbrigg, and a military officer who had served with distinction under Marlborough. Colonel Windham left it to his son, Mr. William Windham, and it then passed to a cousin, Mr. Joseph Windham. On his death without direct heir, the property passed to the descendants of Colonel Windham's daughter, Mrs. Dalling. Her son, Sir John Dalling, was made a Baronet in 1783. He was Governor of Jamaica, and afterwards Commander-in-Chief at Madras. His son, William Windham Dalling, was an officer in the Guards, who had served in Flanders and afterwards in the Peninsula, being present at the battle of Talavera. He succeeded to the Earsham estate on the death of Mr. Joseph Windham in 1810. It was at his request that his

<sup>1</sup> Captain Dalling's brother-in-law.

brother, Captain John Windham Dalling, went, on his marriage, to reside at Earsham House, which had been for some time unoccupied, and to which he was heir. Captain Dalling died suddenly at Earsham House, October 10th, 1853, and was buried in the vault in Earsham Church. After the death of Sir William Dalling, Earsham therefore passed to the descendants of his sister, who in 1808 had married General the Hon. Robert Meade, son of the First Lord Clanwilliam (b. 1772, d. 1852). At one time they had rented Earsham from Sir William Dalling and had lived there for several years. She died 1853.

(The above is taken from a memorandum written by Mrs. Dalling, and found among her papers at her death in 1901.) (See pp. 65, 66, 75, 80, 81, 82, 85, 87, 88, 92, 98, 99, 100, 298, and 403.)

GENERAL SIR HEW DALRYMPLE, BART. (b. 1750, d. 1830), and LADY DALRYMPLE (b. 1753, d. 1835.)

(Copy of the oil painting of Sir Hew by J. Jackson, R.A., owned by Major G. D. White; small oil sketch by Jackson, 1829, painted as a study, pair of miniatures of Sir Hew and Lady Dalrymple, and three other miniatures of Sir Hew.)

*Middle of name -*  
Hew Whiteford Dalrymple was son of Captain John Dalrymple, Inniskilling Dragoons. He entered the army, was Colonel of the 57th Regiment from 1819 to his death, was knighted in 1779, having been deputed to go abroad and receive a foreign order as proxy for his stepfather, Sir Adolphus Oughton. (In such circumstances the proxy was always knighted.) Sir Hew was Lieut.-Governor of Jersey from 1796 to 1801; and commanded the garrison at Gibraltar 1806 to 1808. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in Portugal in July 1808, and landed the day after Sir Arthur Wellesley had gained the battle of Vimeiro, i.e. August 22nd. Under Sir Hew's direction a suspension of arms was signed on August 22nd by Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Kellerman, followed on August 30th by the definite agreement known as the 'Convention of Cintra' by which the French undertook to evacuate Portugal. The news of the Convention was received in England with disappointment and indignation by all classes, their expectations of further military successes having been raised to a high pitch by the victory of Vimeiro. An inquiry was demanded, and in November 1808, a military Court of Inquiry assembled, which a month later made its report, concluding as follows: . . . 'On a consideration of all circumstances as set forth in this report, we most humbly submit our opinion that no further military proceeding is necessary on the subject; because, howsoever some of us may differ in our sentiments respecting the fitness of the Convention in the relative situations of the two armies, it is our unanimous declaration that unquestionable zeal and firmness appear throughout to have been exhibited by Lieutenant-Generals Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, as well as that the ardour and gallantry of

the rest of the officers and soldiers on every occasion during this expedition have done honor to the troops, and reflected lustre on your Majesty's arms.<sup>1</sup> . . . ' Napoleon's own commentary on the subject of the Convention was as follows: 'I was about to send Junot to a council of war; but happily the English got the start of me by sending their generals to one, and thus saved me from the pain of punishing an old friend.'<sup>2</sup> In May 1815 Sir Hew Dalrymple was created a baronet; a tribute to his services which had been delayed owing to the public excitement and outcry at the time of the Convention. In 1818 he was appointed Governor of Blackness Castle. He married FRANCES, daughter of GENERAL LEIGHTON, and had two sons and three daughters.<sup>3</sup> (See pp. 1, 4, and 415.)

SIR ADOLPHUS JOHN DALRYMPLE (b. 1784, d. 1866.) Of High Mark, co. Wigtoun. (*Crayon drawing and two miniatures.*)

Sir Hew Dalrymple's eldest son, Adolphus, entered the army, served in the 19th Dragoons, was his father's military secretary in Portugal, and eventually became a General. He was A.D.C. to William IV., and for many years a member of Parliament—latterly for Brighton. He married ANNE, daughter of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART., of Kirkstall (b. 1782, d. 1858). They lived at 129 Park Street, and also had a house at Brighton, 5 Brunswick Terrace, besides the small property of Delrow, Herts, which Sir Adolphus inherited from his father. They were both fond of travelling and were good linguists; they knew many people, both at home and abroad, and entertained a good deal. After Lady Dalrymple's death Sir Adolphus lived chiefly at Delrow. (See pp. 55, 99, 338, 365, 379, and 380.)

COLONEL LEIGHTON CATHCART DALRYMPLE, C.B. (b. 1785, d. 1820.) (*Two miniatures.*)

Leighton was Sir Hew Dalrymple's second son. He entered the army and commanded the 15th Hussars at Toulouse and at Waterloo. He had already had two horses shot under him at Waterloo, when late in the day a cannon-shot killed his third horse and took off his leg. A few years later he was engaged to be married to Miss Hibbert, of Munden, Herts, but fell into bad health and died before the time fixed for his marriage. (See pp. 3 and 4.)

Sir Hew Dalrymple's daughters were:

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH (b. 1788, d. 1830), who married, as his second wife, ADMIRAL SIR JOHN CHAMBERS WHITE, K.C.B. (b. 1770, d. 1845.) (*Print of the oil-painting of Sir J. C. White, by George Patten, A.R.A.*)

They had two sons and one daughter, Charlotte Cordelia, who remained unmarried. The younger son, Rev. Adolphus White,

<sup>1</sup> *Inquiry relative to the Armistice and Convention in Portugal in August 1808.* (Published by Authority, 1809.)

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Napoleon I.*, by J. H. Rose, 1902. Vol. ii. p. 172.

<sup>3</sup> See also: Memoir written by Sir Hew Dalrymple of his proceedings . . . [in 1808], published in 1830, and 'Sir Hew Dalrymple at Gibraltar and in Portugal in 1808,' by Admiral Sir E. G. Fanshawe, G.C.B., 1895.



married the daughter of Sir Sandford Graham, Bart. The elder son, General Sir Henry Dalrymple White, K.C.B., was a Cavalry officer, and commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons throughout the Crimean war, including the Heavy Cavalry charge at Balaclava. He afterwards commanded the Cavalry brigade at the Curragh and at Aldershot, and was Inspector-General of Cavalry in Great Britain; he died 1886. He married, first the daughter of Martin Tucker Smith, Esq., and secondly Alice Elizabeth, daughter of Neill Malcolm, Esq., of Poltalloch. Their son, Major Godfrey Dalrymple White, late Grenadier Guards, owns the above-mentioned picture of his grandfather, Sir John White. (See pp. 3, 55, 63, 97, 100, 140, 365, and 409.)

FRANCES MARY (*b.* 1790, *d.* 1865), married LIEUT.-GENERAL EDWARD FANSHAWE, C.B., Royal Engineers.) (See pp. 1, 274, and 408.)

ARABELLA BOYD (*b.* 1793, *d.* 1828), married ADMIRAL JAMES RICHARD DACRES (*b.* 1788, *d.* 1853). (*Print from the crayon portrait, by George Richmond, R.A., owned by Miss Dacres*), whose last naval appointment was that of Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope station. They had two sons—Hew, who died young; and James, who entered the Navy and died of fever as a lieutenant on the coast of Africa. Of their seven daughters, three, Eleanor, Mary, and Louisa, remained unmarried; the eldest, Arabella, married Colonel Butler, of Bury Lodge, Hants; Fanny married Rev. Henry Kirwan; Charlotte married Commander Belgrave, R.N.; and Anne married Rev. Charles Belgrave. (See p. 5.)

GENERAL SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON, K.B. (*d.* 1780).

(*Small miniature and photograph of the fine oil painting, artist unknown, owned by Major G. D. White.*)

LADY OUGHTON (*b.* 1725.) (*Large miniature.*)

Captain John Dalrymple (*d.* 1753), father of Sir Hew, married Mary, daughter of Alexander Ross, Esq., of Balkail, and Sir Hew was their only child. After her husband's death, Mrs. Dalrymple married secondly (in 1755) General Sir Adolphus Oughton, K.B. Sir Adolphus Oughton was a most kind stepfather to Hew Dalrymple, treating him in all respects as his own son.

Lady Oughton was aunt to Hew Dalrymple Ross (*b.* 1779, *d.* 1868), (afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Hew Ross, G.C.B.), who, consequently, was first cousin to Sir Hew Dalrymple, though very much younger. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Graham, Esq., of Stonehouse, Cumberland. (See p. 91.)

*\* Small miniature, bottom of frame on right -  
Next to him (large) Lady Oughton -*



13 Beautiful  
 large in  
 7 Earl of  
 Balcarres

LADY ANNE BARNARD (b. 1750, d. 1825), LADY MARGARET FORDYCE (b. 1752, d. 1814), and LADY HARDWICKE (d. 1858).

(Three large miniatures by Mrs. Mee.)

Position  
 in frame

These three sisters were daughters of Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castletown (first cousin of Sir Hew Dalrymple), who married James, Earl of Balcarres.<sup>1</sup>

The eldest daughter, Lady Anne, married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick. She was an intimate friend of Lord Melville, through whose influence her husband obtained an appointment at the Cape, whither she accompanied him. Her letters from the Cape to Lord Melville have been recently published in a volume entitled 'South Africa a Century Ago.' Lady Anne wrote the words of the well-known song, 'Auld Robin Gray,' being very fond of the air and disliking the former words. Her ballad was founded on the story of her sister, Lady Margaret, the main idea being retained while the circumstances were entirely altered and transferred to another class in life.

Left

The second daughter of Lord and Lady Balcarres was Lady Margaret, who married first Mr. Alexander Fordyce, a man much older than herself, and, secondly, many years after his death and late in life, she married Sir James Burgess. She was a very lovely woman. Gainsborough painted her portrait; Sheridan wrote lines in praise of her beauty, while her sweet attractive character endeared her to all who knew her.

Right

The third sister, Elizabeth, married (in 1782) Philip Yorke, who succeeded his uncle, Lord Hardwicke, and became the third Earl. A daughter of Lord and Lady Hardwicke married Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and their two beautiful daughters became Lady Canning and Lady Waterford.

Center

GENERAL LEIGHTON (b. 1697, d. 1773), (*small oil painting and miniature*), and MRS. LEIGHTON (b. 1713, d. 1797), (*large oil painting and miniature*).

General Francis Leighton was the fourth son of Sir Edward Leighton (M.P. for Shrewsbury and first Baronet). He entered the army and became a Lieut.-General, and was Colonel of the 32nd Regiment. His wife, RENE, was daughter of Colonel Charles PINFOLD, Governor of Barbadoes. Their daughter, Frances, married Sir Hew Dalrymple. The tombstones of General and Mrs. Leighton, and also of their son Francis, who died at the age of twenty, are in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

<sup>1</sup> See *Two Noble Lives*, by Augustus Hare, pp. 1 to 7; also the Memoir at beginning of *South Africa a Century Ago*, edited by W. H. Wilkins, 1901.

MISS CHARLOTTE LEIGHTON (*d.* 1823).(*Two miniatures.*)

Was daughter of General and Mrs. Francis Leighton, and sister of Lady (Hew) Dalrymple. She remained unmarried, and was living in Great Portland Street when E. was a small schoolboy, and was very kind to him and to all her sister's family and grandchildren.

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GENERAL SIR ROBERT BOYD, K.B. (*b.* 1710, *d.* 1794),  
(*oil painting and two miniatures*), and LADY BOYD  
(*miniature*).

Sir Robert Boyd began life as a civilian, but, having distinguished himself at the siege of Port Mahon in 1756, was made Lieut.-Colonel. Was Colonel of the 39th Regiment and General in 1793. He was Lieut.-Governor of Malta for a time, and when a Lieut.-General was second in command under Lord Heathfield during the siege of Gibraltar in 1783, and was made K.B. His wife was daughter of Colonel Charles Pinfold and sister of Mrs. Francis Leighton.

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*Miniature (large) in France*

*See lower corner.*

*Mrs. Ann Keith (unmarried)*

*Sister of Sir R Keith K.B.*

*Painted by Mrs. Mee*

*Told Sir Walter Scott the history of Janet Dalrymple  
who was the original of the "Bride of Lammermoor"*

THE END

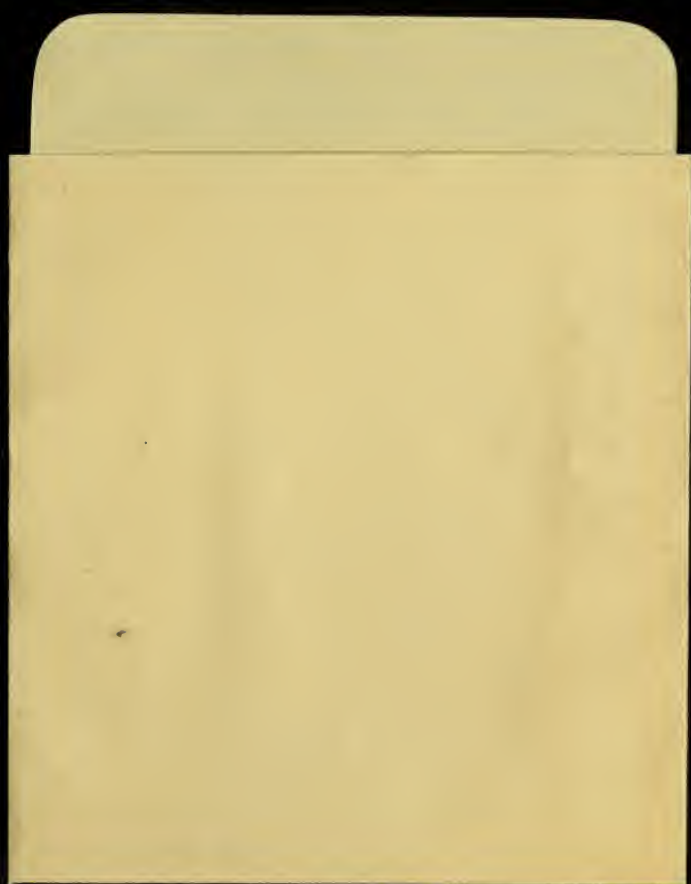
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